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Lusiadas, Transd. Mickle

by

L. Camoes

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THE

LUSIAD.

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BOOK IV.

As the toſt veſſel on the ocean rowls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempeſt howls,
When the lorn mariner in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forbodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all ſilent and ſerene,
With ſoft-paced ray diſpels the ſhades obſcene,
With grateful tranſport ſparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of ſafety ſpy.
Such darkling tempeſts and portended fate,
While weak Fernando lived, appall'd the ſtate;
Such when he dy'd, the peaceful morning roſe,
The dawn of joy, and ſooth'd the public woes.

As blazing glorious o'er the ſhades of night,
Bright in his eaſt breaks forth the lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the duſt his drooping nation rears.
Though ſprung from youthful paſſion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's ſon in noble ſoul he proves;
And heaven announced him king by right divine,
A cradled infant gave the wondrous [a] ſign:
Her tongue had never liſp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic ſound her lips could frame,
When heaven the miracle of ſpeech inſpired;
She raiſed her little hands, with rapture fired,
Let Portugal, ſhe cried, with joy proclaim
The brave Don John, and own her monarch's name.

The burning fever of domeſtic rage
Now wildly raved, and mark'd the barbarous age;
Through

[a] *A cradled infant gave the wondrous ſign.*——No circumſtance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretenſions to divinity. Some of his courtiers expoſtulating with him one day on the abſurdity of ſuch claim, he replied, "I know the truth of what you ſay, "but theſe," (pointing to a crowd of Perſians) "theſe know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a ſon of Jupiter ſpread terror through the eaſt, and greatly facilitated the operations of the conqueror. The miraculous ſpeech of the infant, atteſted by a few monks, was adapted to the ſuperſtition of the age of John I. and as he was a baſtard, was of infinite ſervice to his cauſe. The pretended fact, however, is differently related. By ſome, thus: When Don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to aſſiſt at an aſſembly of the ſtates, at a little diſtance from the city he was met by a great number of children riding upon ſticks, who no ſooner ſaw him than they cried out, "Bleſſed be Don John "king of Portugal; the king is coming, Don John ſhall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the aſſembly the regent was elected king.

Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And firſt red ſlaughter in the court began.
Of ſpouſal vows, and widow'd bed defiled,
Loud fame the beauteous Leanore reviled.
The adulterous noble in her preſence bled,
And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay dead.
No more thoſe ghaſtly deathful nights amaze,
When Rome wept tears of blood in Scylla's days;
More horrid deeds [b] Ulyſſes' towers beheld:
Each cruel breaſt where rankling envy ſwell'd,
Accuſed his foe as minion of the queen;
Accuſed, and murder cloſed the dreary ſcene.
All holy ties the frantic tranſport braved,
Nor ſacred prieſthood not the altar ſaved.
Thrown from a tower, like Hector's ſon of yore,
The mitred [c] head was daſhed with brains and gore.
Ghaſtly with ſcenes of death, and mangled limbs,
And black with clotted blood each pavement ſwims.

With all the fierceneſs of the female ire,
When rage and grief to tear the breaſt conſpire,
The queen beheld her power, her honours [d] loſt,
And ever when ſhe ſlept th' adulterer's ghoſt,

All

[b] —— *Ulyſſes' towers.* —— See the note [w], p. 109. vol. i.

[c] *The mitred head.* —— Don *Martin*, biſhop of Liſbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Caſtilian, which was eſteemed a ſufficient reaſon to murder him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

[d] *The queen beheld her power, her honours loſt.* —— Poſſeſſed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a diſgrace to her ſex, and a curſe to the

All pale, and pointing at his bloody ſhroud,
Seem'd ever for revenge to ſcream aloud.

Caſteel's

age and country which gave her birth. Her ſiſter, Donna Maria, a lady of unblemiſhed virtue, had been ſecretly married to the infant Don Juan, the king's brother, who was paſſionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to diſſuade her ſiſter from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora perſuaded Don Juan that her ſiſter was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged huſband haſted to his wife, and without enquiry or expoſtulation, ſays *Mariana*, diſpatched her with two ſtrokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence, and was completely wretched. Having ſacrificed her honour and her firſt huſband to a king, ſays *Faria*, Leonora ſoon ſacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Caſtilian nobleman, named Don *Juan Fernandez de Andeyro*. An unjuſt war with *Caſtile*, wherein the Portugueſe were defeated by ſea and land, was the firſt fruits of the policy of the new favourite. *Andeyro* one day having heated himſelf by ſome military exerciſe, the queen tore her veil, and publickly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand maſter of *Avis*, the king's baſtard brother, afterwards John I. and ſome others, expoſtulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She diſſembled her reſentment, but ſoon after they were ſeized and committed to the caſtle of *Evora*, where a forged order for their execution was ſent; but the governor ſuſpecting ſome fraud, ſhewed it to the king, and their lives were ſaved. Yet ſuch was her aſcendency over the weak Fernando, that, though convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiſs the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the aſſaſſination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite *Andeyro* was ſtabbed in the palace by the grand maſter of *Avis*, and Don *Ruy de Pereyra*. The queen expreſſed all the tranſport of grief and rage, and declared ſhe would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this ſhe never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, ſhe was more punctual. Don Juan, king of Caſtile, who had married her only daughter and heireſs, at her earneſt intreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John, grand maſter of *Avis*, was proclaimed by the people protector and regent. A deſperate war enſued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and ſon-in-law, reſolved on the murder of the latter; but the plot was diſcovered, and ſhe was ſent priſoner to Caſtile. The regent was beſieged in Liſbon, and the city reduced to the utmoſt extremities, when an epidemical diſtemper broke out in the Caſtilian army, and made ſuch devaſtation, that the king ſuddenly raiſed the ſiege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants aſcribed their deliverance

Caſteel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed
In happier days her royal daughter led:

To

liverance to the valour and vigilance of the regent. The regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and to return thanks to God, to whoſe interpoſition he ſolely aſcribed their ſafety. This behaviour increaſed the admiration of the people; the nobility of the firſt rank joined the regent's party; and many garriſons in the intereſt of the king of Caſtile opened their gates to him. An aſſembly of the ſtates met at Coimbra, where it was propoſed to inveſt the regent with the regal dignity. This he pretended to decline. Don John, ſon of Pedro the Juſt, and the beautiful Inez de Caſtro, was by the people eſteemed their lawful ſovereign, but was, and had been long detained a priſoner by the king of Caſtile. If the ſtates would declare the infant Don John their king, the regent profeſſed his willingneſs to ſwear allegiance to him; that he would continue to expoſe himſelf to every danger, and act as regent, till Providence reſtored to Portugal her lawful ſovereign. The ſtates however ſaw the neceſſity that the nation ſhould have an head. The regent was unanimouſly elected king, and ſome articles in favour of liberty were added to thoſe agreed upon at the coronation of Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the firſt king of Portugal.

Don John I., one of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs, was the natural ſon of Pedro the Juſt, by Donna *Teresa Lorenza*, a Galician lady, and born ſome years after the death of Inez. At ſeven years of age he was made grand maſter of *Avis*, and by his father's particular care he received an excellent education; which, joined to his great parts, produced him early on the political theatre. He was a brave commander, and a deep politician, yet never forfeited the character of candour and honour. To be humble to his friends, and haughty to his enemies, was his leading maxim. His prudence gained him the confidence of the wiſe, his ſteadineſs and gratitude the friendſhip of the brave; his liberality the bulk of the people. He was in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age when declared protector, and in the twenty-eighth when proclaimed king.

The following anecdote is much to the honour of this prince when regent. A Caſtilian officer having ſix Portugueſe gentlemen his priſoners, cut off their noſes and hands, and ſent them to Don John. Highly incenſed, he commanded ſix Caſtilian gentlemen to be treated in the ſame manner. But before the officer, to whom he gave the orders, had quitted the room, he relented. "I have given enough to reſentment, ſaid he, in giving ſuch a "command. It were infamous to put it in execution. See that the "Caſtilian priſoners receive no harm."

To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,
Implores to vindicate his lawful prize,
The Luſian ſceptre, his by ſpouſal right:
The proud Caſtilian arms and dares the fight.
To join his ſtandard as it waves along,
The warlike troops from various regions throng:
Thoſe who poſſeſs the lands by Rodrick [e] given,
What time the Moor from Turia's banks was driven;
That race who joyful ſmile at war's alarms,
And ſcorn each danger that attends on arms;
Whoſe crooked ploughſhares Leon's uplands tear,
Now caſed in ſteel in glittering arms appear,
Thoſe arms erewhile ſo dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' ſtream:
Nor ſtaid the Tyrian [f] iſlanders behind,
On whoſe proud enſigns floating on the wind
Alcides' pillars tower'd; nor wonted fear
Withheld the baſe Galician's ſordid ſpear;
Though ſtill his crimſon ſeamy ſcars reveal
The ſure-aim'd vengeance of the Luſian ſteel.
Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain ſide
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,

Along

e —— *by Rodrick given*——. The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

f —— *the Tyrian iſlanders*——. The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:
Nor leſs the furious luſt of war inſpires
The Biſcayneer, and wakes his barbarous fires,
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue
Of hapleſs ſtranger give the fancy'd wrong.
Nor bold Aſturia, nor Guiſpuſcoa's ſhore,
Famed for their ſteely wealth, and iron ore,
Delay'd their vaunting ſquadrons; o'er the dales
Caſed in their native ſteel, and belted mails,
Blue gleaming from afar they march along,
And join with many a ſpear the warlike throng.
As thus, wide ſweeping o'er the trembling coaſt,
The proud Caſtilian leads his numerous hoſt,
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himſelf collected greatly dares:
For ſuch high valour in his boſom glow'd,
As Samſon's locks by miracle beſtow'd:
Safe in himſelf reſolved the hero ſtands,
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands:
The council ſummon'd, ſome with prudent mien,
And words of grave advice their terrors ſcreen;
By ſloth debaſed, no more the ancient fire
Of patriot loyalty can now inſpire;
And each pale lip ſeem'd opening to declare
For tame ſubmiſſion, and to ſhun the war;
When glorious Nunio, ſtarting from his ſeat,
Claim'd every eye, and cloſed the cold debate:

Singling his brothers from the daſtard train,
His rowling looks, that flaſh'd with ſtern diſdain,
On them he fixt, then ſnatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold ſpeech bewray'd the ſoldier's fire,
Bold and [g] unpoliſh'd; while his burning eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and ſkies:

Heavens! ſhall the Luſian nobles tamely yield!
Oh ſhame! and yield untry'd the martial field!
That land whoſe genius, as the God of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;
Shall now her ſons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country ſinks, ignobly fly!
Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line
Of thoſe illuſtrious ſhades, whoſe rage divine
Beneath great Henry's ſtandards awed the foe,
For whom ye tremble, and would ſtoop ſo low!
That foe, who, boaſtful now, then baſely fled,
When your undaunted ſires the hero led,
When ſeven bold earls in chains the ſpoil adorn'd,
And proud Caſteel through all her kindreds mourn
Caſteel, your awful dread—yet, conſcious, ſay,
When Dinez reign'd, when his bold ſon bore ſway,
By whom were trodden down the braveſt bands
That ever march'd from proud Caſtilia's lands?

'Twas

[g] *Bold and unpoliſh'd.*——This ſpeech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic, it is hoped, will perceive that the tranſlator has endeavoured to ſupport the character of the ſpeaker.

'Twas your brave ſires—and has one languid reign
Fix'd in your tainted ſouls ſo deep a ſtain,
That now, degenerate from your noble ſires,
The laſt dim ſpark of Luſian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unſkill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field—
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.
Not proud Caſteel, oft by your ſires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntleſs rage ſhould own.
Still if your hands benumb'd by female fear,
Shun the bold war, hark! on my ſword I ſwear,
Myſelf alone the dreadful war ſhall wage—
Mine be the fight—and trembling with the rage
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn diſplay'd
The awful terror of his ſhining blade—
I and my vaſſals dare the dreadful ſhock;
My ſhoulders never to a foreign yoke
Shall bend; and by my ſovereign's wrath I vow,
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,
My native land unconquer'd ſhall remain,
And all my monarch's foes ſhall heap the plain.

The hero pauſed—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'ſcaped the bloody doom
That dy'd with ſlaughter Cannæ's purple field,
Aſſembled ſtood, and bow'd their necks to yield;

When

When nobly riſing with a like diſdain
The young [h] Cornelius raged, nor raged in vain:
On his dread ſword his daunted peers he ſwore,
(The reeking blade yet black with punic gore)
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Numio's mien inſpired;
Fear was no more: with rapturous ardour fired,
To horſe, to horſe, the gallant Luſians cry'd;
Rattled the belted mails on every ſide,
The ſpear-ſtaffs trembled; round their heads they waved
Their ſhining faulchions, and in tranſport raved,
The king our guardian—loud their ſhouts rebound,
And the fierce commons echo back the ſound.
The mails that long in rulting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarſely rung:
Some ſoft with wool the plumy helmets line,
And ſome the breaſt-plate's ſcaly belts entwine:

The

[h] *The young Cornelius.*—This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, ſomewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a conſiderable body of Romans fled to Canuſium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that ſome of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking meaſures to tranſport themſelves out of Italy. He went immediately to their aſſembly, and drawing his ſword, ſaid, *I ſwear that I will not deſert the Commonwealth of Rome, nor ſuffer any other citizen to do it. The ſame oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all preſent; whoever refuſes, let him know that this ſword is drawn againſt him.* The hiſtorian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all ſwore, and ſubmitted themſelves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. B. 22. C. 53.

The gaudy mantles ſome, and ſcarfs prepare,
Where various lightſome colours gaily flare;
And golden tiſſue, with the warp enwove,
Diſplays the emblems of their youthful love.

The valiant John, begirt with warlike ſtate,
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate;
Whoſe lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,
As from his ſpring he rolls his cooly waves.
The daring van in Nunio's care could boaſt
A general worthy of the unnumber'd hoſt,
Whoſe gaudy banners trembling Greece defy'd,
When boaſtful Xerxes laſh'd the Seſtian tide:
Nunio, to proud Caſteel as dread a name,
As erſt to Gaul and Italy the fame
Of Atila's impending rage. The right
Brave Roderic led, a chieftain train'd in fight:
Before the left the bold Almada rode,
And proudly waving o'er the centre nod
The royal enſigns, glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inſpires and leads the war.

'Twas now the time, when from the ſtubbly plain
The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;
The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun,
And fierce and red the ſun of Auguſt ſhone;
When from the gate the ſquadrons march along:
Crowds preſt on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng:

Here the ſad mother rends her hoary hair,
While hope's fond whiſpers ſtruggle with deſpair:
The weeping ſpouſe to heaven extends her hands:
And cold with dread the modeſt virgin ſtands;
Her earneſt eyes, ſuffuſed with trembling dew,
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth purſue:
And prayers and tears and all the female wail,
And holy vows the throne of heaven aſſail.

Now each ſtern hoſt full front to front appears,
And one joint ſhout heaven's airy concave tears:
A dreadful pauſe enſues, while conſcious pride
Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide:
Now wild and pale the boldeſt face is ſeen;
With mouth half open and diſorder'd mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakneſs trembles in the knees.
And now the clangor of the trumpet ſounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds;
The fife ſhrill whiſtling cuts the gale; on high
The flouriſh'd enſigns ſhine with many a dye
Of blazing ſplendor: o'er the ground they wheel
And chooſe their footing, when the proud Caſteel
Bids ſound the horrid charge; loud burſts the ſound.
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:
The thundering roar rolls round on every ſide,
And trembling ſinks Guidana's rapid tide:
The ſlow-paced Durius ruſhes o'er the plain,
And fearful Tagus haſtens to the main.

Such

Such was the tempeſt of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurſes' arms
Shriek'd at the ſound: with ſudden cold impreſt,
The mothers ſtrain'd their infants to the breaſt,
And ſhook with horror—now, far round, begin
The bow-ſtrings whizzing, and the brazen [1] din
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man oppoſed to man:
To guard his native fields the one inſpires,
And one the raging luſt of conqueſt fires:
Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm ſtrains ſwifteſt to impel the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only paſſion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior god,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he ſows
With their ſpilt blood, and with their corſes ſtrews.
Their forceful volleys now the croſs-bows pour,
The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy ſhower;

The

1 —— *the brazen din.*—Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the laſt efforts of their genius were laviſhed in deſcribing the ſuperior proweſs of the hero in the deciſive engagement. Camoëns, in like manner, has beſtowed his utmoſt attention on this his principal battle. The circumſtances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and ſolemnly conducted, and the fury of the combat is ſupported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not heſitate to affirm, would have done honour to an ancient claſſic.

The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,
The ſnorting courſers rage and paw the plain;
Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As diſtant thunder through the mountains ſounds:
The ponderous ſpears craſh, ſplintering far around;
The horſe and horſemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the ſudden weight oppreſt,
And many a buckler rings on many a creſt.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's ſword
With furious ſway the braveſt ſquadrons gored,
The raging foes in cloſer ranks advance,
And his own brothers ſhake the hoſtile [k] lance.

Oh!

[k] *And his own brothers ſhake the hoſtile lance.*—The juſt indignation with which Camoëns treats the kindred of the brave *Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra*, is condemned by the French tranſlator. "*Dans le fond*, ſays he, *les Pereyras* "*ne meritoient aucune ſletriſſure*, &c.—The Pereyras deſerve no ſtain on their "memory for joining the king of Caſtile, whoſe title to the crown of Por-"tugal was infinitely more juſt and ſolid than that of Don John." Caſtera, however, is groſly miſtaken. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, the firſt king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election the conſtitution of the kingdom was ſettled in eighteen ſhort ſtatutes, wherein it is expreſsly provided, that none but a Portugueſe can be king of Portugal; that if an Infanta marry a foreign prince, he ſhall not, in her right, become king of Portugal: and a new election of a king, in caſe of the failure of the male line, is by theſe ſtatutes declared to be legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Caſtile and Donna *Beatrix*, the heireſs of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children ſhould ſucceed to the Portugueſe crown; and that, in caſe the throne became vacant ere ſuch children were born, the queen-dowager *Leonora* ſhould govern with the title of regent. Thus, neither by the original conſtitution, nor by the treaty of marriage, could the king of Caſtile ſucceed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage-contract was already forfeited; for he cauſed himſelf and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portugueſe money with his buſt, depoſed the queen regent, and afterwards ſent her priſoner

Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withſtood;
With proud diſdain his honeſt eyes behold
Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has ſold.
Nor want there others in the hoſtile band
Who draw their ſwords againſt their native land;
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurſt,
In rank were foremoſt, and in fight the firſt.
So ſons and fathers, by each other ſlain,
With horrid ſlaughter dyed Pharſalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghoſts, who now for treaſons foul,
Amidſt the gloom of Stygian darkneſs howl;
Thou Cataline, and, ſtern Sertorius, tell
Your brother ſhades, and ſoothe the pains of hell;
With triumph tell them, ſome of Luſian race
Like you have earn'd the traitor's foul diſgrace.

As waves on waves, the foes' increaſing weight
Bears down our foremoſt ranks and ſhakes the fight;
Yet firm and undiſmay'd great Nunio ſtands,
And braves the tumult of ſurrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains ſtray'd,
The raging lion braves the ſhepherd's ſhade;

The

priſoner to Caſtile. The lawful heir, Don Juan, the ſon of Inez de Caſtro, was kept in priſon by his rival the king of Caſtile; and, as before obſerved, a new election was, by the original ſtatutes, declared legal in caſes of emergency. Theſe facts, added to the conſideration of the tyranny of the king of Caſtile, and the great ſervices which Don John had rendered his country, upon whom its exiſtence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoëns againſt the traiterous Percyras.

The ſhepherds haſtening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With ſhouts ſurround him, and with ſpears reſtrain:
He ſtops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pauſe;
His threatening eye-balls burn with ſparkling fire,
And his ſtern heart forbids him to retire:
Amidſt the thickneſs of the ſpears he flings,
So midſt his foes the furious Nunio ſprings:
The Luſian graſs with foreign gore diſtain'd,
Diſplays the carnage of the hero's hand.

" An ample ſhield the brave Giraldo bore,
" Which from the vanquiſh'd Perez' arm he tore;
" Pierced through that ſhield, cold death invades his eye,
" And dying Perez ſaw his victor die.
" Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame,
" The ſame their friendſhip, and their youth the ſame,
" Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody [1] way,
" Till in a cold embrace the ſtriplings lay.
" Lopez and Vincent ruſh'd on glorious death,
" And midſt their ſlaughter'd foes reſign'd their breath.
" Alonzo glorying in his youthful might
" Spurr'd his fierce courſer through the ſtaggering fight:
" Shower'd from the daſhing hoofs the ſpatter'd gore
" Flies round; but ſoon the rider vaunts no more:
" Five Spaniſh ſwords the murmuring ghoſts atone,
" Of five Caſtilians by his arms o'erthrown.
" Transfix't

[1] *Through the fierce Brigians.*——The Caſtilians, ſo called from one of their ancient kings, named Brix, or Brigus, whom the monkiſh fabuliſts call the grandſon of Noah.

" Transfix't with three Iberian ſpears, the gay,
" The knightly lover, young Hilario lay:
" Though, like a roſe, cut off in opening bloom,
" The hero weeps not for his early doom;
" Yet trembling in his ſwimming eye appears
" The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears;
" To call his loved Antonia's name he tries,
" The name half utter'd, down he ſinks, and [m] dies."

Now through his ſhatter'd ranks the monarch ſtrode,
And now before his rally'd ſquadrons rode:
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he ſpies,
And inſtant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when returning from the plunder'd folds,
The lioneſs her emptied den beholds,
Enraged ſhe ſtands, and liſtening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living ſparkles flaſhing from her eyes,
To the Maſſylian ſhepherd-tents ſhe [n] flies;
She groans, ſhe roars, and echoing far around
The ſeven twin-mountains tremble at the ſound:

So

[m] Theſe lines marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camoëns. They conſiſt of three ſtanzas in the Portugueſe, and are ſaid to have been left out by the author himſelf in his ſecond edition. The tranſlator, however, as they breathe the true ſpirit of Virgil, was willing to preſerve them with this acknowledgment. In this he has followed the example of Caſtera.

[n] *To the Maſſylian ſhepherd tents.*—Maſſylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infeſted with lions, particularly that part of it called *Os ſete montes irmaõs*, the ſeven brother mountains.

So raged the king, and with a choſen train
He pours reſiſtleſs o'er the heaps of ſlain.
Oh bold companions of my toils, he cries,
Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;
Behold your friend, your monarch, leads the way,
And dares the thickeſt of the iron fray;
Say, ſhall the Luſian race forſake their king,
Where ſpears infuriate on the bucklers ring!

He ſpoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd
His ponderous ſpear, and midſt the foremoſt hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon paſt,
And many a gaſping warrior ſigh'd his [o] laſt.

With

[o] *And many a gaſping warrior ſigh'd his laſt.*—This, which is almoſt literal from

Muitos lançaraõ o ultimo ſuſpiro—

and the preceding circumſtance of Don John's brandiſhing his lance four times,

E ſopeſando a lança quatro vezes—

are truly poetical, and in the ſpirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Caſtera, who ſubſtitutes the following in their place, "*Il dit, et d'un bras,* "*&c.*—He ſaid, and with an arm whoſe blows are inevitable, he threw his "javelin againſt the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went toge- "ther. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horſe tumbled "over him." Beſides Maldonat, Caſtera has, in this battle, introduced ſeveral other names which have no place in Camoëns. Carillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed, he tells us: and, "Velaſques "and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbes, ſurnamed the Soldier without "Fear, Montanches, Oropeſa, and Mondonedo, all ſix of proved valour, "fell by the hand of young Antony, *qui porte dans le combat ou plus d'adreſſe* "*ou plus de bonheur qu'eux*, who brought to the fight either more addreſs or "better fortune than theſe." Not a word of this is in the Portugueſe.

The

With noble ſhame inſpired, and mounting rage,
His bands ruſh on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick burſting ſparkles from the blows aſpire;
Such flaſhes blaze, their ſwords ſeem dipt in [p] fire;
The belts of ſteel and plates of braſs are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

The firſt in honour of Saint Jago's [q] band,
A naked ghoſt now fought the gloomy ſtrand;

And

The fate of another hero ſhall conclude the ſpecimens of the manner of Caſtera. The following is literally tranſlated: "Guevar, a vain man, "nouriſhed in indolence, ſtained his arms and face with the blood of the "dead whom he found ſtretched on the duſt. Under the cover of this "frivolous impoſture, he pretended to paſs himſelf for a formidable war-"rior. He publiſhed, with a high voice, the number of the enemies he had "thrown to the ground. Don Pedro interrupted him with a blow of his "ſabre: Guevar loſt his life; his head, full of fumes of a ridiculous pride, "bounded far away from his body, which remained defiled with its own "blood; a juſt and terrible puniſhment for the lies he had told." It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that there is not one word of this in the original.

[p] *Their ſwords ſeem dipt in fire.*—This is as literal as the idiom of the two languages would allow. Dryden has a thought like this of Camoëns, but which is not in his original:

Their bucklers claſh: thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.

DRYD. VIRG. Æn. XII.

[q] *The firſt in honour of Saint Jago's band.*—Grand maſter of the order of St. James, named Don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of *Aljubarota*, but in that of *Valverda*, which immediately followed. The reader may perhaps be ſurpriſed to find, that every ſoldier mentioned in theſe notes is a Don, a *lord*. The following piece of hiſtory will account for the number of the Portugueſe nobles. Don *Alonzo Enriquez*, Count of Portugal, when ſaluted king by his army at the battle of *Ourique*; in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th Stat. of *Lamego*.

And he, of Calatrave the ſovereign knight,
Girt with whole troops his arm had ſlain in fight,
Deſcended murmuring to the ſhades of night.
Blaſpheming heaven, and gaſh'd with many a wound
Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,
And curs'd their fate, and dy'd. Ten thouſands more
Who held no title and no office bore,
And nameleſs nobles who, promiſcuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of hell.
Now low the proud Caſtilian ſtandard lies
Beneath the Luſian flag, a vanquiſh'd prize.
With furious madneſs fired, and ſtern diſdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Ruſh headlong; groans and yellings of [r] deſpair
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirſt burns, and every breaſt
Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppreſt
Slow now obeys the will's ſtern ire, and ſlow
From every ſword deſcends the feeble blow;

Till

[r] —*groans and yellings of deſpair.*—The laſt efforts of rage and deſpair are thus deſcribed in Pope's tranſlation of the fifth battle at the ſhips. Il. xv.

Thou wouldſt have thought, ſo furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in deſpair.
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes ſlain;
Like ſtrength is felt from hope and from deſpair,
And each contends as his were all the war.

Till rage grew languid, and tired ſlaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breaſt to wound.
Now from the field Caſteel's proud monarch [s] flies,
In wild diſmay he rowls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lipt flight: Swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted ſmoke, at diſtance diſappear
The duſty ſquadrons of the ſcatter'd rear;
Blaſpheming heaven, they fly, and him who firſt
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars accurſt.

The feſtive days by heroes old [t] ordain'd
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.

The

[s] *Now from the field Caſteel's proud monarch flies.*——This tyrant, whoſe unjuſt pretenſions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the frenzy of grief. In the night after the deciſive battle of *Aljubarota*, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don *Laurence*, archbiſhop of *Braga*, in a letter written in old Portugueſe to Don *John*, abbot of *Alcobaça*, gives this account of his behaviour. "*O condeſtrabre à me far ſaber ca o rey de Caſtella ſe viera à Santaren* "*como homen treſvaliado, quem maldezia ſeu viver, è puxava polas barbas; è à* "*bo fé, bom amigo, melhor e que o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca homen, quem* "*ſuas barbas arrepela mao lavor faria das alheas.* i. e. The conſtable has in- "formed me that he ſaw the king of Caſtile at Santaren, who behaved as a "madman, curſing his exiſtence, and tearing the hairs of his beard. And "in good faith, my good friend, it is better that he ſhould do ſo to himſelf "than to us; the man who thus plucks his own beard, would be much "better pleaſed to do ſo to others." The writer of this letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle of *Aljubarota*, where he received on the face a large wound from a ſabre. Caſtera relates this anecdote of him: the flattery of a ſculptor had omitted the deep ſcar: when the archbiſhop ſaw the ſtatue, he laid hold of an attendant's ſword, with which he diſfigured the face. I have now, ſaid he, ſupplied what it wanted.

[t] *The feſtive days by heroes old ordain'd.*——As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of theſe ages, that the victor ſhould encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the ad-

The funeral rites and holy vows he paid:
Yet not the while the reſtleſs Nunio ſtaid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilia's ſtandard on his ſpear he bore,
And Andaluſia's enſigns ſteept in gore.
Low in the duſt diſtreſt Caſtilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary ſire's;
And heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires
Of mutual hate: from England's [u] happy ſhore
The peaceful ſeas two lovely ſiſters bore.
The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led,

And

vantages which ought to have been purſued were frequently loſt. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, ſent Don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

[u] —— *two lovely ſiſters.* —— Caſtera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were the daughters of John duke of Lancaſter, ſon of Edward IV. "of England, both of great beauty: the eldeſt, named Catherine, was mar- "ried to the king of Caſtile, the youngeſt, Iſabel, to the king of Portugal." This is all a miſtake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of *Aljubarota*, married *Philippa*, eldeſt daughter of *John of Gaunt*, duke of Lancaſter, ſon of Edward III. who aſſiſted the king, his ſon-in-law, in an irruption into Caſtile, and at the end of the campaign promiſed to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngeſt daughter *Catalina* with Don *Henry*, eldeſt ſon of the king of Caſtile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Caſtile meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horſe, and leaving no iſſue by his queen *Beatrix*, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretenſions to that crown ceaſed. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not ſtrictly kept, yet at laſt the influence of the Engliſh queen *Catalina* prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, enſued.

And holy peace aſſum'd her bliſsful reign,
Again the peaſant joy'd, the landſcape ſmiled again.

But John's brave breaſt to warlike cares inured,
With conſcious ſhame the ſloth of eaſe endured.
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant hero braved the foamy main;
The firſt, nor meaneſt, of our kings who bore
The Luſian thunders to the Afric ſhore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their ſilver wings a thouſand eagles ſhew'd;
And proudly ſwelling to the whiſtling gales
The ſeas were whiten'd with a thouſand ſails.
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed
To bound the world, the zealous warrior paſt.
The ſhrines of Hagar's race, the ſhrines of luſt,
And moon-crown'd moſques lay ſmoaking in the duſt.
O'er Abyla's high ſteep his lance he raiſed,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his ſtandard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor [x] train,
His vaſſal now, enſures the peace of Spain.

But ah, how ſoon the blaze of glory dies!
Illuſtrious [y] John aſcends his native ſkies.

His

[x] *Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train.*—Ceuta is one of the ſtrongeſt garriſons in Africa; it lies almoſt oppoſite to Gibraltar, and the poſſeſſion of it was of the greateſt importance to the Portugueſe, during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the aſylum of Spaniſh and Portugueſe renegados and traitors.

[y] *Illuſtrious John.*——The character of this great prince claims a place in theſe notes, as it affords a comment on the enthuſiaſm of Camoëns, who

His gallant offspring prove their genuine ſtrain,
And added lands increaſe the Luſian reign.

Yet not the firſt of heroes Edward ſhone;
His happieſt days long hours of evil own.
He ſaw, ſecluded from the cheerful day,
His fainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious [z] youth in captive chains, to thee
What ſuiting honours may thy land decree!

Thy

has made him the hero of this epiſode. His birth, excellent education, and maſterly conduct when regent, have already been mentioned. The ſame juſtice, prudence, and heroiſm always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the moſt winning affability with all the manly dignity of the ſovereign. To thoſe who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made viſits to them, and introduced among them the taſte for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmoſt care of that of his children. He had many ſons, and he himſelf often inſtructed them in ſolid and uſeful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to ſee them men, men of parts and of action, whoſe only emulation was to ſhew affection to his perſon, and to ſupport his adminiſtration by their great abilities. One of his ſons, Don *Henry*, duke of *Viſeo*, was that great prince whoſe ardent paſſion for maritime affairs gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had diſturbed almoſt every other reign, were ſo convinced of the wiſdom of his, that they confeſſed he ought to be ſupported out of the treaſures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the pope ordered a rigorous enquiry to be made into his having brought eccleſiaſtics before lay tribunals, the clergy had the ſingular honeſty to deſert what was ſtiled the church immunities, and to own that juſtice had been impartially adminiſtered. He died in the ſeventy-ſixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen *Philippa* made him fond of the Engliſh, whoſe friendſhip he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently aſſiſted.

z *O glorious youth.*——Camoëns, in this inſtance, has raiſed the character of one brother at the other's expence, to give his poem an air of ſolemnity. The ſiege of Tangier was propoſed in council. The king's brothers differed

in

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy
For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;
The princely hoſtage nobly ſpurns the thought
Of freedom and of life ſo dearly bought,

The

in their opinions: that of Don Fernand, though a knight errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid ſiege to Tangier, and were ſurrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as ſome writers ſay of ſix hundred thouſand. On condition that the Portugueſe ſhould be allowed to return home, the infants promiſed to reſtore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hoſtage. Fernand offered himſelf, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court conſidered the value of Ceuta, and would not conſent. The pope alſo interpoſed his authority, that Ceuta ſhould be kept as a check on the infidels, and propoſed to raiſe a cruſade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. Theſe were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whoſe vaſt importance was ſuperior to any ranſom. When negotiation failed, king Edward aſſembled a large army to effect his brother's releaſe, but juſt as he was ſetting out, he was ſeized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the releaſe of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their eſteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Caſtera follows, make his ſufferings little inferior to thoſe, without proof likewiſe, aſcribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day eſteemed as a ſaint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the moſt eloquent man in his dominions, ſpoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of ſeveral books, one on horſemanſhip, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in buſineſs, and rendered his country infinite ſervice by reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his couſin Henry V. of England. In one inſtance he gave great offence to the ſuperſtitious populace. He deſpiſed the advice of a Jew aſtrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, becauſe the ſtars that *day* were unfavourable. To this the misfortune of the army at Tangier was aſcribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if ſome terrible diſaſter impended over them.

The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies
A dreary priſon death. Let noiſy fame
No more unequall'd hold her Codrus' name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boaſt no more,
Nor thoſe the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The ſplendour of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful fate's moſt awful frown,
To diſtant times through every land ſhall blaze
The ſelf-devoted Luſian's nobler praiſe.

Now to the tomb the hapleſs king deſcends,
His ſon Alonzo brighter fate attends.
Alonzo! dear to Luſus' race the name;
Nor his the meaneſt in the rolls of fame.
His might reſiſtleſs proſtrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritinians groan'd,
And ſtill they groan beneath the Luſian ſway.
'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away
The golden apples from Heſperia's ſhore,
Which but the ſon of Jove had ſnatch'd before,
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,
Diſplay'd his triumphs on the Mooriſh ground;
When proud Arzilla's ſtrength, Alcazer's towers,
And Tingia, boaſtful of her numerous powers,
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,
Their ramparts levell'd, and their temples burn'd.
Great was the day: the meaneſt ſword that fought
Beneath the Luſian flag ſuch wonders wrought

As

As from the muſe might challenge endleſs fame,
Though low their ſtation, and untold their name.

Now ſtung with wild ambition's madning fires,
To proud Caſtilia's throne the king [a] aſpires.
The lord of Arragon, from Cadiz' walls,
And hoar Pyrene's ſides his legions calls;
The numerous legions to his ſtandards throng,
And war, with horrid ſtrides, now ſtalks along.
With emulation fired, the * prince beheld
His warlike ſire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of eaſe, to aid his arms he ſped,
Nor ſped in vain: The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, diſmay
Spread her cold wings, and ſhook his firm array;
To flight ſhe hurried; while with brow ſerene
The martial boy beheld the deathful ſcene.
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th' oppoſing troops his wheeling ſquadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening ſun beheld
His tents encampt aſſert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghoſt of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeas'd with Roman gore,

Octavius'

[a] *To proud Caſtilia's throne the king aſpires.*—When Henry IV. of Caſtile died, he declared that the infanta *Joanna* was his heireſs, in preferenee to his ſiſter, Donna *Iſabella*, married to Don Ferdinand, ſon to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Caſtile, Don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a diſpenſation from the pope to marry his niece, Donna *Joanna*; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

* The prince of Portugal.

Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While happier Marcus triumph'd in the fight.

When endleſs night had ſeal'd his mortal eyes,
And brave Alonzo's ſpirit ſought the ſkies,
The ſecond of the name, the valiant John,
Our thirteenth monarch, now aſcends the throne.
To ſeize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, deſign'd;
That glorious labour which I now purſue,
Through ſeas unſail'd to find the ſhores that view
The day-ſtar, riſing from his watery bed,
The firſt grey beams of infant morning ſhed.
Selected meſſengers his will obey;
Through Spain and France they hold their vent'rous way:
Through Italy they reach the port that gave
The fair [b] Parthenope an honour'd grave:
That ſhore which oft has felt the ſervile chain,
But now ſmiles happy in the care of Spain.
Now from the port the brave advent'rers bore,
And cut the billows of the Rhodian ſhore;
Now reach the ſtrand where noble Pompey [c] bled;
And now, repair'd with reſt, to Memphis ſped;
And now, aſcending by the vales of Nile,
Whoſe waves pour fatneſs o'er the grateful ſoil,

Through

[b] *Parthenope* ——was one of the Syrens. Enraged becauſe ſhe could not allure Ulyſſes, ſhe threw herſelf into the ſea. Her corpſe was thrown aſhore, and buried where Naples now ſtands.

[c] — *Where noble Pompey bled*—The coaſt of Alexandria.

Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they ſtray'd,
Where their glad eyes Meſſiah's rites [d] ſurvey'd:
And now they paſs the famed Arabian flood,
Whoſe waves of old in wondrous ridges ſtood,
While Iſrael's favour'd race the ſable bottom trode:
Behind them gliſtening to the morning ſkies,
The mountains named from Izmael's offspring [e] riſe;
Now round their ſteps the bleſt Arabia ſpreads
Her groves of odour, and her balmy meads,
And every breaſt, inſpired with glee, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Sabæa's gales:
Now paſt the Perſian gulph their rout aſcends
Where Tygris wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illuſtrious ſtreams, where ſtill the native ſhews
Where Babel's haughty tower unfiniſh'd roſe:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring courſe
Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they [f] force;
Carmanian hords, and Indian tribes they ſaw,
And many a barbarous rite, and many a law
Their ſearch explored; but to their native ſhore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.

The

[d] *Meſſiah's rites ſurvey'd*—Among the Chriſtians of *Preſter John*, or Abyſſynia.

[e] *The mountains nam'd from Izmael's offspring*——The Nabathean mountains; ſo named from Nabaoth, the ſon of Iſhmael.

[f] *Beyond where Trajan.*——The emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman empire in the eaſt, far beyond any of his predeceſſors. His conqueſts reached to the river Tigris, near which ſtood the city of Cteſiphon, which he ſubdued. The Roman hiſtorians boaſted that India was entirely conquered by him; but they could only mean Arabia Fœlix. Vid. Dion. Caſſ. Euſeb. Chron. p. 206.

The glad completion of the fate's decree,
Kind heaven reſerved, Emmanuel, for thee:
The crown, and high ambition of thy [g] ſires,
To thee deſcending, waked thy latent fires;
And to command the ſea from pole to pole,
With reſtleſs wiſh inflamed thy mighty ſoul.

Now from the ſky the ſacred light withdrawn,
O'er heaven's clear azure ſhone the ſtars of dawn,
Deep ſilence ſpread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapt in ſleep profound.
The monarch ſlumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares poſſeſt his thoughtful head;
His generous ſoul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When ſent by heaven a ſacred dream inſpired
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fired;
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,
New worlds, and nations fierce and ſtrange, appear'd;
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,
The foreſt-boughs with yellow ſplendor glow'd;
High from the ſteep two copious glaſſy ſtreams
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams.
Here various monſters of the wild were ſeen,
And birds of plumage, azure, ſcarlet, green:
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;
There black as night the foreſt's horrid gloom,
Whoſe

[g] *The crown, and high ambition of thy ſires.*——Emmanuel was couſin to the late king John II. and grandſon to king Edward, ſon of John I.

Whoſe ſhaggy brakes, by human ſtep untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the ſtreams ariſe;
Their aſpect ruſtic, yet a reverend grace
Appear'd majeſtic on their wrinkled face:
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and ſweepy long,
Adown their knees in ſhaggy ringlets hung;
From every lock the cryſtal drops diſtill,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill;
Gay wreaths of flowers, of fruitage, and of boughs,
Nameleſs in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.
Bent o'er his ſtaff, more ſilver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the one appears;
Who now ſlow beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanced before the king they ſtand;

O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown,
Are doom'd to yield, and dignify thy crown;
To thee our golden ſhores the Fates decree;
Our necks, unbow'd before, ſhall bend to thee.
Wide through the world reſounds our wealthy fame;
Haſte, ſpeed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.
From Paradiſe my hallowed waters ſpring;
The ſacred Ganges I, my brother king
Th' illuſtrious author of the Indian name:
Yet toil ſhall languiſh, and the fight ſhall flame;
Our faireſt lawns with ſtreaming gore ſhall ſmoke,
Ere yet our ſhoulders bend beneath the yoke;

But

But thou ſhalt conquer: all thines eyes ſurvey,
With all our various tribes, ſhall own thy ſway.

He ſpoke; and melting in a ſilvery ſtream
Both diſappear'd; when waking from his dream,
The wondering monarch thrill'd with awe divine,
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the ſacred ſign.

Now morning burſting from the eaſtern ſky
Spreads o'er the clouds the bluſhing roſe's dye;
The nations wake, and at the ſovereign's call
The Luſian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The viſion of his ſleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breaſt with joyful wonder ſwells:
Fulfil, they cry, the ſacred ſign obey,
And ſpread the canvas for the Indian ſea.
Inſtant my looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on me his eyes the monarch turn'd:
What he beheld I know not; but I know,
Big ſwell'd my boſom with a prophet's glow:
And long my mind, with wondrous bodings fired,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aſpired:
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betrayed,
My looks the omen of ſucceſs diſplayed.
When with that ſweetneſs in his mien expreſt,
Which unreſiſted wins the generous breaſt,
Great are the dangers, great the toils, he cried,
Ere glorious honours crown the victor's pride.

If in the glorious ſtrife the hero fall,
He proves no danger could his ſoul appall;
And but to dare ſo great a toil, ſhall raiſe
Each age's wonder, and immortal praiſe.
For this dread toil new oceans to explore,
To ſpread the ſail where ſail ne'er flow'd before,
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your peers I name, O VASCO, you.
Dread as it is, yet light the taſk ſhall be
To you, my GAMA, as perform'd for me.———
My heart could bear no more——Let ſkies on fire,
Let frozen ſeas, let horrid war conſpire,
I dare them all, I cried, and but repine
That one poor life is all I can reſign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghaſtly realms of death could man invade,
For you my ſteps ſhould trace the ghaſtly ſhade.

While thus with loyal zeal my boſom ſwell'd,
That panting zeal my prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I ſtood, but honour'd more
By that eſteem my joyful ſovereign bore.
That generous praiſe which fires the ſoul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth,
That praiſe even now my heaving boſom fires,
Inflames my courage, and each wiſh inſpires.

Moved by affection, and allured by fame,
A gallant youth, who bore the deareſt name,
Paulus my brother, boldly ſued to ſhare
My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war;
And brave Coello urged the hero's claim
To dare each hardſhip, and to join our fame:
For glory both with reſtleſs ardour burn'd,
And ſilken eaſe for horrid danger ſpurn'd;
Alike renown'd in council or in field,
The ſnare to baffle, or the ſword to wield.
Through Liſboa's youth the kindling ardour ran,
And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man;
And each the meaneſt of the venturous band
With gifts ſtood honour'd by the ſovereign's hand.
Heavens! what a fury ſwell'd each warrior's breaſt,
When each, in turn, the ſmiling king addreſt!
Fired by his words the direſt toils they ſcorn'd,
And with the horrid luſt of danger fiercely burn'd.

With ſuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the firſt keel the Euxine ſurges plow'd;
When bravely venturous for the golden fleece
Orac'lous Argo ſail'd from wondering [h] Greece.
Where Tago's yellow ſtream the harbour laves,
And ſlowly mingles with the ocean waves,

In

[h] *Orac'lous Argo*—"According to fable, the veſſel of the Argonauts ſpoke and propheſied. The ancients, I ſuppoſe, by this meant to inſinuate, that thoſe who truſt their lives to the caprice of the waves have need of a penetrating foreſight, that they may not be ſurpriſed by ſudden tempeſts." *Aſtera.*

In warlike pride my gallant navy rode,
And proudly o'er the beach my ſoldiers ſtrode.
Sailors and land-men marſhall'd o'er the ſtrand,
In garbs of various hue around me ſtand,
Each earneſt firſt to plight the ſacred vow,
Oceans unknown and gulphs untry'd to plow:
Then turning to the ſhips their ſparkling eyes,
With joy they heard the breathing winds ariſe;
Elate with joy beheld the flapping ſail,
And purple ſtandards floating on the gale;
While each preſaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet ſhould give ſome ſtarry band a name.

Where foaming on the ſhore the tide appears,
A ſacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the ſea the evening ſhades deſcend,
And at the holy ſhrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earneſt vows to heaven we raiſe.
" Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
" Still to the ſailor's eye diſplays his grave;
" Through howling tempeſts, and through gulphs untry'd,
" O! mighty God! be thou our watchful guide."
While kneeling thus before the ſacred ſhrine,
In holy faith's moſt ſolemn rite we join,
Our peace with heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And meek contrition every boſom warms:
Sudden the lights extinguiſh'd, all around
Dread ſilence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;

A ſacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breaſt devotes itſelf to death,
An offer'd ſacrifice, ſworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now proſtrate round the hallow'd ſhrine we [1] lie,
Till roſy morn beſpreads the eaſtern ſky;
Then, breathing fixt reſolves, my daring mates
March to the ſhips, while pour'd from Liſboa's gates,
Thouſands on thouſands crowding, preſs along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thouſand white-robed prieſts our ſteps attend,
And prayers, and holy vows to heaven aſcend.
A ſcene ſo ſolemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, conſtrained my tears to flow.
To weigh our anchors from our native ſhore—
To dare new oceans never dared before—
Perhaps to ſee my native coaſt no more—
Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
I bear no boſom of obdurate ſteel—

(The

[1] *Now proſtrate round the hallow'd ſhrine we lie*—This ſolemn ſcene is according to hiſtory: Aberat Olyſippone prope littus quatuor paſſuum millia templum ſanè religioſum et ſanctum ab Henrico in honorem ſanctiſſimæ virginis ediſicatum . . . . . In id Gama pridie illius dici, quo erat navem conſcenſurus, ſe recepit, ut noctem cum religioſis hominibus qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis conſumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantùm gratia, ſed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, conveniſſent, fuit ab omnibus in ſcaphis deductus. Neque ſolùm homines religioſi, ſed reliqui omnes voce maxima cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut benè & proſperè illa tam periculoſa navigatio omnibus eveniret, & univerſi re benè geſta incolumes in patriam redirent.

(The godlike hero here ſuppreſt the ſigh,
And wiped the tear-drop from his manly eye;
Then thus reſuming—) All the peopled ſhore
An awful, ſilent look of anguiſh wore;
Affection, friendſhip, all the kindred ties
Of ſpouſe and parent languiſh'd in their eyes:
As men they never ſhould again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to deſtruction ſold,
On us they fix'd the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud, Alas! my ſon, my ſon!
An hoary ſire exclaims; oh, whither run,
My heart's ſole joy, my trembling age's ſtay,
To yield thy limbs the dread ſea-monſter's prey!
To ſeek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerleſs ſinking to the grave!
Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!—his voice is heard no more,
The female ſhriek reſounds along the ſhore:
With hair diſhevell'd, through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride ſprings on, and ſcreams aloud;
Oh! where, my huſband, where to ſeas unknown,
Where would'ſt thou fly me, and my love diſown!
And wilt thou, cruel, to the deep conſign
That valued life, the joy, the ſoul of mine:
And muſt our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!

All the dear tranſports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inſpired each raptured face;
Muſt all, alas! be ſcatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou beſtow one lingering look behind!

Such the lorn parents' and the ſpouſes' woes,
Such o'er the ſtrand the voice of wailing roſe;
From breaſt to breaſt the ſoft contagion crept,
Moved by the woeful ſound the children wept;
The mountain echoes catch the big-ſwoln ſighs,
And through the dales prolong the matron's cries;
The yellow ſands with tears are ſilver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aſide
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fired our hearts, too well we knew
What ſoft affection and what love could do.
The laſt embrace the braveſt worſt can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we ſhun, unable to ſuſtain
The melting paſſion of ſuch tender pain.

Now on the lofty decks prepared we ſtand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the ſtrand,
A reverend [k] figure fixt each wondering eye,
And beckoning thrice he waved his hand on high,

And

[k] *A reverend figure.*——By this old man is perſonified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to diſcover the Eaſt-Indies by the ſouthern ocean

And thrice his hoary curls he ſternly ſhook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;
Then to its height his faultering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet theſe awful words were heard:

O frantic thirſt of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;

What

ocean, for about eighty years had been the favourite topic of complaint; and never was any meaſure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's council were *almoſt* unanimous againſt the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants, luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could ariſe from ſo perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foreſight peculiar to politicians, were alarmed, leſt the Egyptian ſultan, who was powerful in the eaſt, ſhould ſignify his diſpleaſure; and others foreſaw, that ſucceſs would combine all the princes of Chriſtendom in a league for the deſtruction of Portugal. In ſhort, if glory, intereſt, or the propagation of the goſpel, were deſired, Africa and Ethiopia, they ſaid, afforded both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expreſſions of the thouſands who crouded the ſhore when Gama gave his ſails to the wind, are thus expreſſed by Oſorius, from whom the above facts are ſelected.—A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: en quo miſeros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius ſupplicium hominibus iſtis conſtitui, ſi in ſe ſceleſtum aliquod facinus admiſiſſent? Eſt enim illis immenſi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillima navigatione ſuperandi, vitæ diſcrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis abſumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus ſepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc ſententiam dicebant, cùm omnia multò triſtiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.——The tender emotion and fixt reſolution of Gama, and the earneſt paſſion of the multitudes on the ſhore, are thus added by the ſame venerable hiſtorian: Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas ſuorum deſiderio ſunderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem fauſtis omnibus conſcendit. . . . . Qui in littore conſiſtebant, non prius abſcedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento ſecundo pleniſſimis velis ab omnium conſpectu remotæ ſunt.

What ſtings, what plagues, what ſecret ſcourges curſt,
Torment thoſe boſoms where thy pride is nurſt!
What dangers threaten, and what deaths deſtroy
The hapleſs youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!
By thee, dire tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind;
Kingdoms and empires in confuſion hurl'd,
What ſtreams of gore have drench'd the hapleſs world!
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,
What new-dread horror doſt thou now prepare!
High ſounds thy voice of India's pearly ſhore,
Of endleſs triumphs and of countleſs ſtore:
Of other worlds ſo tower'd thy ſwelling boaſt,
Thy golden dreams, when Paradiſe was loſt,
When thy big promiſe ſteep'd the world in gore,
And ſimple innocence was known no more.
And ſay, has fame ſo dear, ſo dazzling charms?
Muſt brutal fierceneſs and the trade of arms,
Conqueſt, and laurels dipt in blood, be prized,
While life is ſcorn'd, and all its joys deſpiſed!
And ſay, does zeal for holy faith inſpire
To ſpread its mandates, thy avow'd deſire?
Behold the Hagarene in armour ſtands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thouſand cities own his lordly ſway,
A thouſand various ſhores his nod obey.
Through all theſe regions, all theſe cities, ſcorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars ſpurn'd.

A foe

A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plumed foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his ſhining ſpear diſplays,
Whilſt thou wouldſt fondly dare the watery maze,
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On ſhores unknown a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madneſs of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers ſo fruitleſs, ſo remote a war!
That fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, lord of Perſia, thee, of India lord,
O'er Ethiopia's vaſt, and Araby adored!

Curſt be the man who firſt on floating wood,
Forſook the beach, and braved the treacherous flood!
Oh! never, never may the ſacred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallowed wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times reſound,
Oblivion be his meed, and hell profound!
Curſt be the wretch, the fire of heaven who ſtole,
And with ambition firſt debauch'd the ſoul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd earth!
To what dread ſlaughter has thy pride given birth!
On proud ambition's pleaſing gales upborne,
One [1] boaſts to guide the chariot of the morn:

And

[1] *One boaſts to guide the chariot of the morn*, &c.—Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

And one on treacherous pinions ſoaring high,
O'er ocean's waves dar'd ſail the liquid ſky:
Daſh'd from their height they mourn their blighted aim;
One gives a river, one a ſea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!
Yet ſuch the fury of the mortal race,
Though fame's fair promiſe ends in foul diſgrace,
Though conqueſt ſtill the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a ſhadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet ſtill through fire and raging ſeas they run
To catch the gilded ſhade, and ſink undone!

The departure of the fleet from the Tagus.——In no circumſtance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conſpicuous, than in the conſtant attention he pays to his propoſed ſubjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the ſufferings of Ulyſſes. He beſtows the utmoſt care on every incident that could poſſibly impreſs our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς. Virgil throughout the Eneid has followed the ſame courſe. Every incident that could poſſibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long ſearch for the promiſed Italy, is ſet before us in the fulleſt magnitude. But, however this method of ennobling the epic, by the utmoſt attention to give a grandeur to every circumſtance of the propoſed ſubject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his Henriade, and by ſome other moderns, who have attempted the Epopœia; it has not been omitted by Camoëns. The Portugueſe poet has, with great art, conducted the voyage of Gama. Every circumſtance attending it is repreſented with magnificence and dignity. John II. deſigns what had never been attempted before. Meſſengers are ſent by land to diſcover the climate and riches of India. Their rout is deſcribed in the manner of Homer. The palm of diſcovery, however, is reſerved for a ſucceeding monarch. Emmahuel is warned by a dream, which affords another ſtriking inſtance of the ſpirit of the Grecian poet. The enthuſiaſm which the king beholds on the aſpect of Gama is a noble ſtroke of poetry; the ſolemnity of the night ſpent in devotion; the ſullen reſolution of the adventurers when going aboard the fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who

who viewed them as ſelf-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and intereſting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the claſſics. In the Æneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the Odyſſey there is no circumſtance which can be called ſimilar.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK V.

WHILE on the beach the hoary father ſtood
And ſpoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We ſpread the canvas to the riſing gales;
The gentle winds diſtend the ſnowy ſails.
As from our dear-lov'd native ſhore we fly
Our votive ſhouts, redoubled, rend the ſky;
"Succeſs, ſucceſs," far echoes o'er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly ſtar of day,
Intenſely blazing, ſhot his fierceſt ray;
When ſlowly gliding from our wiſhful eyes,
The Luſian mountains mingled with the ſkies;

Tago's

Tago's loved ſtream, and Cyntra's mountains cold
Dim fading now, we now no more behold;
And ſtill with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim ſpeck of land appears no more.
Our native ſoil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waſte of ſeas and boundleſs ſky.
Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,
Where but our Henry plough'd the wave [a] before:
The verdant iſlands, firſt by him deſcry'd,
We paſt; and now in proſpect opening wide,
Far to the left, increaſing on the view,
Roſe Mauritania's hills of paly blue:
Far to the right the reſtleſs ocean roared,
Whoſe bounding ſurges never keel explored;
If bounding [b] ſhore, as reaſon deems, divide
The vaſt Atlantic from the Indian tide.

Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's [c] purple coaſt we turn'd:
Cyprus and Paphos' vales the ſmiling loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;

A ſhore

[a] *Where but our Henry*——Don Henry, prince of Portugal, of whom, ſee the Preface.

[b] *If bounding ſhore.*——The diſcovery of ſome of the Weſt-Indian iſlands by Columbus was made in 1492 and 1493. His diſcovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama ſailed from the Tagus in 1497.

[c] *Madeira's purple coaſt*—Called by the ancients *Inſulæ Purpurariæ*. Now *Madeira* and *Porto Santo*. The former was ſo named by Juan Gonzales, and Triſtan Vaz, from the Spaniſh word *Madera*, wood.

A ſhore ſo flowery, and ſo ſweet an air,
Venus might build her deareſt temple there.
Onward we paſs Maſſilia's barren ſtrand,
A waſte of wither'd graſs and burning ſand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herds nor fruitage deck the woodland maze:
O'er the wild waſte the ſtupid oſtrich ſtrays,
In devious ſearch to pick her ſcanty meal,
Whoſe fierce digeſtion gnaws the temper'd ſteel.
From the green verge, where Tigitania ends,
To Ethiopia's line the dreary wild extends.
Now paſt the limit, which his courſe divides,
When to the north the ſun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and ſwarthy ſhores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whoſe courſe a thouſand tribes ſurveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the ſolar height,
Gave Afric's ſons the ſable hue of night.
And now from far the Lybian cape is ſeen,
Now by my mandate named the Cape of [d] Green.
Where midſt the billows of the ocean ſmiles
A flowery ſiſter-train, the happy [e] iſles,
Our onward prows the murmuring ſurges lave;
And now our veſſels plough the gentle wave,

Where

d —*Cape of Green*—Called by Ptolemy, *Caput Aſinarium*.

e —*the happy iſles*— Called by the ancients, *Inſulæ Fortunatæ*, now the Canaries.

Where the blue iſlands, named of Heſper old,
Their fruitful boſoms to the deep unfold.
Here changeful nature ſhews her various face,
And frolicks o'er the ſlopes with wildeſt grace:
Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
The ſickly cheriſh, and our ſtores renew.
From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,
Whoſe ſpear's [f] dread lightning o'er th' embattled plain
Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire diſmay,
And fixt the fortune of the doubtful day;
From him we name our ſtation of repair,
And Jago's name that iſle ſhall ever bear.
The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,
Our ſails unfurl'd we plough the tide again:
Round Afric's coaſt our winding courſe we ſteer,
Where bending to the Eaſt the ſhores appear.
Here [g] Jalofo its wide extent diſplays,
And vaſt Mandinga ſhews its numerous bays;

Whoſe

[f] *Whoſe ſpear's dread lightning.*——It was common for Spaniſh and Portugueſe commanders to ſee St. James in complete armour fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies. The general and ſome of his officers declared they ſaw the warrior ſaint beckoning them with his ſpear to advance; *San Iago, Iago*, was immediately echoed through the ranks, and victory uſually crowned the ardour of enthuſiaſm.

[g] *Here Jalofo.*——The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambea and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the ſeveral countries through which it runs. In its courſe it makes many iſlands, inhabited only by wild beaſts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is croſſed by a ſtupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river ruſhes with ſuch violence, that travellers paſs under it without any other inconveniency

Whoſe [b] mountains' ſides, though parch'd and barren, hold,
In copious ſtore, the ſeeds of beamy gold.
The Gambea here his ſerpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thouſand windings makes;
A thouſand ſwarthy tribes his current laves,
Ere mixt his waters with th' Atlantic waves.
The [i] Gorgades we paſt, that hated ſhore,
Famed for its terrors by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters ſhared,
The lorn beholders into marble ſtared;
Three dreadful ſiſters! down whoſe temples roll'd
Their hair of ſnakes in many a hiſſing fold,
And ſcattering horror o'er the dreary ſtrand,
With ſwarms of vipers ſow'd the burning ſand.

Still

veniency than the prodigious noiſe. The Gambea, or *Rio Grande*, runs 180 leagues, but is not ſo far navigable. It carries more water, and runs with leſs noiſe than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality; when mixed together they operate as an emetic, but when ſeparate they do not. They abound with great variety of fiſhes, and their banks are covered with horſes, crocodiles, winged ſerpents, elephants, ounces, wild boars, with great numbers of other animals, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. *Faria y Souſa.*

b *Whoſe mountains' ſides.*——*Tombotu*, the mart of Mandinga gold, was greatly reſorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tunis, Oran, Tremiſen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

i *The Gorgades.*——Contra hoc promontorium (Heſperionceras) Gorgades inſulæ narrantur, Gorgonum quondam domus, bidui navigatione diſtantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampſacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pœnorum imperator, prodiditque hirta fœminarum corpora viros pernicitate evaſiſſe, duarumque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo poſuit, ſpectatas uſque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hiſt. Nat. l. 6. c. 31.

Still to the ſouth our pointed keels we guide,
And through the Auſtral gulph ſtill onward ride.
Her palmy foreſts mingling with the ſkies,
Leona's [k] rugged ſteep behind us flies:
The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,
Already conſcious of our nation's fame.
Where the vext waves againſt our bulwarks roar,
And Luſian towers o'erlook the bending ſhore:
Our ſails wide ſwelling to the conſtant blaſt,
Now by the iſle from Thomas named we paſt;
And Congo's ſpacious realm before us roſe,
Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never ſeen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,
Rear'd by the Luſian [l] heroes, through the night
Of Pagan darkneſs, pours the mental light.

O'er the wild waves as ſouthward thus we ſtray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way;

Each

[k] *Leona's rugged ſteep.*——This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the ancients Θεῶν ὄχημα, *the chariot of the gods.* Camoëns gives it its Portugueſe name, *Serra Lioa, the Rock of Lions.*

[l] *Rear'd by the Luſian heroes.*——During the reign of John II. the Portugueſe erected ſeveral forts, and acquired great power in the extenſive regions of Guinea. *Azambuja*, a Portugueſe captain, having obtained leave from *Caramanſa*, a negro prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almoſt proved fatal to the diſcoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the devil would have it, happened to be a negro god. The Portugueſe were driven away by the enraged worſhippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profuſion of ſuch preſents as they moſt eſteemed.

Each night we ſee, impreſt with ſolemn awe,
Our guiding ſtars and native ſkies withdraw:
In the wide void we loſe their cheering beams:
Lower and lower ſtill the Pole-ſtar gleams,
Till paſt the limit, where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,
We now diſprove the faith of ancient lore;
Bootes' ſhining car appears no more:
For here we ſaw Caliſto's ſtar [m] retire
Beneath the waves, unaw'd by Juno's ire.
Here, while the ſun his polar journeys takes,
His viſit doubled, double ſeaſon makes;

Stern

The Portugueſe having brought an ambaſſador from Congo to Liſbon, ſent him back inſtructed in the faith. By his means the king, queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized; the idols were deſtroyed, and churches built. Soon after, the prince, who was then abſent at war, was baptized by the name of *Alonzo*. His younger brother, *Aquitimo*, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, becauſe allowed only one wife, turned apoſtate, and left the crown to his pagan ſon, who, with a great army, ſurrounded his brother, when only attended by ſome Portugueſe and chriſtian blacks, in all only thirty-ſeven. By the bravery of theſe, however, *Aquitimo* was defeated, taken, and ſlain. One of *Aquitimo's* officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-ſeven chriſtians, but by a glorious army who fought under a ſhining croſs. The idols were again deſtroyed, and Alonzo ſent his ſons, grandſons, and nephews, to Portugal to ſtudy; two of whom were afterwards biſhops in Congo. Extracted from *Faria y Souſa*.

[m] *Caliſto's ſtar.*——According to fable, Caliſto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter, having aſſumed the figure of that goddeſs, completed his amorous deſires. On the diſcovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where ſhe was delivered of a ſon. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in heaven, where they form the conſtellation of *Urſa major* and *minor*. Juno, ſtill enraged, entreated Thetis never to ſuffer Caliſto to bathe in the ſea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-ſtar to the inhabitants of our hemiſphere; but when Gama approached the ſouthern pole, the northern, of conſequence, diſappeared under the waves.

Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the ſpring's gay flowers their honours rear.
Now preſſing onward, paſt the burning zone,
Beneath another heaven, and ſtars unknown,
Unknown to heroes, and to ſages old,
With ſouthward prows our pathleſs courſe we hold:
Here gloomy night aſſumes a darker reign,
And fewer ſtars emblaze the heavenly plain;
Fewer than thoſe that gild the northern pole,
And o'er our ſeas their glittering chariots roll——
While nightly thus the lonely ſeas we brave
Another pole-ſtar riſes o'er the wave;
Full to the ſouth a ſhining croſs [n] appears;
Our heaving breaſts the bliſsful omen cheers:
Seven radiant ſtars compoſe the hallowed ſign
That roſe ſtill higher o'er the wavy brine.
Beneath this ſouthern axle of the world,
Never, with daring ſearch, was flag unfurl'd;

Nor

[n] *Full to the ſouth a ſhining croſs appears.*——The conſtellation of the ſouthern pole was called *The Croſs* by the Portugueſe ſailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by ſeven ſtars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the diſcovery of the ſouthern hemiſphere, has theſe remarkable lines in the firſt canto of his *Purgatorio*.

I' mi volſi a man deſtra, e poſi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro ſtelle
Non viſte mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Voltaire ſomewhere obſerves, that this looked like a prophecy, when, in the ſucceeding age, theſe four ſtars were known to be near the Antarctic pole. Dante, however, ſpoke allegorically of the four cardinal virtues.

In the ſouthern hemiſphere, as Camoëns obſerves, the nights are darker than in the northern, the ſkies being adorned with much fewer ſtars.

Nor pilot knows if bounding ſhores are placed,
Or if one dreary ſea o'erflow the lonely waſte.

While thus our keels ſtill onward boldly ſtray'd,
Now toſts by tempeſts, now by calms delay'd,
To tell the terrors of the deep untry'd,
What toils we ſuffer'd, and what ſtorms defy'd;
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,
What dreary weeks of ſolid darkneſs lour'd;
What mountain ſurges mountain ſurges laſh'd,
What ſudden hurricanes the canvaſs daſh'd;
What burſting lightnings, with inceſſant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;
What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,
And ſeem'd to ſhake the reeling ocean's bed:
To tell each horror in the deep reveal'd,
Would aſk an iron throat with tenfold vigour ſteel'd:
Thoſe dreadful wonders of the deep I ſaw,
Which fill the ſailor's breaſt with ſacred awe;
And which the ſages, of their learning vain,
Eſteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.
That living fire, by ſea-men held [o] divine,
Of heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign,

Which

[o] *That living fire, by ſea-men held divine.*——The ancients thus accounted for this appearance: The ſulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempeſt, unite, and when the humidity begins to ſubſide, as is the caſe when the ſtorm is almoſt exhauſted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the maſts and cordage of the ſhip.

Being

Which midſt the horrors of the tempeſt plays,
And on the blaſt's dark wings will gaily blaze;
Theſe eyes diſtinct have ſeen that living fire
Glide through the ſtorm, and round my ſails aſpire.
And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breaſt, mine eyes
To heaven have ſeen the watery columns riſe.
Slender at firſt the ſubtle fume appears,
And writhing round and round its volume rears:
Thick as a maſt the vapour ſwells its ſize;
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the ſkies:
The tube now ſtraitens, now in width extends,
And in a hovering cloud its ſummit ends:
Still gulp on gulp in ſucks the riſing tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight ſupply'd,

Full-

Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the ſuperſtition of ſailors ſhould in all ages have eſteemed them divine, and

Of Heaven's own care in ſtorms the holy ſign.

In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempeſt theſe fires were ſeen to hover over the heads of Caſtor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately enſued. After the apotheoſes of theſe heroes, the Grecian ſailors invoked thoſe fires by the names of Caſtor and Pollux, or *the ſons of Jupiter.* The Athenians called them Σωτῆρες, *Saviours*, and Homer, in his hymn to Caſtor and Pollux, ſays,

Ναύταις σήματα καλὰ πόντῳ σφίσιν, οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
Γήθησαν, πάυσαντο δ' ὀϊζυροῖο πόνοιο.

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. 2. Seneca, Queſt. Nat. c. i. and Cæſar de Bell. Afr. c. vi. mention theſe fires as often ſeen to alight and reſt on the points of the ſpears of the ſoldiers. By the French and Spaniards they are called St. Helme's fires; and by the Italians, the fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas. Modern diſcoveries have proved that theſe appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the ſpindle of the maſt, or the point of the ſpear.

Full-gorged, and blackening, ſpreads, and moves, more ſlow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.
Thus when to ſhun the ſummer's ſultry beam
The thirſty heifer ſeeks the cooling ſtream,
The eager horſe-leech fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat inſatiate ſips,
Till the gorged glutton, ſwell'd beyond her ſize,
Drops from her wounded hold, and burſting dies.
So burſts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
And the daſh'd ocean ſtaggers with the weight.
But ſay, [p] ye ſages, who can weigh the cauſe,
And trace the ſecret ſprings of Nature's laws,

Say,

[p] *But ſay, ye ſages.*——In this book, particularly in the deſcription of Maſſilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Caſtor and Pollux, and the water-ſpout, Camoëns has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camoëns, in his voyage to the Eaſt-Indies, was an eye-witneſs of the phænomena of the fires and water-ſpout. The latter is thus deſcribed by Pliny, l. 2. c. 51. *Fit et caligo, belluæ ſimilis nubes dira navigantibus vocatur et columna, cum ſpiſſatus humor rigenſque ipſe ſe ſuſtinet, et in longum veluti fiſtulam nubes aquam trahit.* Dr. Prieſtley, from *Signior Beccaria*, thus deſcribes the water-ſpouts: "They generally appear in calm weather. The ſea ſeems to boil, and ſend up a ſmoke under them, riſing in a hill towards the ſpout. A rumbling noiſe is heard. The form is that of a ſpeaking trumpet, the wider end being towards the clouds, and the narrower towards the ſea. The colour is ſometimes whitiſh, and at other times black. Their poſition is ſometimes perpendicular, ſometimes oblique, and ſometimes in the form of a curve. Their continuance is various; ſome vaniſh inſtantly and preſently riſe again; and ſome continue near an hour." Modern philoſophers aſcribe them to electricity, and eſteem them of the ſame nature as whirlwinds and hurricanes on land. Camoëns ſays, the water of which they are compoſed, becomes freſhened; which ſome have thus accounted for: when the violent heat attracts the waters to riſe in the form of a tube, the marine ſalts are left behind by the action of rareſaction, being too groſs and fixed to aſcend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour burſts, that it deſcends

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill,

Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the boſom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its ſalt, and from the cloud diſtil
Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill?
Ye ſons of boaſtful wiſdom, famed of yore,
Whoſe feet unwearied wander'd many a ſhore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring ſail,
Had view'd the wondrous ſcenes mine eyes ſurvey'd,
What ſeeming miracles the deep diſplay'd,
What ſecret virtues various Nature ſhew'd,
Oh! heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!

And now ſince wandering o'er the foamy ſpray,
Our brave Armada held her venturous way,
Five times the changeful empreſs of the night
Had fill'd her ſhining horns with ſilver light,
When ſudden from the main-top's airy round
Land! land! is echoed—At the joyful ſound,
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew
On wings of hope and fluttering tranſport flew,
And each ſtrain'd eye with aching ſight explores
The wide horizon of the eaſtern ſhores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain ſummits riſe,
And now the lawns ſalute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the echoing ſhouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and reſtrain the ſail;
And now deſcending in a ſpacious bay,
Wide o'er the coaſt the venturous ſoldiers ſtray,

To ſpy the wonders of the ſavage ſhore,
Where ſtranger's foot had never trod before.
I, and my pilots, on the yellow ſand
Explore beneath what ſky the ſhores expand.
That ſage device, whoſe wondrous uſe proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its authors' [q] names,
The ſun's height meaſured, and my compaſs ſcann'd
The painted globe of ocean and of land.
Here we perceived our venturous keels had paſt,
Unharm'd, the ſouthern tropic's howling blaſt;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's ſecret reign,
Where the ſtern power, as o'er the Auſtral main
He rides, wide ſcatters from the polar ſtar
Hail, ice, and ſnow, and all the wintery war.
While thus attentive on the beach we ſtood,
My ſoldiers, haſtening from the upland wood,
Right to the ſhore a trembling negro brought,
Whom on the foreſt-height by force they caught,
As diſtant wander'd from the cell of home,
He ſuck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horror glar'd in his look, and fear extreme
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
No ſign could anſwer, nor our gems would view:

From

[q] *That ſage device.*——The aſtrolabium, an inſtrument of infinite ſervice in navigation, by which the altitude of the ſun and diſtance of the ſtars are taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew phyſicians, named Roderic and Joſeph. It is aſſerted by ſome that they were aſſiſted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated mathematician. Partly from Caſtera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

From garments ſtriped with ſhining gold he turn'd;
The ſtarry diamond and the ſilver ſpurn'd.
Strait at my nod are worthleſs trinkets brought;
Round beads of cryſtal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a ſtring
Some little bells of braſs before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confeſt his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he raiſed to graſp the toy:
Pleaſed with theſe gifts we ſet the ſavage free,
Homeward he ſprings away, and bounds with glee.

Soon as the gleamy ſtreaks of purple morn
The lofty foreſt's topmoſt boughs adorn,
Down the ſteep mountain's ſide, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the ſhore: Their wiſhful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles moſt they prize:
Theſe to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild ſeem'd their manners, and their looks ſincere.
A bold raſh youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Veloſe his name,
Through pathleſs breaks their homeward ſteps attends,
And on his ſingle arm for help depends.
Long was his ſtay: my earneſt eyes explore,
When ruſhing down the mountain to the ſhore
I mark'd him; terror urged his rapid ſtrides;
And ſoon Coëllo's ſkiff the wave divides.
Yet ere his friends advanced, the treacherous foe
Trod on his lateſt ſteps, and aim'd the blow.

Moved by the danger of a youth ſo brave,
Myſelf now ſnatch'd an oar, and ſprung to ſave:
When ſudden, blackening down the mountain's height,
Another crowd purſued his panting flight;
And ſoon an arrowy and a flinty ſhower
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour,
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow ſtood
Fix'd [r] in my leg, and drank the guſhing blood.

Vengeance

[r] *Fix'd in my leg.*——Camoëns, in deſcribing the adventure of *Fernando Veloſo*, by departing from the truth of hiſtory, has ſhewn his judgment as a poet. The place where the Portugueſe landed they named the Bay of *St. Helen*. They caught one of two negroes, ſays *Faria*, who were buſied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this ſavage, whom they gratified with a red cap, ſome glaſſes and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though ſome who accompanied Gama were ſkilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could underſtand them. A commerce however was commenced by ſigns and geſtures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was cheerfully ſupplied with freſh proviſions, for which the natives received cloaths and trinkets. But this friendſhip was ſoon interrupted by a young raſh Portugueſe. Having contracted an intimacy with ſome of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to obſerve their habitations and ſtrength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they eſteemed an elegant repaſt, a ſea-calf dreſſed in the way of their country. This ſo much diſguſted the delicate Portugueſe, that he inſtantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppoſe his departure, but accompanied him with the greateſt innocence. As fear, however, is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to ſlaughter. No ſooner did he come near the ſhips, than he called aloud for aſſiſtance. Coëllo's boat immediately ſet off for his reſcue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now eſteeming the Portugueſe as a band of lawleſs plunderers, they provided themſelves with arms, and lay in ambuſh. Their weapons were javelins, headed with ſhort pieces of horn, which they threw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and ſome of his officers were on the ſhore, taking the altitude of the ſun by the aſtrolabium, they were ſuddenly and with great fury attacked by the ambuſh from the woods. Several were much wounded, *multos convulnerant, inter*

Vengeance as ſudden every wound repays,
Full on their fronts our flaſhing lightnings blaze;
Their ſhrieks of horror inſtant pierce the ſky,
And wing'd with fear at ſulleſt ſpeed they fly.
Long tracks of gore their ſcatter'd flight betray'd,
And now, Veloſo to the fleet convey'd,
His ſportful mates his brave exploits demand,
And what the curious wonders of the land:
" Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
" But oh! how ſmooth and eaſy to deſcend!
" Well haſt thou proved thy ſwiftneſs for the chaſe,
" And ſhewn thy matchleſs merit in the race!"
With look unmoved the gallant youth reply'd,
" For you, my friends, my fleeteſt ſpeed was try'd;
" 'Twas you the fierce barbarians meant to ſlay;
" For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;
" Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
" And [s] ſwift as lightning to your reſcue flew."

He

inter quos Gama' in pede vulnus accepit, and Gama received a wound in the foot. The admiral made a ſpeedy retreat to the fleet, prudently chooſing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to riſk the life of one man in a quarrel ſo foreign to the deſtination of his expedition; and where, to impreſs the terror of his arms could be of no ſervice to his intereſt. When he came nearer to India he acted in a different manner. He then made himſelf dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his reſentment. Collected from *Faria* and *Oſorius*.

[s] *And ſwift as lightning.*—The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed againſt the leaſt mixture of the comic, with the dignity of the epic poem. It is needleſs to enter into any defence of this paſſage of Camoëns, farther than to obſerve, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton have offended the

He now the treaſon of the foe relates,
How ſoon, as paſt the mountain's upland ſtraits,
They changed the colour of their friendly ſhew,
And force forbade his ſteps to tread below:

How

the critics in the ſame manner; and that this piece of raillery in the Luſiad is by much the politeſt, and the leaſt reprehenſible of any thing of the kind in the four poets. In Homer are ſeveral ſtrokes of low raillery. Patroclus having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his ſudden fall. "*It is a pity he is not nearer the ſea! He would ſoon catch abundance of oyſters, nor would the ſtorms frighten him. See how he dives from his chariot down to the ſand! What excellent divers are the Trojans!*" Virgil, the moſt judicious of all poets, deſcends even to the ſtyle of Dutch painting, where the commander of a galley tumbles the pilot into the ſea, and the ſailors afterward laugh at him, as he ſits on a rock ſpewing up the ſalt water:

——— *Segnemque Menœten*
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta.
At gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo eſt
Jam ſenior, madidaque fluens in veſte Menœtes,
Summa petit ſcopuli ſiccaque in rupe reſedit.
Ilium et labentem Teucri, et riſere natantem;
Et falſos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

And though the characters of the ſpeakers, (the ingenious defence which has been offered for Milton) may in ſome meaſure vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouths of Satan and Belial, the lowneſs of it, when compared with that of Camoëns, muſt ſtill be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, ſays Satan,

Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell
As they would dance, yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace.——
To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood,
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many——
——— this gift they have beſide,
They ſhew us when our foes walk not upright.

How down the coverts of the ſteepy brake
Their lurking ſtand a treacherous ambuſh take;
On us, when ſpeeding to defend his flight,
To ruſh, and plunge us in the ſhades of night:
Nor while in friendſhip would their lips unfold
Where India's ocean laved the orient ſhores of gold.

Now proſp'rous gales the bending canvas ſwell'd;
From theſe rude ſhores our fearleſs courſe we held:
Beneath the gliſtening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a ſudden darkneſs ſpread,
And ſlowly floating o'er the maſt's tall head,
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpſe, nor faintly twinkling ſtar;
So deep a gloom the louring vapour caſt,
Transfixt with awe the braveſt ſtood aghaſt.
Meanwhile a hollow burſting roar reſounds,
As when hoarſe ſurges laſh their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven
The wonted ſigns of gathering tempeſt given.
Amazed we ſtood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God,—I cried;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous ſtray'd,
Have we the ſecrets of the deep ſurvey'd,
Which theſe wide ſolitudes of ſeas and ſky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye?

Whate'er

Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempeſts and the mingled roar,
When ſea and ſky combine to rock the marble ſhore.

I ſpoke, when riſing through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we ſaw an hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with ſullen aſpect lour'd:
An earthly paleneſs o'er his cheeks was ſpread,
Erect uproſe his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to ſpeak, his ſable lips diſcloſe,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnaſhing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings ſcared,
The inward anguiſh of his ſoul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their duſky caves
Shot livid fires: Far echoing o'er the waves
His voice reſounded, as the cavern'd ſhore
With hollow groan repeats the tempeſt's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrill'd each hero's breaſt,
Our briſtling hair and tottering knees confeſt
Wild dread; the while with viſage ghaſtly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend † began:

O you,

† *The apparition.*—The partiality of tranſlators and editors is become almoſt proverbial. The admiration of their author is ſuppoſed when they undertake to introduce him to the public; that admiration, therefore, may without a bluſh be confeſſed; but if the reputation of judgment is valued, all the jealouſy

O you, the boldeſt of the nations, fired
By daring pride, by luſt of fame inſpired,

Who

jealouſy of circumſpection is neceſſary, for the tranſition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticiſm, is not only eaſy, but to oneſelf often imperceptible. Yet however guarded againſt this partiality of hypercriticiſm the tranſlator of Camoëns may deem himſelf, he is aware that ſome of his colder readers may perhaps, in the following inſtance, accuſe him of it. Regardleſs however of the *ſang froid* of thoſe who judge by authority and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few whoſe taſte, though formed by the claſſics, is untainted with claſſical prejudices. To theſe he will appeal, and to theſe he will venture the aſſertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempeſts, in ſublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, ſtands unſurpaſſed in human compoſition.—Voltaire, and the foreign critics, have confeſſed its merit.——In the prodigy of the Harpies in the *Æneid*, neither the

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdiſſima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida ſemper
Ora fame:

Though Virgil, to heighten the deſcription, introduces it with

——— *nec ſævior ulla*
Peſtis et ira Deûm Stygiis ſeſe extulit undis:

Nor the predictions of the harpy *Celæno*, can, in point of dignity, bear any compariſon with the fiction of Camoëns. The noble and admired deſcription of Fame, in the fourth Æneid, may ſeem indeed to challenge competition:

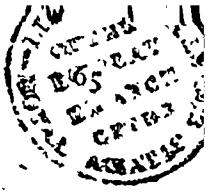
Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, vireſque acquirit eundo:
Parva metu primò; mox ſeſe attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit:
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cœo Enceladoque ſororem
Progenuit; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis:
Monſtrum horrendum, ingens; cui quot ſunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubriget aures.
Nocte volat cœli medio terræque, per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina ſomno:
Luce ſedet cuſtos, aut ſummi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.

Fame,

Who ſcornful of the bowers of ſweet repoſe,
Through theſe my waves advance your fearleſs prows,
Regardleſs

Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows;
Swift from the firſt, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic ſize,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Enraged againſt the gods, revengeful earth
Produced her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte,
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue,
And round with liſtning ears the flying plague is hung;
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries,
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes:
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews.——DRYD.

The *Mobilitate viget*, the *Vires acquirit eundo*, the *Parva metu primo*, &c. the *Caput inter nubila condit*, the *plumæ*, *oculi linguæ*, *ora*, and *aures*, the *Nocte volat*, the *Luce ſedet cuſtos*, and the *Magnas territat urbes*, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offspring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble diſplay of the calm majeſty of Virgil, yet it has not the enthuſiaſm of that heat of ſpontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inſpiration. The fiction of Camoëns, on the contrary, is the genuine effuſion of the glow of poetical imagination. The deſcription of the ſpectre, the awfulneſs of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true ſpirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer, or a Shakeſpeare. But however Camoëns may, in this paſſage, have excelled Virgil, he himſelf is infinitely ſurpaſſed by two paſſages of Holy Writ. "*A thing* "*was ſecretly brought to me,*" ſays the author of the book of Job, "*and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake: then a ſpirit paſſed before my face; the hair of my fleſh ſtood up: it ſtood ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes, there was ſilence, and I heard a voice: Shall mortal man be more juſt than God! ſhall a man be more pure than his Maker! Behold, he put no truſt in his ſervants, and his angels*



Regardleſs of the lengthening watery way,
And all the ſtorms that own my ſovereign ſway,
Who mid ſurrounding rocks and ſhelves explore
Where never hero braved my rage before;
Ye ſons of Luſus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the ſecrets of my awful reign,
Have paſs'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her ſecret ſhrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And burſting ſoon ſhall o'er your race deſcend:

With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and ſtorms ſhall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my drear [u] domain,
With daring ſearch ſhall hoiſe the ſtreaming vane,

That

angels be charged with folly: how much leſs in them that dwell in houſes of clay, whoſe foundation is in the duſt, and who are cruſhed before the moth!

This whole paſſage, particularly the indiſtinguiſhable form and the ſilence, are as ſuperior to Camoëns in the inimitably wild terrific, as the following, from the Apocalypſe, is in grandeur of deſcription. "*And I ſaw another mighty angel come down from heaven, cloathed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, his face was as it were the ſun, and his feet as pillars of fire . . . . and he ſet his right foot upon the ſea, and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth . . . . . and he lifted up his hand to heaven, and ſware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, ... that Time ſhould be no more.*

[u] *The next proud fleet:*—On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen ſail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was ſent out on the ſecond voyage to India, where the admiral with only ſix ſhips arrived. The reſt were moſtly deſtroyed by a terrible tempeſt at the Cape of Good Hope, which laſted twenty days. The day-time, ſays *Faria*, was ſo dark, that the ſailors could ſcarcely ſee each other, or hear what was ſaid, for the horrid noiſe of the winds. Among thoſe who periſhed was the celebrated *Bartholomew Diaz*, who was the firſt modern diſcoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempeſts.

That gallant navy by my whirlwinds toſt,
And raging ſeas ſhall periſh on my coaſt:
Then He who firſt my ſecret reign deſcried,
A naked corſe wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive—Unleſs my heart's full raptures fail,
O Luſus! oft ſhalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy ſhipwreck'd ſons ſhalt thou deplore,
Each year thy ſheeted maſts ſhall ſtrew my ſhore.

With trophies plumed behold * an hero come,
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though ſmiling fortune bleſt his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with ſparkling eye
The Turkiſh moons in wild confuſion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame ſhall vaniſh here.
Quiloa's ſons, and thine, Mombaze, ſhall ſee
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;

While

* *Behold an hero come*—Don *Franciſco de Almeyda*. He was the firſt Portugueſe viceroy of India, in which country he obtained ſeveral great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He conquered Quiloa and Mombaſſa or Mombaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and proviſions. The rudeneſs of one of his ſervants produced a quarrel with the Caffres or Hottentots. His attendants, much againſt his will, forced him to march againſt the Blacks. "Ah, whither (he exclaimed) will you carry the infirm man of "ſixty years?". After plundering a miſerable village, on the return to their ſhips they were attacked by a ſuperior number of Caffres, who fought with ſuch fury in reſcue of their children, whom the Portugueſe had ſeized, that the viceroy and fifty of his attendants were ſlain.

While proudly mingling with the tempeſt's ſound,
Their ſhouts of joy from every cliff rebound.

The howling blaſt, ye ſlumbering ſtorms, prepare,
A youthful lover and his beauteous fair,
Triumphant ſail from India's ravaged land;
His evil angel leads him to my ſtrand.
Through the torn hulk the daſhing waves ſhall roar,
The ſhatter'd wrecks ſhall blacken all my ſhore.
Themſelves eſcaped, deſpoil'd by ſavage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning ſands,
Spared by the waves far deeper woes to bear,
Woes even by me acknowledged with a tear.
Their infant race, the promiſed heirs of joy,
Shall now no more an hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In theſe wide waſtes their infant race ſhall die.
Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn and rocky fragments nod,
The hapleſs lover and his bride ſhall ſtray,
By night unſhelter'd, and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackleſs plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his ſpouſe in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breaſt of mountain ſnow,
Where ne'er before intruding blaſt might blow,
Parch'd by the ſun, and ſhrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, ſhall he, fond man, behold.

Thus wandering wide, a thouſand ills o'erpaſt,
In fond embraces they ſhall ſink at laſt;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the laſt ſigh ſhall wail each other's [y] woe.

Some

[y] *And the laſt ſigh ſhall wail each other's woe.*—This poetical deſcription of the miſerable cataſtrophe of Don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful ſpouſe Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was ſeveral years governor of Diu in India, where he amaſſed immenſe wealth. On his return to his native country, the ſhip in which were his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his ſailors and domeſtics, was daſhed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew, eſcaped, having only ſaved a few arms and proviſions. As they marched through the rude uncultivated deſerts, ſome died of famine, of thirſt, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in ſearch of water, were murdered by the ſavages, or deſtroyed by the wild beaſts. The horror of this miſerable ſituation was moſt dreadfully aggravated to Donna Leonora: her huſband began to diſcover ſtarts of inſanity. They are arrived at laſt at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At firſt they were courteouſly received, and Souza, partly ſtupified with grief, at the deſire of the barbarians, yielded up to them the arms of his company. No ſooner was this done, than the ſavages ſtripped the whole company naked, and left them deſtitute to the mercy of the deſert. The wretchedneſs of the delicate and expoſed Leonora was increaſed by the brutal inſults of the negroes. Her huſband, unable to relieve, beheld her miſeries. After having travelled about 300 leagues, her legs ſwelled, her feet bleeding at every ſtep, and her ſtrength exhauſted, ſhe ſunk down, and with the ſand covered herſelf to the neck, to conceal her nakedneſs. In this dreadful ſituation, ſhe beheld two of her children expire. Her own death ſoon followed. Her huſband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her laſt breath in a diſtracted embrace. Immediately he ſnatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the moſt lamentable cries, he ran into the thickeſt of the wood, where the wild beaſts were ſoon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who eſcaped the waves, only ſix and twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whoſe inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red Sea: from hence they found a paſſage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Cortereal, a Portugueſe poet, has written an affecting poem on the ſhipwreck and deplorable cataſtrophe of Don Emmanuel and his beloved ſpouſe. Vid. *Faria, Barros,* &c.

Some few, the ſad companions of their fate,
Shall yet ſurvive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the diſmal tale to tell,
How blaſted by my frown your heroes fell.

He paus'd, in act ſtill farther to diſcloſe
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When ſpringing onward, loud my voice reſounds,
And midſt his rage the threatening ſhade confounds:
What art thou, horrid form, that rideſt the air?
By heaven's eternal light, ſtern fiend, declare.
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breaſt deep hollow groans aroſe;
Sternly aſkaunce he ſtood: with wounded pride
And anguiſh torn, In me, behold, he cried,
While dark-red ſparkles from his eyeballs roll'd,
In me the ſpirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempeſts named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With wide-ſtretch'd piles I guard the pathleſs ſtrand,
And Afric's ſouthern mound unmoved I ſtand:
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere daſh'd the white wave foaming to my ſhore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever ſpread the ſail
On theſe my ſeas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice diſturb my loneſome reign.

He [z] ſpoke, and deep a lengthen'd ſigh he drew,
A doleful ſound, and vaniſh'd from the view;
The frighten'd billows gave a rolling ſwell,
And diſtant far prolong'd the diſmal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud diſperſing leaves the ſky.

High

[z] *He ſpoke.*—The circumſtances of the diſappearance of the ſpectre are in the ſame poetical ſpirit of the introduction. To ſuppoſe this ſpectre the ſpirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempeſts, which by night makes it awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination. As already obſerved in the Preface, the machinery of Camoëns is allegorical. To eſtabliſh Chriſtianity in the eaſt, is expreſsly ſaid in the Luſiad to be the great purpoſe of the hero. By Bacchus, the demon who oppoſes the expedition, the genius of Mohammediſm muſt of conſequence be underſtood: and accordingly, in the eighth book, the Evil Spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the ſame perſonage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan prieſt. In like manner, by Adamaſtor, the genius of Mohammediſm muſt be ſuppoſed to be meant. The Moors, who profeſſed that religion, were, till the arrival of Gama, the ſole navigators of the eaſtern ſeas, and by every exertion of force and fraud, they endeavoured to prevent the ſettlements of the Chriſtians. In the figure of the ſpectre, the French tranſlator finds an exact deſcription of the perſon of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion; but he certainly carries his *unravelment* too far in ſeveral inſtances: to mention only two; "Mohammed (ſays "he) was a falſe prophet, ſo is Adamaſtor, who ſays Emmanuel de Souza "and his ſpouſe ſhall die in one another's arms, whereas the huſband was "devoured by wild beaſts in the wood. . . By the metamorphoſis of Ada-"maſtor into an huge maſs of earth and rock, laved by the waves, is meant "the death and tomb of Mohammed. He died of a dropſy, behold the wa-"ters which ſurround him; *voila les eaux qui l'entourent.*—His tomb was "exceeding high, behold the height of the promontory." By ſuch latitude of intrepretation, the allegory which was really intended by an author, becomes ſuſpected by the reader. As Camoëns, however, has aſſured us that he did allegoriſe, one need not heſitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamaſtor is an inſtance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory, by the fierce paſſion of the giant, the fierce rage of ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this laſt circumſtance is adopted from *Caſtera.*

High to the angel hoſt, whoſe guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And heaven's dread King implore, As o'er our head
he fiend diſſolved, an empty ſhadow fled;
› may his curſes by the winds of heaven
ır o'er the deep, their idle ſport, be driven!

With ſacred horror thrill'd, Melinda's lord
eld up the eager hand, and caught the word,
h wondrous faith of ancient days, he cries,
Conceal'd in myſtic lore, and dark diſguiſe!
Taught by their ſires, our hoary fathers tell,
On theſe rude ſhores a giant ſpectre fell,
What time from heaven the rebel band were thrown:
And oft the wandering ſwain has heard his moan.
While o'er the wave the clouded moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears
O'er the wild ſtorm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly ſhore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghoſtly ſpells controul'd,
His fate, myſterious, thus the ſpectre told:

By forceful Titan's warm embrace compreſt
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confeſt;
The hundred-handed giant at a birth
And me ſhe bore: nor ſlept my hopes on earth:
My heart avow'd my ſire's ethereal flame;
Great Adamaſtor then my dreaded name.

In my bold brother's glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war againſt the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the ſky;
To me the conqueſt of the ſeas befel,
In his green realm the ſecond Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my paſſions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt ſo bold.
Ah me, one ſummer in the cool of day
I ſaw the Nereids on the ſandy bay
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddeſs trode;
With fierceſt fires my ſtruggling boſom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeleſs languiſh with the raging ſmart.
For her, each goddeſs of the heavens I ſcorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horror mute ſhe fled.
Madning with love, by force I ween to gain
The ſilver goddeſs of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid [a] band
I tell my purpoſe, and her aid command:

By

[a] *The hoar mother of the Nereid band*—Doris, the ſiſter and ſpouſe of Nereus. By Nereus, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is underſtood the water of the ſea, and by Doris, the bitterneſs or ſalt, the ſuppoſed cauſe of its prolific quality in the generation of fiſhes.

By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the ſpouſe of Peleus to my love.
The ſilver goddeſs with a ſmile replies,
What nymph can yield her charms a giant's prize!
Yet from the horrors of a war to ſave,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave,
Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wiſh ſhall ſoon attain.
The promiſed grace infuſed a bolder fire,
And ſhook my mighty limbs with fierce deſire.
But ah, what error ſpreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's ſight!
The war reſign'd, my ſteps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her ſhadowy mantle ſpread,
Before my ſteps the ſnowy Thetis ſhone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I ſprung,
And round her waiſt with joy delirious clung:
In all the tranſports of the warm embrace,
An hundred kiſſes on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage beſtows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguiſh while my ſhame I tell!
What fixt deſpair, what rage my boſom ſwell!
Here was no goddeſs, here no heavenly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whoſe rocky top o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kiſſes of my amorous fire.

Waked

Waked from my dream cold horror freezed my blood;
Fixt as a rock before the rock I ſtood;
O faireſt goddeſs of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud diſdain!
Yet why, I cried, with all I wiſh'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
An horrid mountain to mine arms convey!——
Madning I ſpoke, and furious ſprung away.
Far to the ſouth I ſought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unſcorn'd, might wail alone,
My foul diſhonour, and my tears to hide,
And ſhun the triumph of the goddeſs' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled on mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my ſorrows to the deſert ſhore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes purſue;
My ſtiffening fleſh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,
Yon dark-brow'd cape of monſtrous ſize became,
Where round me ſtill, in triumph o'er my ſhame,
The ſilvery Thetis bids her ſurges roar,
And waſt my groans along the dreary ſhore.

Melinda's monarch thus the tale purſued
Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd—
Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery courſers ſprings away,

When

When full in view the giant Cape appears,
Wide ſpreads its limbs, and high its ſhoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending ſide,
And our bold veſſels plow the eaſtern tide.
Nor long excurſive off at ſea we ſtand,
A cultured ſhore invites us to the land.
Here their ſweet ſcenes the rural joys beſtow,
And give our wearied minds a lively [b] glow.
The tenants of the coaſt, a feſtive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow ſand;
Their brides on ſlow-paced oxen rode behind;
The ſpreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Beſpoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudeſt boaſt,
Of all their beſtial ſtore they valued moſt.

By

[b] *And give our wearied minds a lively glow.*—Variety is no leſs delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camoëns gave an abundant ſupply. The inſertion of this paſtoral landſcape, between the terrific ſcenes which precede and follow, has a fine effect. "Variety," ſays Pope, in one of his notes on the Odyſſey, "gives life and delight; and it is "much more neceſſary in epic than in comic or tragic poetry, ſometimes to "ſhift the ſcenes to diverſify and embelliſh the ſtory." The authority of another celebrated writer offers itſelf: "*Les Portugais naviguant ſur l'océan "Atlantique, decouvrirent la pointe la plus méridionale de l'Afrique; ils virent une "vaſte mer; elle les porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs périls ſur cette mer, et la "découverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Calecut, ont été chantés par le "Camoëns, dont le poëme fait ſentir quelque choſe des charmes de l'Odyſſée, et de la "magnificence de l'Enéide.*" i. e. The Portugueſe ſailing upon the Atlantic ocean diſcovered the moſt ſouthern point of Africa: here they found an immenſe ſea, which carried them to the Eaſt Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the diſcovery of Mozambic, of Melinda, and of Calicut, have been ſung by Camoëns, whoſe poem unites the charms of the Odyſſey with the magnificence of the Eneid. Monteſquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

By turns the huſbands and the brides prolong
The various meaſures of the rural ſong.
Now to the dance the ruſtic reeds reſound;
The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground;
And now the lambs around them bleating ſtray,
Feed from their hands, or round them friſking play.
Methought I ſaw the ſylvan reign of Pan,
And heard the muſic of the Mantuan ſwan—
With ſmiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The bliſsful manners of the age of gold.
With that mild kindneſs, by their looks diſplay'd,
Freſh ſtores they bring, with cloth of red repay'd:
Yet from their lips no word we knew could flow,
Nor ſign of India's ſtrand their hands beſtow.
Fair blow the winds; again with ſails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and ſeek the eaſtern world.
Now round black Afric's coaſt our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward ſteer'd:
The ſouthern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the iſle of Holy Croſs [c] behind;
That iſle where erſt a Luſian, when he paſt
The tempeſt-beaten Cape, his anchors caſt,
And own'd his proud ambition to explore
The kingdoms of the morn, could dare no more.

From

c *We leave the iſle of Holy Croſs*——A ſmall iſland, named *Santa Cruz* by Bartholomew Diaz, who diſcovered it. According to *Faria y Souſa*, he went twenty-five leagues farther, to the river *del Infante*, which, till paſſed by Gama, was the utmoſt extent of the Portugueſe diſcoveries.

From thence, ſtill on, our daring courſe we hold
Through trackleſs gulphs, whoſe billows never roll'd
Around the veſſel's pitchy ſides before;
Through trackleſs gulphs, where mountain ſurges roar,
For many a night, when not a ſtar appear'd,
Nor infant moon's dim horns the darkneſs cheer'd;
For many a dreary night, and cheerleſs day,
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's play,
By ſtudent hope ſtill fired, we forced our dreadful way.
Now ſmooth as glaſs the ſhining waters lie,
No cloud ſlow moving fails the azure ſky;
Slack from their height the ſails unmoved decline,
The airy ſtreamers form the downward line;
No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentleſt ſwell diſtends the ready ſail;
Fixt as in ice the ſlumbering prows remain,
And ſilence wide extends her ſolemn reign.
Now to the waves the burſting clouds deſcend,
And heaven and ſea in meeting tempeſts blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean ſweep
And from his bottom roars the ſtaggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blaſt's impetuous ſway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.
And now eſcaped the fury of the ſtorm,
New danger threatens in a various form;

Though

Though freſh the breeze the ſwelling canvaſs ſwell'd,
A current's [d] headlong ſweep our prows withheld:
The rapid force impreſt on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling veſſels reel:
When from their ſouthern caves the winds, enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempeſt groans each loaded maſt,
And o'er the ruſhing tide our bounding navy paſt.

Now ſhined the ſacred morn, when from the eaſt,
Three kings the holy cradled Babe addreſt,
And hail'd him Lord of heaven: that feſtive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay;
The river from the ſacred day we name,
And ſtores, the wandering ſeaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our deareſt hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our ears retain;
Nought to reward our ſearch for India's ſound,
By word or ſign our ardent wiſhes crown'd.

Behold,

[d] *A current's headlong ſweep.*——It was the force of this ruſhing current which retarded the farther diſcoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the aſſiſtance of a tempeſt. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the ſouth weſt of Madagaſcar. It is now eaſily avoided.

Nought to reward our ſearch for India's ſound.—The frequent diſappointment of the Portugueſe, when they expect to hear ſome account of India, is a judicious imitation of ſeveral parts of Virgil; who, in the ſame manner, magnifies the diſtreſſes of the Trojans in their ſearch for the fated ſeat of empire:

——— *O gens*
Infelix! cui te exitio fortuna reſervat?
Septima poſt Trojæ excidium jam vertitur æſtas;
Cum freta, cum terras omnes, tot inhoſpita ſaxa

Sideraque

Behold, O king, how many a ſhore we try'd!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defy'd!
Yet ſtill in vain for India's ſhore we try,
The long-ſought ſhores our anxious ſearch defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a ſtar we knew,
Through changing climes, where poiſon'd air we drew;
Wandering new ſeas, in gulphs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with diſeaſe,
And peſtilence on each expected breeze;
Not even a gleam of hope's deluſive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind deluſion which full oft has cheer'd
The braveſt minds, till glad ſucceſs appear'd;
Worn as we were each night with dreary care,
Each day with danger that increaſed deſpair,
Oh! Monarch, judge, what leſs than Luſian fire
Could ſtill the hopeleſs ſcorn of fate inſpire!
What leſs, O king, than Luſian faith withſtand,
When dire deſpair and famine gave command
Their chief to murder, and with lawleſs power
Sweep Afric's ſeas, and every coaſt devour!
What more than men in wild deſpair ſtill bold!
Theſe more than [f] men in theſe my band behold!

Sacred

Sideraque emenſæ ferimur: dum per mare magnum
Italiam ſequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis. Æn. v.

f *Theſe more than men.*——It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of Melinda. The boaſt of

Sacred to death, by death alone ſubdued,
Theſe all the rage of fierce deſpair withſtood;
Firm to their faith, though fondeſt hope no more
Could give the promiſe of their native ſhore!

Now the ſweet waters of the ſtream we leave,
And the ſalt waves our gliding prows receive;
Here to the left, between the bending ſhores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,
And boiling raves againſt the ſounding coaſt,
Whoſe mines of gold Sofala's merchants boaſt:
Full to the gulph the ſhowery ſouth-winds howl,
Aſlant againſt the wind our veſſels rowl:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms reſigning to the care of heaven,
By hope and fear's keen paſſions toſt, we roam,
When our glad eyes beheld the ſurges foam
Againſt the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where ſloops and barges cut the watery way.
The river's opening breaſt ſome upward ply'd,
And ſome came gliding down the ſweepy tide.

Quick

of their loyalty beſides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the Epopœia required to be aſcribed to them. Hiſtory relates the matter differently. In ſtanding for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the higheſt proofs of his reſolution, "*In illo autem curſu, valdè Gamæ virtus enituit.*" The fleet ſeemed now toſſed to the clouds, *ut modo nubes contingere*, and now ſunk to the loweſt whirlpools of the abyſs. The winds were inſufferably cold, and to the rage of the tempeſt was added the horror of an almoſt continual darkneſs. The crew expected every moment to be ſwallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the ſtorm, they came round Gama, aſſerting the impoſſibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he reſolutely refuſed. See the Preface.

Quick throbs of tranſport heaved in every heart
To view the knowledge of the ſeaman's art;
For here we hoped our ardent wiſh to gain,
To hear of India's ſtrand, nor hoped in vain.
Though Ethiopia's ſable hue they bore
No look of wild ſurpriſe the natives wore:
Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban ſwell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their ſpeech, though rude and diſſonant of ſound,
Their ſpeech a mixture of Arabian own'd.
Fernando, ſkill'd in all the copious ſtore
Of fair Arabia's ſpeech and flowery lore,
In joyful converſe heard the pleaſing tale,
That o'er theſe ſeas full oft the frequent ſail,
And lordly veſſels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning ſteer'd,
And back returning to the ſouthmoſt land,
Convey'd the treaſures of the Indian ſtrand;
Whoſe cheerful crews, reſembling ours, diſplay
The [g] kindred face and colour of the day.
Elate with joy we raiſe the glad acclaim,
And, [h] River of Good Signs, the port we name:
Then, ſacred to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the ſpouſal bed,

And

[g] *The kindred face:* — Gama and his followers were at ſeveral ports, on their firſt arrival in the Eaſt, thought to be Moors. See the note, p. 28. vol. i.

[h] *Rio dos bons ſinais.*

And ſafe return'd him through the perilous way,
We rear a column [i] on the friendly bay.

Our keels, that now had ſteer'd through many a clime,
By ſhell-fiſh roughen'd, and incaſed with ſlime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the ſmiling natives yield:
But while each face an honeſt welcome ſhews,
And big with ſprightly hope each boſom glows,
(Alas! how vain the bloom of human joy!
How ſoon the blaſts of woe that bloom deſtroy!)
A dread diſeaſe its rankling horrors ſhed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army ſpread.
Never mine eyes ſuch dreary ſight beheld,
Ghaſtly the mouth and gums enormous [k] ſwell'd;
And inſtant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poiſoned with fœtid ſteams the air around,
No ſage phyſician's ever-watchful zeal,
No ſkilful ſurgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:

A grave,

[i] *We rear a column.*—It was the cuſtom of the Portugueſe navigators to erect croſſes on the ſhores of the new-diſcovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of ſtone along with him, and erected ſix of theſe croſſes during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the firſt diſcovery.

[k] *Ghaſtly the mouth and gums enormous ſwell'd.*—This poetical deſcription of the ſcurvy is by no means exaggerated above what ſometimes really happens in the courſe of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the conſtitution is unhabituated.

A grave, the awful gift of every ſhore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowſhip in woe,
O'er their cold duſt we give the tears to flow;
And in their hapleſs lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown!

Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's ſhore elate,
We looſe the hauſers and the ſail expand,
And upward coaſt the Ethiopian ſtrand.
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's iſle,
Mozambic's treaſon, and Mombaſſa's guile;
What miracles kind heaven, our guardian, wrought,
Loud fame already to thine ear has brought:
Kind heaven again that guardian care diſplay'd,
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,
Where thou, O king, heaven's regent power below,
Bidſt thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:
Health to the ſick, and to the weary reſt,
And ſprightly hope revived in every breaſt,
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repaid,
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a rout ſo bold,
So dread as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great monarch, if the world before
Ere ſaw the prow ſuch length of ſeas explore!

Nor ſage Ulyſſes, nor the Trojan pride,
Such raging gulphs, ſuch whirling ſtorms defy'd;
Nor one poor tenth of my dread courſe explored,
Though by the muſe as demigods adored.

O thou whoſe breaſt all Helicon inflamed,
Whoſe birth ſeven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;
And thou whoſe mellow lute and rural ſong,
In ſofteſt flow, led Mincio's waves along;
Whoſe warlike numbers as a ſtorm impell'd,
And Tyber's ſurges o'er his borders ſwell'd;
Let all Parnaſſus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inſpire;
Your demigods conduct through every ſcene
Cold fear can paint, or wildeſt fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's ſpell,
And all the horrors of the Cyclop's cell;
Bid Scylla's barking waves their mates o'erwhelm,
And hurl the guardian pilot from the [l] helm;
Give ſails and oars to fly the purple ſhore,
Where love of abſent friend awakes no [m] more;

In

[l] *And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm*—See Æn. v. 833.

[m] *The purple ſhore.*—The Lotophagi, ſo named from the plant Lotus, are thus deſcribed by Homer:

Not prone to ill, nor ſtrange to foreign gueſt,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feaſt;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos the nanie; divine, nectareous juice;

(Thence

In all their charms diſplay Calypſo's ſmiles,
Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
In ſkins confined the bluſtering winds [n] controul,
Or o'er the feaſt bid loathſome harpies [o] prowl;
And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortured ſpectres and infernal [p] gods;

Give

(Thence called Lotophagi) which whoſo taſtes,
Inſatiate riots in the ſweet repaſts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his houſe, his country, and his friends:
The three we ſent, from off th' inchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:
The reſt in haſte forſook the pleaſing ſhore,
Or, the charm taſted, had return'd no more. POPE, Odyſ. ix.

The natural hiſtory of the lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Lybian lotos is a ſhrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigneſs of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was uſed as food for ſlaves. They alſo made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note *in loco*.

n *In ſkins confin'd the bluſtering winds controul.*—The gift of Æolus to Ulyſſes.

The adverſe winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compreſs'd their force, and lock'd each ſtruggling blaſt:
For him the mighty ſire of gods aſſign'd,
The tempeſt's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the liſt'ning ſtorms obey,
To ſmooth the deep, or ſwell the foamy ſea.
Theſe in my hollow ſhip the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a ſilver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the ſwelling ſails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails. POPE, Odyſ. x.

The companions of Ulyſſes imagined that theſe bags contained ſome valuable treaſure, and opened them while their leader ſlept. The tempeſts burſting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in ſight, and was the cauſe of a new train of miſeries.

o —— *harpies prowl.*——See the third Æneid.

p *Of tortur'd ſpectres.*——See the ſixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odyſſey.

Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divineſt ſkill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall,
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them all.

While thus illuſtrious GAMA charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleaſed attention witneſs'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.
The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Liſboa's monarchs, and the Luſian name;
What warlike rage the victor-kings inſpired,
Nor leſs their warriors loyal faith admired.
Nor leſs his menial train, in wonder loſt,
Repeat the gallant deeds that pleaſe them moſt,
Each to his mate; while fixed in fond amaze
The Luſian features every eye ſurveys;
While preſent to the view, by fancy brought,
Ariſe the wonders by the Luſians wrought;
And each bold feature to their wondering ſight
Diſplays the raptured ardour of the fight.

Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day,
And left the weſtern ſky to twilight grey;
Beneath the wave he ſought fair Thetis' bed,
And to the ſhore Melinda's ſovereign ſped.

What

What boundleſs joys are thine, O juſt renown,
Thou hope of virtue, and her nobleſt crown;
By thee the ſeeds of conſcious worth are fired,
Hero by hero, fame by fame inſpired:
Without thine aid how ſoon the hero dies!
By thee upborne his name aſcends the ſkies.
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre
The nobleſt glory of Pelides' ire.
This knew Auguſtus, and from Mantua's ſhade
To courtly eaſe the Roman bard convey'd;
And ſoon exulting flow'd the ſong divine,
The nobleſt glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the muſe to Julius: ever dear
To Scipio; though the ponderous conquering ſpear
Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,
And to the tented field the gentle muſes drew.
Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line
Or barbarous race [q], adorn'd th' Aonian ſhrine;
Each glorious name, e'er to the muſe endear'd,
Or wooed the muſes, or the muſe revered.
Alas, on Tago's hapleſs ſhores alone
The muſe is ſlighted, and her charms unknown;

For

[q] —— *Or barbarous race.*—We have already obſerved that Camoëns was not miſled by the common declamations againſt the Gothic conquerors. "Theodoric the ſecond king of the Oſtrogoths, a pious and humane prince, "reſtored in ſome degree the ſtudy of letters .... He adopted into his "ſervice Boethius, the moſt learned and almoſt only Latin philoſopher of "that period. Caſſiodorus, another eminent Roman ſcholar, was his grand "ſecretary .... Theodoric's patronage of learning is applauded by Clau-"dian, &c. Many other Gothic kings were equally attached to the works "of peace." Warton, Hiſt. Eng. Poetry.

For this, no Virgil here attune's the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's ſhores are Scipios, Cæſars born,
And Alexanders Liſboa's clime adorn.
But heaven has ſtampt them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the poliſh to their genuine gold.
Careleſs and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the ſweeteſt numbers flow;
Unheard, in vain their native poet ſings,
And cold neglect weighs down the muſe's wings.
Even he [r] whoſe veins the blood of GAMA warms,
Walks by, unconſcious of the muſe's charms:
For him no muſe ſhall leave her golden loom,
No palm ſhall bloſſom, and no wreath ſhall bloom;
Yet ſhall my [s] labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by GAMA's ſhade:

Him

[r] *Even he whoſe veins*—Don Fran. de Gama, grandſon of the hero of the Luſiad. For his inſignificant and worthleſs character, ſee the life of Camoëns.

[s] *Yet ſhall my labours*——Ariſtotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digreſſive declamation ſpoken in the perſon of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reaſon Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindneſs has been cenſured as a violation of the rules of the Epopœia. But it may be preſumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reaſon of theſe rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like an hiſtory, whoſe parts had no neceſſary dependence and connection with each other, muſt be unintereſting and tireſome to the reader of real genius. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral epiſodes therefore preſented itſelf in its progreſſive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end; or in other words, a deſcription of certain circumſtances, the actions which theſe produce, and the cataſtrophe. This unity of conduct, as moſt intereſting, is indiſpenſably neceſſary

Him ſhall the ſong on every ſhore proclaim,
The firſt of heroes, firſt of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example ſhall be taught by me,
" Where'er the hero's worth demands the ſkies,
" To crown that worth ſome generous bard ſhall riſe!"

neceſſary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the perſon of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action; the omiſſion therefore of ſuch declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument againſt the uſe of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digreſſive hiſtories, which have no dependence on, or connection with the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoëns in praiſe of poetry muſt be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long ſtory of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyſſey, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however a *Boſſu* or a *Rapin* may condemn the digreſſive exclamations of Camoëns, the reader of taſte, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the ſeventh Luſiad, muſt pleaſe, muſt touch every breaſt. The feelings of a great ſpirit in the evening of an active and military life, ſinking under the preſſure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expreſſed with the moſt manly reſentment, cannot fail to intereſt the generous, and, if adorned with the dreſs of poetry, to plead an excuſe for its admiſſion with the man of taſte. The declamation which concludes the preſent book, has alſo ſome arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now ſafely conquered many difficulties, and are promiſed a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contraſt to the murmurings of the populace, expreſſed by the old man, at the end of the fourth Luſiad, and is by no means an improper concluſion to the epiſode which ſo highly extols the military fame of the Luſian warriors.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VI.

WITH heart ſincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hoſpitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Luſian band admired,
And much their friendſhip and their aid deſired;
Each hour the gay feſtivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian ſongs;
Each hour in mirthful tranſport ſteals away,
By night the banquet, and the chaſe by day:
And now the boſom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's feſtive rites;
Their ſilken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted galleys ride;

The

The net and angle various hands employ,
And Mooriſh timbrels ſound the notes of joy.
Such was the [a] pomp, when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval ſhew convene,
In pleaſure's downy boſom to beguile
Her love-ſick warrior: o'er the breaſt of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple enſigns flow'd,
And to the lute the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a ſhining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting fiſhes drew.

Now from the weſt the ſounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plow:
The fountain and the field beſtow'd their ſtore,
And friendly pilots from the friendly ſhore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of laſting peace renew'd,
For ſtill the king for laſting friendſhip ſued;

That

[a] *Such was the pomp*,——Every diſplay of eaſtern luxury and magnificence was laviſhed in the fiſhing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amuſed Mark Antony, when at any time he ſhewed ſymptoms of uneaſineſs, or ſeemed inclined to abandon the effeminate life which he led with his miſtreſs. At one of theſe parties, Mark Antony having procured divers to put fiſhes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly boaſted to his miſtreſs of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and as gallantly outwitted him. Some other divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fiſh in place of a live one, to the vaſt entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company. ——Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who ſhould be maſter of the world.

That Luſus' heroes in his port ſupplied,
And taſted reſt, he own'd his deareſt pride,
And vow'd that ever while the ſeas they roam,
The Luſian fleets ſhould find a bounteous home,
And ever from the generous ſhore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could [b] give.
Nor leſs his joy the grateful chief declared;
And now to ſeize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the ſwelling ſails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the riſing ſun the pilot ſteers,
And far from ſhore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted ſky now widens o'er their heads,
Where firſt the infant morn his radiance ſheds.
And now with tranſport ſparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountains riſe,
High on the decks each Luſian hero ſmiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the ſtern Dæmon, burning with diſdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plow the main:
The powers of heaven, and heaven's dread Lord he knew,
Reſolved in Liſboa glorious to renew
The Roman honours—raging with deſpair
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,
On earth new hopes of vengeance to deviſe,
And ſue that aid deny'd him in the ſkies:

Blaſ-

[b] —— *Whate'er his land could give.*——The friendſhip of the Portugueſe and Melindians was of long continuance. See the Preface.

Blaſpheming heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's Lord, and ſought the ocean's God.
Deep where the baſes of the hills extend,
And earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves
Reſponſive as the aërial tempeſt raves,
The ocean's Monarch, by the Nereid train,
And watery gods encircled, holds his reign.
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,
Shining with hoary ſands of ſilver ore,
Extends the level, where the palace rears
Its cryſtal towers, and emulates the ſpheres;
So ſtarry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in luſtre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their maſſy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars ſhine;
The ſculptured walls confeſs an hand divine.
Here various colours in confuſion loſt,
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boaſt.
Here riſing from the maſs; diſtinct and clear
Apart the four fair elements appear.
High o'er the reſt aſcends the blaze of fire,
Nor fed by matter did the rays aſpire,
But glow'd ætherial, as the living flame,
Which, ſtolen from heaven, inſpired the vital frame.
Next, all-embracing air was ſpread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;

The ſubtle power the burning ſouth pervades,
And penetrates the depth of polar ſhades.
Here mother earth, with mountains crown'd, is ſeen,
Her trees in bloſſom, and her lawns in green;
The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams beſpread the ſloping dales;
Here land from land the ſilver ſtreams divide;
The ſportive fiſhes through the cryſtal tide,
Bedropt with gold their ſhining ſides diſplay:
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray;
Beneath the moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the earth his giant arms he throws.
Another ſcene diſplay'd the dread alarms
Of war in heaven, and mighty Jove in arms:
Here Titan's race their ſwelling nerves diſtend
Like knotted oaks, and from their baſes rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering ſky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly:
Beneath huge Ætna vanquiſh'd Typhon lies,
And vomits ſmoke and fire againſt the darken'd ſkies.
Here ſeems the pictured wall poſſeſs'd of life;
Two gods contending in the noble ſtrife,
The choiceſt boon to human kind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their [c] wants relieve:

While

[c] *Their wants relieve.*——According to fable, Neptune and Minerva diſputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the conteſt by a diſplay of their wiſdom and power, in conferring the moſt beneficial gift on mankind. Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident and produced the horſe, whoſe bounding motions are emblematical of

While Pallas here appears to waive her [d] hand,
The peaceful olive's ſilver boughs expand:
Here, while the ocean's god indignant frown'd,
And raiſed his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet intangled in the earth appears
The warrior horſe, his ample cheſt he rears,
His wide red noſtrils ſmoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore-hoofs, high pawing, ſmite the air.

Though [e] wide and various o'er the ſculptured ſtone
The feats of gods, and god-like heroes ſhone,

On

of the agitation of the ſea. Minerva commanded the olive tree, the ſymbol of peace and of riches, to ſpring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddeſs, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their hiſtory in hieroglyphics, the taſte of the ancient Grecians cloathed almoſt every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is moſt probable, diſputed whether their new city ſhould be named from the fertility of the ſoil or from the marine ſituation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddeſs of the olive tree.

[d] *While Pallas here appears to waive her hand.*——As Neptune ſtruck the earth with his trident, Minerva, ſays the fable, ſtruck the earth with her lance. That ſhe waved her hand while the olive boughs ſpread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

[e] *Though wide and various o'er the ſculptured ſtone.*——The deſcription of palaces is a favourite topic ſeveral times touched upon by the two great maſters of epic poetry, in which they have been happily imitated by their three greateſt diſciples among the moderns, Camoëns, Taſſo, and Milton. The deſcription of the palace of Neptune has great merit. Nothing can be more in place than the picture of chaos and the four elements. The war of the gods, and the conteſt of Neptune and Minerva are touched with the true boldneſs of poetical colouring. But perhaps it deſerves cenſure thus to point out what every reader of taſte muſt perceive. To ſhew to the mere Engliſh reader that the Portugueſe poet is, in his manner, truly claſſical, is the intention of many of theſe notes.

On ſpeed the vengeful dæmon views no more:
Forward he ruſhes through the golden door,
Where Ocean's king, encloſed with nymphs divine,
In regal ſtate receives the king of wine:
O Neptune! inſtant as he came, he cries,
Here let my preſence wake no cold ſurpriſe,
A friend I come, your friendſhip to implore
Againſt the fates unjuſt, and fortune's power;
Beneath whoſe ſhafts the great celeſtials bow,
Yet ere I more, if more you wiſh to know,
The watery gods in awful ſenate call,
For all ſhould hear the wrong that touches all.
Neptune alarm'd, with inſtant ſpeed commands
From every ſhore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boaſts his high Neptunean race,
Sprung from the god by Salace's embrace,
Attendant on his ſire the trumpet ſounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds;
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His buſhy beard and hairs that never knew
The ſmoothing comb, of ſea-weed rank and long,
Around his breaſt and ſhoulders dangling hung,
And on the matted locks black muſcles clung;
A ſ ſhell of purple on his head he bore,
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,

But

ſ *A ſhell of purple on his head he bore* —In the Portugueſe

Na cabeça por gorra tinha poſta,
Huma muj grande caſca de lagoſta.

But all was cover'd with the ſlimy brood,
The ſnaily offſpring of the unctuous flood.
And now obedient to his dreadful ſire,
High o'er the wave his brawny arms aſpire;
To his black mouth his crooked ſhell applied,
The blaſt rebellows o'er the ocean wide:
Wide o'er their ſhores, where'er their waters flow,
The watery powers the awful ſummons know;
And inſtant darting to the palace hall,
Attend the founder of the Dardan [g] wall.

Old

Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,

He had (for a * montera) on his crown
The ſhell of a red lobſter overgrown.

The deſcription of Triton, who, as Fanſhaw ſays,

Was a great naſty clown——

is in the ſtyle of the claſſics. His parentage is differently related. Heſiod makes him the ſon of Neptune and Amphitrite. By Triton, in the phyſical ſenſe of the fable, is meant the noiſe, and by Salacé, the mother by ſome aſcribed to him, the ſalt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a ſea animal, which, according to ſome ancient and modern naturaliſts, in the upward parts reſembles the human figure. Pauſanias relates a wonderful ſtory of a monſtrouſly large one, which often came aſhore on the meadows of Boetia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a diſtance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown ſcales; and noſe and ears like the human, the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth like thoſe of a panther; the eyes of a greeniſh hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a ſhelly ſubſtance. This monſter, whoſe extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beaſts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at laſt, contrived his deſtruction. They ſet a large veſſel full of wine on the ſea ſhore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound ſleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, ſays Pauſanias, it continued a long time.

[g] Neptune.

* Montera, the Spaniſh word for a huntſman's cap.

Old father Ocean, with his numerous race
Of daughters and of ſons, was firſt in place.
Nereus and Doris, from whoſe nuptials ſprung
The lovely Nereid train for ever young,
Who people every ſea on every ſtrand,
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;
And changeful Proteus, whoſe prophetic [h] mind
The ſecret cauſe of Bacchus' rage divined,
Attending, left the flocks, his ſcaly charge,
To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.
In charms of power the raging waves to tame,
The lovely ſpouſe of Ocean's ſovereign [i] came:
From heaven and Veſta ſprung the birth divine;
Her ſnowy limbs bright through the veſtments ſhine.
Here with the dolphin, who perſuaſive [k] led
Her modeſt ſteps to Neptune's ſpouſal bed,
Fair Amphitrité moved, more ſweet, more gay,
Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;
Together with her ſiſter ſpouſe ſhe came,
The ſame their wedded lord, their love the ſame;

The

[h] *And changeful Proteus, whoſe prophetic mind.*——The fulleſt and beſt account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyſſey.

[i] Thetis.

[k] *Here with the dolphin.*——Caſtera has a moſt curious note on this paſſage. "Neptune, (ſays he) is the viviſying ſpirit, and Amphitrité the humidity of the ſea, which the Dolphin, the divine intelligence, unites for the generation and nouriſhment of fiſhes. Who, ſays he, cannot but be ſtruck with admiration to find how conſonant this is to the ſacred Scripture; *Spiritus Domini fertur ſuper aquas*; *The ſpirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*"

The ſame the brightneſs of their ſparkling eyes,
Bright as the ſun and azure as the ſkies.
She who the rage of Athamas to [l] ſhun
Plunged in the billows with her infant ſon;
A goddeſs now, a god the ſmiling boy
Together ſped; and Glaucus loſt to [m] joy,
Curſt in his love by vengeful Circe's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapleſs fate.

And now aſſembled in the hall divine,
The ocean gods in ſolemn council join;
The goddeſſes on pearl embroidery ſate,
The gods on ſparkling cryſtal chairs of ſtate;
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beſide the ocean's lord, Thyoneus [n] ſhone.

High

[l] *She who the rage of Athamas to ſhun*—Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and ſecond ſpouſe of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoëns follows is the moſt common. Athamas, ſeized with madneſs, imagined that his ſpouſe was a lioneſs, and her two ſons young lions. In this frenzy he ſlew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other ſon Melicertus into the ſea. The corpſe of the mother was thrown aſhore on Megaria, and that of the ſon at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a ſea goddeſs, the other as the god of harbours.

[m] ——— *and Glaucus loſt to joy*——A fiſherman, ſays the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a ſea god. Circe was enamoured of him, and in revenge of her ſlighted love, poiſoned the fountain where his miſtreſs uſually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into an hideous monſter, whoſe loins were ſurrounded with the ever-barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herſelf into the ſea, and was metamorphoſed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a diſtance appears like the ſtatue of a woman: the furious daſhing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, reſembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

[n] Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

High from the roof the living amber [o] glows,
High from the roof the ſtream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.

Attention now in liſtening ſilence waits:
The power, whoſe boſom raged againſt the fates,
Riſing, caſts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled ſeams of age;
O thou, he cries, whoſe birthright ſovereign ſway,
From pole to pole the raging waves obey;
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds:
And thou, dread power, O father Ocean, hear,
Thou, whoſe wide arms embrace the world's wide ſphere,
'Tis thine the haughtieſt victor to reſtrain,
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye gods, to whom the ſeas are given,
Your juſt partition with the gods of heaven;
You who, of old unpuniſh'd never bore
The daring treſpaſs of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offſpring ſtrove
To ſcale the vaulted ſky, the ſeat of Jove:

Indignant

[o] *High from the roof the living amber glows*——
——From the arched roof,
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With naphtha and aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. MILTON.

Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd.
Alas! the great monition loſt on you,
Supine you ſlumber, while a roving crew,
With impious ſearch, explore the watery way,
And unreſiſted through your empire ſtray:
To ſeize the ſacred treaſures of the main
Their fearleſs prows your ancient laws diſdain:
Where far from mortal ſight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring ſails they ſpread.
And their glad ſhouts are echoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, ſilent, ready Boreas ſees
Your paſſive languor, and neglectful eaſe;
Ready with force auxiliar to reſtrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign;
Prepared to burſt his tempeſts, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian [p] ſails, whoſe impious pride
Firſt braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that, fraudful, I my hope deny;
My darken'd glory ſped me from the ſky.
How high my honours on the Indian ſhore!
How ſoon theſe honours muſt avail no more!
Unleſs theſe rovers, who with doubled ſhame
To ſtain my conqueſts, bear my vaſſal's [q] name,

Unleſs

p *And rent the Mynian ſails*—The ſails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

q See the firſt note on the firſt book of the Luſiad.

Unleſs they periſh on the billowy way—
Then rouſe, ye gods, and vindicate your ſway.
The powers of heaven in vengeful anguiſh ſee
The tyrant of the ſkies, and fate's decree;
The dread decree, that to the Luſian train
Conſigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, Shall your wrong alarm the high abodes?
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,
O'er you exalted, while in careleſs eaſe
You yield the wreſted trident of the ſeas,
Uſurp'd your monarchy, your honours ſtained,
Your birth-right raviſh'd, and your waves profaned!
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,
And ſhall my lips in vain your vengeance ſue!
This, this to ſue from high Olympus bore—
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce burſting wrath the watery gods inſpires,
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:
Heaving and panting ſtruggles every breaſt,
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppreſt.
Twice from his ſeat divining Proteus roſe,
And twice he ſhook enraged his ſedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune ſent, to looſe the winds of heaven
In vain; though prophecy his lips inſpired,
The ocean's queen his ſilent lips required.
Nor leſs the ſtorm of headlong rage denies,
Our council to debate, or thought to riſe.

And now the god of tempeſts ſwift unbinds
From their dark caves the various ruſhing winds:
High o'er the ſtorm the power impetuous rides,
His howling voice the roaring tempeſt guides;
Right to the dauntleſs fleet their rage he pours,
And firſt their headlong outrage tears the ſhores;
A deeper night involves the darken'd air,
And livid flaſhes through the mountains glare:
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride,
Rowl thundering down the groaning mountains' ſide;
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and craſhing woods to ſhun.

While thus the council of the watery ſtate,
Enraged, decree the Luſian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope diſplayed the ſteady ſail;
Thro' the ſmooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way;
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To ſable night the eaſtern ſky reſign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions ſlept;
The ſecond watch the wonted vigils kept;
Supine their limbs, the maſt ſupports the head,
And the broad yard-ſail o'er their ſhoulders ſpread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And ſleep's ſoft dews their heavy eyes aſſail.

Languid againſt the languid power they ſtrive,
And ſweet diſcourſe preſerves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whoſe enamoured thought
In every dream the plighted fair-one ſought,
The dews of ſleep what better to remove
Than the ſoft, woeful, pleaſing tales of love?
Ill timed, alas, the brave VELOSO cries,
'The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful tranſport and the rapturous woe;
But with our ſtate ill ſuits the grief or joy;
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inſpire
The ſcorn of danger, and the hero's fire.
His mates with joy the brave VELOSO hear,
And on the youth the ſpeaker's toil confer.
The brave VELOSO takes the word with joy,
And truth, he cries, ſhall theſe ſlow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The twelve of England give the noble theme.

When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John,
Gave war's full ſplendor to the Luſian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter ſpreads
His ſnowy mantle o'er the ſhining [r] meads,

The

r *In haughty England, where the winter ſpreads*
His ſnowy mantle o'er the ſhining meads.

In

The ſeeds of ſtrife the fierce Erynnis ſows;
The baleful ſtrife from court diſſention roſe.
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
That ſpreads its magic o'er the female face,
Twelve ladies ſhined the courtly train among,
The firſt, the faireſt of the courtly throng:
But envy's breath reviled their injured name,
And ſtain'd the honour of their virgin fame.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at firſt, perhaps, a tale of ſport.
Ah, baſe the ſport that lightly dares defame
The ſacred honour of a lady's name!
What [s] knighthood aſks the proud accuſers yield,
And dare the damſels' champions to the field.

"There

In the original,

Là na grande Inglaterra, que de neve
Boreal ſempre abunda——

That is, "In illuſtrious England, always covered with northern ſnow." Though the tranſlator was willing to retain the manner of Homer, he thought it proper to correct the error in natural hiſtory fallen into by Camoëns. Fanſhaw ſeems to have been ſenſible of the miſtake of his author, and has given the following, uncountenanced by the Portugueſe, in place of the eternal ſnows aſcribed to his country.

In merry England, which (from cliffs that ſtand
Like hills of ſnow) once Albion's name did git.

[s] *What knighthood aſks the proud accuſers yield,*
And dare the damſels' champions to the field.

The tranſlator, either by his own reſearches, or by his application to ſome gentlemen who were moſt likely to inform him, has not been able to diſcover the ſlighteſt veſtige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the Engliſh hiſtory. It is probable, nevertheleſs, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth. Caſtera, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portugueſe champions; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count

d'Avranches

" There let the cauſe, as honour wills, be tried,
" And let the lance and ruthleſs ſword decide."

The

d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, ſurnamed the Juſter, from his dexterity at that warlike exerciſe; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen D'Acoſta; Juan Auguſtin Pereyra; Luis Gonſalez de Malaſay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomez de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acoſta, who gave his name to the river Acoſta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and Alvaro Gonſalez de Coutigno, ſurnamed Magricio. The names of the Engliſh champions and of the ladies, he confeſſes are unknown, nor does hiſtory poſitively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It muſt however, he adds, have been ſuch as required the atonement of blood; *il falloit qu'elle fût ſanglante*, ſince two ſovereigns allowed to determine it by the ſword. " Some critics, " ſays Caſtera, may perhaps condemn this epiſode of Camoëns; but for " my part (he continues) I think the adventure of Olindo and Sophronia, in " Taſſo, is much more to be blamed. The epiſode of the Italian poet is totally " exüberant, *il eſt tout-à-fait poſtiche*, whereas that of the Portugueſe has a " direct relation to his propoſed ſubject; the wars of his country, a vaſt " field, in which he has admirably ſucceeded, without prejudice to the firſt " rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action." To this may be added the ſuffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoëns artfully interweaves the hiſtory of Portugal. And the ſevereſt critic muſt allow that the epiſode related by Veloſo, is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at ſea, the ſcene muſt be particularly pleaſing. The fleet is under ſail, they plough the ſmooth deep,

And o'er the decks cold breath'd the midnight wind.

All but the ſecond watch are aſleep in their warm pavilions; the ſecond watch ſit by the maſt, ſheltered from the chilly gale by a broad ſail-cloth; ſleep begins to overpower them, and they tell ſtories to entertain one another. For beautiful picturesque ſimplicity there is no ſea-ſcene equal to this in the Odyſſey or Æneid. And even the prejudice of a Scaliger muſt have confeſſed, that the romantic chivalrous narrative of Veloſo,

With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inſpire
The ſcorn of danger, and the hero's fire——

is better adapted to the circumſtances of the ſpeaker and his audience, than almoſt any of the long hiſtories, which on all occaſions, and ſometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the Iliad relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his ſanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The preſent inſtance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably

The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain:
So famed, ſo dreaded tower'd each boaſtful knight,
The damſels' lovers ſhunn'd the proffer'd fight.
Of arm unable to repel the ſtrong,
The heart's each feeling conſcious of the wrong,
When robb'd of all the female breaſt holds dear,
Ah heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaſter's bold duke the damſels ſue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of ſnowdrops trembling to the chilly gale,
The ſlow-paced cryſtal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,
What manly boſom can its force oppoſe!
His hoary curls th' indignant hero ſhakes,
And all his youthful rage reſtored awakes:
Though loth, he cries, to plunge my bold compeers
In civil diſcord, yet appeaſe your tears:
From Luſitania—for on Luſian ground
Brave Lancaſter had ſtrode with laurel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Luſian heroes ſhone,
What [t] time he claim'd the proud Caſtilian throne,

How

ably ſuſpending the mind of the reader after the ſtorm is raiſed by the machinations of Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet.

[t] *What time he claim'd the proud Caſtilian throne.*——*John* of *Gaunt*, duke of Lancaſter, claimed the crown of Caſtile in the right of his wife, Donna *Conſtantia*, daughter of Don *Pedro*, the late king. Aſſiſted by his ſon-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Caſtile at the city of St. Jago de Compoſtella. He afterwards relinquiſhed his pretenſions on the marriage of his daughter *Catalina* with the infant Don *Henry* of Caſtile. See the note, p. 22. vol. ii.

How matchleſs pour'd the tempeſt of their might,
When thundering at his ſide they ruled the fight:
Nor leſs their ardent paſſion for the fair,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care,
When crown'd with roſes to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—
From Luſitania's clime, the hero cries,
The gallant champions of your fame ſhall riſe:
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phraſe the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:
Let all the ſoft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myſelf the heralds to the chiefs will ſend,
And to the king, my valiant ſon, commend.
He ſpoke; and twelve of Luſian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions [u] chooſe,
And each her hero's name exulting viéws.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earneſt for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage ſends,
And valiant Lancaſter their cauſe commends.

Soon

u *The dames by lot their gallant champions chooſe.*—The ten champions, who in the fifth book of the *Jeruſalem* are ſent by Godfrey for the aſſiſtance of Armida, are choſen by lot. Taſſo, who had read the Luſiad, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portugueſe poet in his eye.

Soon as to Tagus' ſhores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the ſprightly flame
Of high-ſoul'd chivalry; the monarch glows
Firſt on the liſted field to dare the foes;
But regal ſtate withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aſpires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each choſen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port half circled by the * wave,
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathleſs name, a ſpeedy ſloop receives
The ſculptured bucklers, and the claſping greaves,
The ſwords of Ebro, ſpears of lofty ſize,
And breaſt-plates flaming with a thouſand dyes,
Helmets high plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold ſteeds, whoſe harneſs ſhone with ſilvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the riſing gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the ſail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers addreſt,
Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confeſt,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to ſtray,
Where other ſtreams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various ſhares of bliſs and woe
From various laws and various cuſtoms flow.
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England ſhall know the combat ſhall be mine.

By

* *In that proud port half circled by the wave,*
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathleſs name——
Oporto, called by the Romans *Calle*. Hence Portugal.

By land I ſpeed, and ſhould dark fate prevent,
For death alone ſhall blight my firm intent,
Small may the ſorrow for my abſence be,
For yours were conqueſt, though unſhared by me.
Yet ſomething more than human warms my [y] breaſt,
And ſudden whiſpers, In our fortunes bleſt,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor whelmy tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the liſt divide.

He ſaid; and now the rites of parting friends
Sufficed, through Leon and Caſteel he bends.
On many a field enrapt the hero ſtood,
And the proud ſcenes of Luſian conqueſt viewed.
Navar he paſt, and paſt the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er-yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening ſkies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians riſe.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He ſtrays, and Belgia now his ſteps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he ſpent:
His peers the while direct to England's ſtrand,
Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,
Adorn'd

[y] *Yet ſomething more than human warms my breaſt,*
And ſudden whiſpers—
In the Portugueſe,
Mas ſe a verdade o eſprito me adevinha.
Literally, "But if my ſpirit truly divine." Thus rendered by Fanſhaw,
But in my aug'ring ear a bird doth ſing.

Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,
To lordly London hold the crowded way.
Bold Lancaſter receives the knights with joy;
The feaſt and warlike ſong each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with ſmiles inſpir
And now with doubtful bluſhes roſe the day,
Decreed the rites of wounded fame to pay.
The Engliſh monarch gives the liſted bounds,
And, fixt in rank, with ſhining ſpears ſurrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
Each like a Mars, and ſhake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in ſilk and gold, diſplay
A thouſand colours glittering to the day:
Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
Fear not our proweſs, cry the bold Eleven,
In numbers, not in might, we ſtand uneven;
More could we ſpare, ſecure of dauntleſs might,
When for the injured female name we fight.

Beneath a canopy of regal ſtate,
High on a throne the Engliſh monarch ſate;
All round, the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array, their ſtations hold.
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flouriſh their arms in prelude. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus, to the Indian ſea,

The ſun beholds not in his annual race
A twelve more ſightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the Engliſh knights. With froathing jaws
Furious each ſteed the bit reſtrictive gnaws;
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are daſh'd with foamy ſnow:
Croſs-darting to the ſun a thouſand rays
The champions' helmets as the cryſtal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan!
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran
A ſhout loud gathering: turn'd was every eye
Where roſe the ſhout, the ſudden cauſe to ſpy.
And lo, in ſhining arms a warrior rode,
With conſcious pride his ſnorting courſer trod;
Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting roſe the fair,
Whoſe wounded honour claim'd the hero's care:
Aſide the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold ſhe ſhone.
Now loud the ſignal of the fight rebounds
Quivering the air; the meeting ſhock reſounds
Hoarſe craſhing uproar; griding ſplinters ſpring
Far round; and bucklers daſh'd on bucklers ring:
Their ſwords flaſh lightning; darkly reeking o'er
The ſhining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Torn by the ſpur, the looſened reins at large,
Furious the ſteeds in thundering plunges charge;

Trembles

Trembles beneath their hoofs the ſolid ground,
And thick the fiery ſparkles flaſh around,
A dreadful blaze! with pleaſing horrors thrill'd
The crowd behold the terrors of the field.
Here ſtunn'd, and ſtaggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion graſps the ſaddle bow;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumes diſhonour'd laſh the courſer's loins.
So tired and ſtagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio kindling all his might
Gave all his rage to burn: with headlong force,
Conſcious of victory, his bounding horſe
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's ſpear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmeſt battle; groans the ground,
Beneath his courſer's ſmiting hoofs; far round
The cloven helms and ſplinter'd ſhields reſound.
Here, torn and trail'd in duſt the harneſs gay,
From the fallen maſter ſprings the ſteed away;
Obſcene with duſt and gore, ſlow from the ground
Riſing, the maſter rowls his eyes around,
Pale as a ſpectre on the Stygian coaſt,
In all the rage of ſhame confus'd and loſt.
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing courſers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering viſion dies the light,
And deep deſcends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boaſted, "Let the ſword decide,"
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:

Loud to the ſky the ſhout of joy proclaims
The ſpotleſs honour of the ladies' names.

In painted halls of ſtate and roſy bowers,
The twelve brave Luſians crown the feſtive hours.
Bold Lancaſter the princely feaſt beſtows,
The goblet circles, and the muſic flows;
And every care, the tranſport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-boughed foreſts by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouſe the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent reſounds the bugle-horn.
The ſultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minſtrel's ſong of war the banquet crowns;
And when the ſhades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance reſounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Veſper ſhines, prolong
The trembling echoes of the harp and ſong.
Thus paſt the days on England's happy ſtrand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breaſt
Of brave Magricio ſpurns the thoughts of reſt:
In Gaul's proud court he fought the liſted plain,
In arms an injured lady's knight again.
As Rome's [z] Corvinus o'er the field he ſtrode,
And on the foe's huge cuiraſs proudly trod.

No

[z] *As Rome's Corvinus*—Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and ſlew a Gaul of enormous ſtature, in ſingle combat. During the duel a raven

No more by tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
The Flandrian counteſs on her hero [a] ſmiled.
The Rhine another paſt, and proved his [b] might,
A fraudful German dared him to the fight;

Strain'd

raven perched on the helm of his antagoniſt, ſometimes pecked his face and hand, and ſometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. 7. c. 26.

[a] *The Flandrian counteſs on her hero ſmiled.*—"The princeſs, for whom "Magricio ſignalized his valour, was Iſabella of Portugal, and ſpouſe to "Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spaniſh "chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having aſſembled the ſtates "of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vaſſals. Iſabella, "who was preſent, ſolemnly proteſted that the earls of Flanders were not "obliged to do homage. A diſpute aroſe, on which ſhe offered, according "to the cuſtom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The propoſal "was accepted, and Magricio, the champion of Iſabella, vanquiſhed a "French chevalier, appointed by Charles. Though our authors do not "mention this adventure, and though Emmanuel de Faria, and the beſt "Portugueſe writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the diſadvantage of "Camoëns is thence to be inferred. A poet is not obliged always to follow "the truth of hiſtory." *Caſtera.*

[b] *The Rhine another paſt, and prov'd his might.*—"This was Alvaro Vaz "d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Baſil he received "from a German a challenge to meaſure ſwords, on condition that each "ſhould fight with his right ſide unarmed; the German by this hoping to "be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portugueſe, ſuſpecting no "fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality. "His right ſide unarmed was expoſed to the enemy, whoſe left ſide, which "was neareſt to him, was defended with half a cuiraſs. Notwithſtanding "all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He ſprung upon the "German, ſeized him, and graſping him forcibly in his arms, ſtifled and "cruſhed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in the "ſame manner ſlew the cruel Anteus. Here we ought to remark the "addreſs of our author; he deſcribes at length the injury and grief of the "Engliſh ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the "proweſs they there diſplayed. When Veloſo relates theſe, the ſea is "calm; but no ſooner does it begin to be troubled, than the ſoldier abridges "his recital: we ſee him follow by degrees the preludes of the ſtorm, we

Strain'd in his graſp the fraudful boaſter fell——
Here ſudden ſtopt the youth; the diſtant yell
Of gathering tempeſt ſounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his liſtening peers.
Earneſt at full they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.
When ſhrilly whiſtling through the decks reſounds
The maſter's call, and loud his voice rebounds:
Inſtant from converſe and from ſlumber ſtart
Both bands, and inſtant to their toils they dart.
Aloft, O ſpeed, down, down the topſails, cries
The maſter, ſudden from my earneſt eyes
Vaniſh'd the ſtars, ſlow rowls the hollow ſigh,
The ſtorm's dread herald.—To the topſails fly
The bounding youths; and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and ſwift the canvas furl;
When from their graſp the burſting tempeſts bore
The ſheets half-gathered, and in fragments tore.
Strike, ſtrike the main-ſail, loud again he rears
His echoing voice; when roaring in their ears,
As if the ſtarry vault by thunders riven,
Ruſh'd downward to the deep the walls of heaven:

With

" perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger,
" haſtening his narration to an end. *Voilà ce que s'appelle ces coups de maître.*
" Behold the ſtrokes of a maſter." *Caſtera.*

Joam Franco Barreto, whoſe ſhort nomenclator is printed as an index to the Portugueſe editions of the Luſiad, informs us, that Magricio was ſon of the mariſchal Conçalo Coutinho, and brother to Don Vaſco Coutinho, the firſt count de Marialva.

With headlong weight a fiercer blaſt deſcends,
And with ſharp whirring craſh the main-ſail rends;
Loud ſhrieks of horror through the fleet reſound,
Burſts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The ſplinter'd yard-arms; from each bending maſt,
In many a ſhred, far ſtreaming on the blaſt
The canvas floats; low ſinks the leeward ſide,
O'er the broad veſſels rolls the ſwelling tide;
Oh ſtrain each nerve, the frantic pilot cries,
Oh now—and inſtant every nerve applies,
Tugging what cumbrous lay with ſtrainful force;
Daſh'd by the ponderous loads the ſurges hoarſe
Roar in new whirls: the dauntleſs ſoldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In groveling heaps the ſtagger'd ſoldiers groan:
So rowls the veſſel, not the boldeſt three,
Of arm robuſteſt, and of firmeſt knee,
Can guide the ſtarting rudder; from their hands
The helm burſts; ſcarce a cable's ſtrength commands
The ſtaggering fury of its ſtarting bounds,
While to the forceful beating ſurge reſounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverſe winds the adverſe winds engage:
As from its baſe of rock their banded power
Strove in the duſt to ſtrew ſome lordly tower,
Whoſe dented battlements in middle ſky
Frown on the tempeſt and its rage defy;

So roar'd the winds: high o'er the reſt upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's ſlant ridge forlorn,
At times diſcover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs GAMA's lofty veſſel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' ſhatter'd prore
Falls the tall main-maſt prone with craſhing roar;
Their hands, yet graſping their uprooted hair,
The ſailors lift to heaven in wild deſpair;
The Saviour God each yelling voice implores:
Nor leſs from brave Coello's war-ſhip pours
The ſhriek, ſhrill rolling on the tempeſt's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight ſings
His dreary howlings in the ſick man's ear,
The anſwering ſhriek from ſhip to ſhip they hear.
Now on the mountain-billows upward driven,
The navy mingles with the clouds of heaven;
Now ruſhing downward with the ſinking waves,
Bare they behold old ocean's vaulty caves.
The eaſtern blaſt againſt the weſtern pours,
Againſt the ſouthern ſtorm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flaſhy lightnings glare,
One pale blue twinkling ſheet enwraps the air;
In ſwift ſucceſſion now the volleys fly,
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the ſky,
And through the horrors of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they ſhed a ghaſtly light;
The breaking ſurges flame with burning red,
Wider and louder ſtill the thunders ſpread,

As

As if the ſolid heavens together cruſh'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring ruſh'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos ſtruggled to regain
The wild confuſion of his ancient reign.
Not ſuch the volley when the arm of Jove
From heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;
Not ſuch fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,
When, ſaved by heaven, Deucalion's veſſel rode
High o'er the deluged hills. Along the ſhore
The halcyons, mindful of their fate, [c] deplore;
As beating round on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the ſtorm their woeful clamours die.
So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With [d] ſhrill, faint voice, th' untimely ghoſt complains.

The

[c] *The halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore.*——Ceyx, king of Trachinia, ſon of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to conſult the Delphic oracle he was ſhipwrecked. His corpſe was thrown aſhore in the view of his ſpouſe, who, in the agonies of her love and deſpair, threw herſelf into the ſea. The gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphoſed them into the birds which bear her name. The halcyon is a little bird, about the ſize of a thruſh, its plumage of a beautiful ſky blue, mixed with ſome traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the King, or Martin Fiſher. The halcyons very ſeldom appear but in the fineſt weather, whence they are fabled to build their neſts on the waves. The female is no leſs remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nouriſhes and attends the male when ſick, and ſurvives his death but a few days. When the halcyons are ſurpriſed in a tempeſt, they fly about as in the utmoſt terror, with the moſt lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a ſtorm, is a proof both of the taſte and judgment of Camoëns.

[d] *With ſhrill faint voice th' untimely ghoſt complains.*——It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite Madam *Dacier*, and Mr. *Pope*, on the voices of

The amorous dolphins to their deepeſt caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;
High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged foreſts from their brows:

The

the dead. It will, at leaſt, afford a critical obſervation, which appears to have eſcaped them both. "The ſhades of the ſuitors (obſerves *Dacier*) "when they are ſummoned by *Mercury* out of the palace of *Ulyſſes*, emit a "feeble, plaintive, inarticulate ſound, τριζουσι, *ſtrident*: whereas *Aga-*"*memnon*, and the ſhades that have been long in the ſtate of the dead, "ſpeak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to ſhew, by the "former deſcription, that when the ſoul is ſeparated from the organs of the "body, it ceaſes to act after the ſame manner as while it was joined to it; "but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not eaſy to under-"ſtand. In other reſpects *Virgil* paints after *Homer*:

——— *Pars tollere vocem*
Exiguam: inceptus clamor fruſtratur hiantes."

To this Mr. *Pope* replies, "But why ſhould we ſuppoſe with *Dacier*, that "theſe ſhades of the ſuitors (*of Penelope*) have loſt the faculty of ſpeaking? "I rather imagine that the ſounds they uttered were ſigns of complaint "and diſcontent, and proceeded not from an inability to ſpeak. After "*Patroclus* was ſlain, he appears to *Achilles*, and ſpeaks very articulately to "him; yet to expreſs his ſorrow at his departure, he acts like theſe ſuitors: "for *Achilles*

Like a thin ſmoke beholds the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

"*Dacier* conjectures, that the power of ſpeech ceaſes in the dead, till they "are admitted into a ſtate of reſt; but *Patroclus* is an inſtance to the con-"trary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyſſey*, for they both ſpeak before "their funereal rites are performed, and conſequently before they enter "into a ſtate of repoſe amongſt the ſhades of the happy."

The critic, in his ſearch for diſtant proofs, often omits the moſt material one immediately at hand. Had Madam *Dacier* attended to the epiſode of the ſouls of the ſuitors, the world had never ſeen her ingenuity in theſe mythological conjectures; nor had Mr. *Pope* any need to bring the caſe of *Patroclus* or *Elpenor* to overthrow her ſyſtem. *Amphimedon*, one of the ſuitors, in the very epiſode which gave birth to *Dacier's* conjecture, tells his ſtory very

The pine and oak's huge ſinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the duſky ſands, upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy ſweep,
Imbrown the ſurface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant GAMA ſprings,
And all the rage of grief his boſom wrings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The meed of all his toils, that hope deſtroy'd.
In awful horror loſt the hero ſtands,
And rowls his eyes to heaven, and ſpreads his hands,
While to the clouds his veſſel rides the ſwell,
And now her black keel ſtrikes the gates of hell;
Oh thou, he cries, whom trembling heaven obeys,
Whoſe will the tempeſt's furious madneſs ſways,

Who,

articulately to the ſhade of *Agamemnon*, though he had not received the funereal rites:

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected ſpread the marble floor:
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead. Odyſſ. XXIV.

On the whole, the defence of *Pope* is almoſt as idle as the conjectures of *Dacier*. The plain truth is, poetry delights in perſonification: every thing in it, as *Ariſtotle* ſays of the Iliad, has manners; poetry muſt therefore perſonify according to our ideas. Thus in *Milton*:

Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth—

And thus in *Homer*, while the ſuitors are conducted to hell;

Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent:

and, unfettered with mythological diſtinctions, either ſhriek or articulately talk, according to the moſt poetical view of their ſuppoſed circumſtances.

Who, through the wild waves, led'ſt thy choſen race,
While the high billows ſtood like walls of braſs:
Oh thou, while ocean burſting o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the ſky down hurl'd
Ruſh'd other headlong oceans; Oh, as then
The ſecond father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! ſave us now, be now the Saviour God!
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we paſt!
And ſhalt thou leave us, leave us now at laſt
To periſh here—our dangers and our toils
To ſpread thy laws unworthy of thy ſmiles;
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,
Oh horror, come! and come, eternal night!

He pauſed;—then round his eyes and arms he threw
In geſture wild, and thus; Oh happy you!
You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,
And, pierced with Mooriſh ſpears, in glorious death
Beheld the ſmiling heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conqueſt ſhared;
Oh happy you, on every ſhore renown'd!
Your vows reſpected, and your wiſhes crown'd.

He ſpoke; redoubled rage the mingled blaſts;
Through the torn cordage and the ſhatter'd maſts
The winds loud whiſtled, fiercer lightnings blazed,
And louder roars the doubled thunders raiſed,

The

The ſky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all Nature ſtruggled to expire.
When now the ſilver ſtar of love appear'd,
Bright in her eaſt her radiant front ſhe rear'd;
Fair through the horrid ſtorm the gentle ray
Announced the promiſe of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne celeſtial love beheld
The tempeſt burn, and blaſt on blaſt impell'd:
And muſt the furious dæmon ſtill, ſhe cries,
Still urge his rage, nor all the paſt ſuffice!
Yet as the paſt, ſhall all his rage be vain—
She ſpoke, and darted to the roaring main;
Her lovely nymphs ſhe calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the virtues who confeſs her ſway;
Round every brow ſhe bids the roſe-buds twine,
And every flower adown the locks to ſhine,
The ſnow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at ſtrife be ſeen.
Inſtant amid their golden ringlets ſtrove
Each flowret, planted by the hand of love;
At ſtrife, who firſt th' enamour'd powers to gain,
Who rule the tempeſts and the waves reſtrain:
Bright as a ſtarry band the Nereids ſhone,
Inſtant old Eolus' ſons their preſence[p] own;
The winds die faintly, and in ſofteſt ſighs
Each at his fair one's feet deſponding lies.

The

[p] For the fable of Eolus ſee the tenth Odyſſey.

The bright Orithia, threatening, ſternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful bands:
Fair Galatea, with a ſmile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent paſſion and his faith ſhe knew.
Thus every nymph her various lover chides;
The ſilent winds are fetter'd by their brides;
And to the goddeſs of celeſtial loves,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves
In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame
The queen approves, and ever burn the ſame,
She cries, and joyful on the nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her Armada's ſails
Should gently ſwell with fair propitious [f] gales.

Now

[f] *And vow, that henceforth her Armada's ſails*
Should gently ſwell with fair propitious gales.

—In innumerable inſtances Camoëns diſcovers himſelf a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great maſters of the epic are ſeveral prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of ſolemn importance to the poem. The fate of the Armada thus obſcurely anticipated, reſembles in particular the prophecy of the ſafe return of Ulyſſes to Ithaca, foretold by the ſhade of *Tireſias*, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make ſome obſervations on the machinery uſed by Camoëns in this book. The neceſſity of machinery in the epopœia, and the perhaps inſurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a poem where the heroes are Chriſtians, or, in other words, to a poem whoſe ſubject is modern, have already been obſerved in the Preface. The deſcent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the ſea, and his addreſs to the watery gods are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the firſt Æneid. The deſcription of the ſtorm is alſo maſterly. In both inſtances the conduct of the Æneid is joined with the deſcriptive exuberance

Now morn, ſerene in dappled grey, aroſe
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows;
Pale

ance of the Odyſſey. The appearance of the ſtar of Venus through the ſtorm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that goddeſs over the winds, and their ſubſequent nuptials, are in the ſpirit of the promiſe of Juno to Eolus;

Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deïopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.

And the fiction itſelf is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. Orithia, the daughter of Erecteus, and queen of the Amazons, was raviſhed and carried away by Boreas. Her name derived from ὅρος, *bound* or *limit*, and θύα, *violence*, implies, ſays Caſtera, that ſhe moderated the rage of her huſband. In the ſame manner, Galatea, derived from γάλα, *milk*, and θεὰ, a *goddeſs*, ſignifies the goddeſs of candour or innocence.

"If one would ſpeak poetically, ſays *Boſſu*, he muſt imitate *Homer*. *Homer* will not ſay that ſalt has the virtue to preſerve dead bodies, or that the ſea preſented *Achilles* a remedy to preſerve the corps of *Patroclus* from putrefaction: he makes the ſea a goddeſs, and tells us that *Thetis*, to comfort *Achilles*, promiſed to perfume the body with an ambroſia, which ſhould keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who ſpeaks and acts, and this *proſopopœia* is accompanied with paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection."

It has been obſerved by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the ſide of the *Greeks* he places all the gods who preſide over the arts and ſciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris; and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their ſtrength conſiſted chiefly in the uſe of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art, ſays *Euſtathius* as cited by *Pope*, does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! *Neptune* oppoſes *Apollo*, which implies, that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord. *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree. *Juno* is againſt *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader conceives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time, from the beautiful

verſes

Pale ſhone the wave beneath the golden beam;
Blue o'er the ſilver flood Malabria's mountains gleam:
The ſailors on the main-top's airy round,
Land, land, aloud, with waving hands, reſound;
Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,
Behold, O chief, the ſhores of India riſe!
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breaſt with ſwelling raptures glow'd;
GAMA's great ſoul confeſt the ruſhing ſwell,
Prone on his manly knees the hero fell,
Oh bounteous heaven, he cries, and ſpreads his hands
To bounteous heaven, while boundleſs joy commands
No farther word to flow. In wonder loſt,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools toſt,
Now ſnatch'd by dæmons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of deſpair;
Awaked,

verſes and an inſtructive moral." And again, "The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical. Juſtice and wiſdom demanded, that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: the god of war oppoſes this, but is worſted.—No ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to re-inforce it, thus *Venus* ſuccours *Mars*.—*Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him; this ſhews us that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

These explications of the manner of Homer ought, in juſtice, to be applied to his imitator; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camoëns leſs exact than the mythological. In the preſent inſtances, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The rage and endeavours of the evil dæmon to prevent the intereſts of Chriſtianity are ſtrongly marked. The ſtorm which he raiſes is the tumult of the human paſſions; theſe are moſt effectually ſubdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon celeſtial Love; and the union which ſhe confirms between the virtues and paſſions, is the ſureſt pledge of future tranquillity.

Awaked, amazed, confuſed with tranſport glows,
And, trembling ſtill, with troubled joy o'erflows;
So, yet affected with the ſickly weight
Left by the horrors of the dreadful night,
The hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian ſhores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he riſes, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud deſire.

O glorious chief, while ſtorms and oceans raved,
What hopeleſs toils thy dauntleſs valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave aſcend to heaven;
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he, who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly ſlumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boaſts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the ſmiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome gueſt at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble ſon of eaſe, may claim
Thy wreath, O GAMA, or may hope thy fame.
'Tis he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whoſe brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, ſecure, ſerene,
Amidſt the thunders of the deathful ſcene,
From horror's mouth dares ſnatch the warrior's crown,
His own his honours, all his fame his own:

Who

Who proudly juſt to honour's ſtern commands,
The dogſtar's rage on Afric's burning ſands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar ſkies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars,
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honeſt ſcars;
Who cloath'd in ſteel, by thirſt, by famine worn,
Through raging ſeas by bold ambition borne,
Scornful of gold, by nobleſt ardour fired,
Each wiſh by mental dignity inſpired,
Prepared each ill to ſuffer or to dare,
To bleſs mankind, his great his only care;
Him whom her ſon mature experience owns,
Him, him alone heroic glory crowns.

Once more the tranſlator is tempted to confeſs his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reaſonable objection againſt the exclamatory exuberances of Camoëns. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already obſerved, which violently treſpaſs againſt the firſt rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action: a rule which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is not outraged by the digreſſive exclamations of Camoëns. The one now before us, as the ſevereſt critic muſt allow, is happily adapted to the ſubject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered, are particularly deſcribed. He is afterwards brought in ſafety to the Indian ſhore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore on the grand hinge of the poem, has its propriety, and diſcovers the warmth of its author's genius. It muſt alſo pleaſe, as it is ſtrongly characteriſtical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he ſpeaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the ſoldier, preſent his own active life to the reader of ſenſibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he loſt an eye, his dangerous life at ſea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable ſhare in India, riſe to our idea, and poſſeſs us with an eſteem

eſteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthuſiaſm, though his modeſty does not mention himſelf, on all the hardſhips he had endured: who thus could bravely eſteem the dangers to which he had been expoſed, and by which he had ſeverely ſuffered, as the moſt deſirable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VII.

HAIL, glorious chief! where never chief before
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's ſhore!
And hail, ye Luſian heroes! fair and wide
What groves of palm to haughty Rome deny'd,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!
What laurel foreſts on the ſhores of gold
For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Luſian ſpear!

Ah heaven! what fury Europe's ſons controuls!
What ſelf-conſuming diſcord fires their ſouls!
'Gainſt her own breaſt her ſword Germania turns;
Through all her ſtates fraternal rancour burns;

Some,

Some, blindly wandering, holy faith [a] diſclaim,
And fierce through all wild rages civil flame.
High ſound the titles of the Engliſh crown,
King of Jeruſalem, his old [b] renown!
Alas, delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim ſhadow of departed fame,
England's ſtern monarch, ſunk in ſoft repoſe,
Luxurious riots mid his northern ſnows:
Or if the ſtarting burſt of rage ſucceed,
His brethren are his foes, and Chriſtians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles ſtain,
In weeping Salem unmoleſted reign,
And with their rites impure her holy ſhrines profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Moſt Chriſtian named; alas, in vain aſſumed!

What

[a] *Some, blindly wandering, holy faith diſclaim.*—The conſtitution of Germany, obſerves Puffendorff, may be ſaid to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German ſtate bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoëns wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miſeries of a religious war, the catholics uſing every endeavour to rivet the chains of popery, the adherents of Luther as ſtrenuouſly endeavouring to ſhake them off.

[b] *High ſound the titles of the Engliſh crown, King of Jeruſalem.*——This is a miſtake. The title of King of Jeruſalem was never aſſumed by the kings of England. Robert, duke of Normandy, ſon of William the Conqueror, was elected king of Jeruſalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of aſcending the throne of England, which attempt was defeated. Regnier, count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jeruſalem; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a croſs potent, between four croſſes Sol.—Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote this part of the Luſiad: his Gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deſerved the cenſure of the honeſt poet.

What impious luſt of empire ſteels thy [c] breaſt
From their juſt lords the Chriſtian lands to wreſt!
While holy faith's hereditary foes
Poſſeſs the treaſures where Cynifio [d] flows;
And all ſecure, behold their harveſts ſmile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.
And thou, O loſt to glory, loſt to fame,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debaſed,
Each noble paſſion from thy breaſt eraſed,
Nerveleſs in ſloth, enfeebling arts thy boaſt,
Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how [e] loſt!

In

[c] *What impious luſt of empire ſteels thy breaſt.*——The French tranſlator very cordially agrees with the Portugueſe poet in the ſtrictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon, "*Malgré* "*l'eſtime*, ſays he, *que j'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tombe* "*ici dans une grande injuſtice:* For all the regard I have for my author, I will "not heſitate to ſay, that here he has committed an enormous injuſtice." All Europe beſides however will witneſs the truth of the aſſertion, which ſtigmatizes the French politics with the luſt of extending their monarchy.

[d] ——*where Cynifio flows*——A river in Africa.

[e] *Oh! Italy, how fallen, how low, how loſt!*—However theſe ſevere reflections on modern Italy may diſpleaſe the admirers of Italian manners, the picture on the whole is too juſt to admit of confutation. Never did the hiſtory of any court afford ſuch inſtances of villany and all the baſeneſs of intrigue, as that of the popes. The faith and honour of gentlemen baniſhed from the polities of the Vatican, every public virtue muſt of conſequence decline among the higher ranks; while the lower, broken by oppreſſion, ſink into the deepeſt poverty, and its attendant vices of meanneſs and puſillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the pope's dominions is juſt, we have the indubitable teſtimony of an Addiſon, confirmed by the miſerable depopulation of a province, which was once the fineſt and moſt populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and effeminate diſſipation of the Neapolitan

In vain to thee the call of glory ſounds,
Thy ſword alone thy own ſoft boſom wounds.

Ah,

litan nobility; and thoſe of modern Venice reſemble their warlike anceſtors only in name. That Italy can boaſt many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow theſe general obſervations founded on the teſtimony of the moſt authentic writers. Our poet is beſides juſtifiable, in his cenſures, for he only follows the ſevere reflections of the greateſt of the Italian poets. It were eaſy to give fifty inſtances; two or three however ſhall ſuffice. Dante in his ſixth Canto, del Purg.

Albi, ſerva Italia, di dolore oſtello,
Nave ſenza uocchiero in gran tempeſta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello ——

"Ah, ſlaviſh Italy, the inn of dolour, a ſhip without a pilot in a horrid "tempeſt, not the miſtreſs of provinces, but a brothel."

Arioſto, Canto 17.

O d'ogni vitio fetida ſentina
Dormi Italia *inebriac* ——

"O inebriated Italy, thou ſleepeſt the ſink of every filthy vice."

And Petrarch;

Del' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori,
Albergo di dolor, madre d'errori
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.

"From the impious Babylon *(the papal court)* from whence all ſhame and "all good are fled, the inn of dolour, the mother of errors, have I haſtened "away to prolong my life."

A much admired Sonnet from the ſame author ſhall cloſe theſe citations.

SONNETTO.

La gola, e'l ſonno, e l'otioſo piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù ſbandita;
Ond è dal corſo ſuo quaſi ſmarrita
Noſtra natura vinta dal coſtume:
Ed è ſi ſpento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel; per cui s'informa humana vita
Che per coſa mirabile s'addita
Che vuol far d'Helicona naſcer fiume

Ah, Europe's ſons, ye brother-powers, in you
The fables old of Cadmus now are [f] true:

Fierce

Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto?
Povera e nuda vai Filiſofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno inteſa.
Pochi compagni havrai per l'alta via;
Tanto ti prego più; gentile ſpirto,
Non laſſar la magnanima tua impreſa.

Though this elegant little poem is general, yet as the author and the friend to whom he addreſſes it were Italians, it muſt be acknowledged that he had a particular regard to the ſtate of their own country. His friend, it is ſuppoſed, was engaged on ſome great literary work, but was diſcouraged by the view of the diſſipation and profligacy of his age. I have thus attempted it in Engliſh:

SONNET.

Ah! how, my friend, has foul-gorged luxurie,
And bloated ſlumbers on the ſlothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And ſlaved the age to cuſtom's tyrannie!

The bleſſed lights ſo loſt in darkneſs be,
Thoſe lights by heaven to guide our minds beſtown,
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallowed water or the laurel tree.

Philoſophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd, on ſordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road;
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more;
Ah, gentle ſpirit, labour on unſpent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the ſmile of God.

[f] *The fables old of Cadmus.*——Cadmus having ſlain the dragon which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Bœotia, ſowed the teeth of the monſter. A number of armed men immediately ſprung up, and ſurrounded Cadmus, in order to kill him. By the counſel of Minerva he threw a precious ſtone among them, in ſtriving for which they ſlew one another. Only five ſurvived, who afterwards aſſiſted him to build the city of Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. iv.

The

Fierce roſe the brothers from the dragon teeth,
And each fell crimſon'd with a brother's death.
So fall the braveſt of the Chriſtian [8] name,
While dogs unclean Meſſiah's lore blaſpheme,
And howl their curſes o'er the holy tomb,
While to the ſword the Chriſtian race they doom.
From age to age, from ſhore to diſtant ſhore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;
United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Chriſtian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the eaſt expands,
Fair and immenſe, her ſummer-garden lands:
There boaſtful wealth diſplays her radiant ſtore;
Pactol and Hermus' ſtreams o'er golden ore

Rowl

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: Cadmus having ſlain a famous freebooter, who infeſted Bœotia, a number of his banditti, not improperly called his teeth, attempted to revenge his death, but quarrelling about the preſents which Cadmus ſent them to diſtribute among themſelves, they fell by the ſwords of each other.

Terrigenæ pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

[8] *So fall the braveſt of the Chriſtian name,*
While dogs unclean——

Imitated from this fine paſſage in Lucan:

Quis furor, O Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri,
Gentibus inviſis Latium *præbere cruorem?*
Cumque ſuperba foret Babylon *ſpolianda trophæis*
Auſoniis, umbraque erraret Craſſus *inulta,*
Belligeri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?
Heu, quantum potuit terræ pelagique parari
Hoc, quem civiles hauſerunt, ſanguine, dextræ!

Rowl their long way; but not for you they flow;
Their treaſures blaze on the ſtern Soldan's brow:
From him Aſſyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's ſons their deepeſt mines unfold
To build his haughty throne. Ye weſtern powers,
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire;
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Againſt the walls of proud Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's raviſh'd ſhore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caſpian mountains, and unculturēd fens,
Their fathers' ſeats beyond the Wolgian [h] lake,
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.
And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their faireſt offspring from their boſoms torn,
A dreadful tribute, loud imploring [i] mourn.
Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led,
In Hagar's ſon's unhallow'd temples bred,

To

[h] *Beyond the Wolgian lake*—The Caſpian ſea, ſo called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itſelf into it.

[i] *Their faireſt offspring from their boſoms torn,*
A dreadful tribute! ———

By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long ſuſtained. The troops of the Turkiſh infantry and cavalry, known by the name of Janizaries and Spahis, are thus ſupported, and the ſcribes in office called Mufti, ſays Sandys, "are the ſons of Chriſtians (and thoſe the moſt completely furniſhed by nature) taken in their childhood from their miſerable parents by a levy made every five years, or oftener or ſeldomer, as occaſion requireth."

To rapine train'd, ariſe a brutal hoſt,
The Chriſtian terror, and the Turkiſh boaſt.

Yet ſleep, ye powers of Europe, careleſs ſleep,
To you in vain your eaſtern brethren weep;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears ſhall ſue;
Though ſmall the Luſian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by heaven ordain'd before,
The Luſian race ſhall guard Meſſiah's lore.
When heaven decreed to cruſh the Mooriſh foe,
Heaven gave the Luſian ſpear to ſtrike the blow.
When heaven's own laws o'er Afric's ſhores were heard,
The ſacred ſhrines the Luſian heroes [k] rear'd;
Nor ſhall their zeal in Aſia's bounds expire,
Aſia ſubdued ſhall fume with hallowed fire:
When the red ſun the Luſian ſhore forſakes,
And on the lap of deepeſt weſt [l] awakes,
O'er the wild plains, beneath unincenſed ſkies
The ſun ſhall view the Luſian altars riſe.
And could new worlds by human ſtep be trod,
Thoſe worlds ſhould tremble at the Luſian [m] nod.

And

k ——*O'er Afric's ſhores*——
The ſacred ſhrines the Luſian heroes rear'd——
See the note on page 49. vol. ii.

l ——*of deepeſt weſt*——Alludes to the diſcovery and conqueſt of the Brazils by the Portugueſe.

m ——*at the Luſian nod.*—If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoëns are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digreſſion, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the ſhore of India, indulges himſelf with a review of the

And now their enſigns blazing o'er the tide
On India's ſhore the Luſian heroes ride.

High

the ſtate of the weſtern and eaſtern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered acceſſible to the former. The purpoſe of his poem is alſo ſtrictly kept in view. The Weſt and the Eaſt he conſiders as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a falſe. The profeſſors of the true, diſunited and deſtroying each other; the profeſſors of the falſe religion all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the profeſſors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their diſunion and for deſerting the intereſts of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boaſts, have been its defenders and planters, and, without the aſſiſtance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Aſia. This, as it is the purpoſe of his hero, is directly to the ſubject of the poem, and the honour, which Heaven, he ſays, vouchſafed to his countrymen, in chooſing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine ſpirit of that religious enthuſiaſm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the moſt ſolemn importance to the Gieruſalemme of Taſſo.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any abſurdity of opinion, where authentic hiſtory, and the ſtate of modern nations afford the topic, muſt to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemiſh in a ſolemn poem. There are many, the tranſlator is aware, to whom a ſerious and warm exhortation to a general cruſade will appear as an abſurdity, and a blemiſh of this kind. "The cruſaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true character, "*des brigands ligués pour venir*, &c. were a band of vagabond thieves, who "had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe in order to deſolate a coun- "try they had no right to, and maſſacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince "more than fourſcore years old, and his whole people, againſt whom they "had no pretence of complaint."

Yet however confidently Voltaire and others may pleaſe to talk, it will be no difficult matter to prove that the cruſades were neither ſo unjuſtifiable, ſo impolitical, nor ſo unhappy in their conſequences as the ſuperficial readers of hiſtory are habituated to eſteem them.

Were the Aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy againſt the deſcendants of thoſe Europeans, who maſſacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were theſe confederates totally to diſpoſſeſs the preſent poſſeſſors of an empire ſo unjuſtly acquired, no man, it is preſumed, would pronounce that their combination

and

High to the fleecy clouds reſplendant far
Appear the regal towers of Malabar,
Imperial

and hoſtilities were againſt the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may pleaſe to aſſert, this ſuppoſition is by no means unapplicable to the confederacy of the croſs. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucaſus, and whoſe name ſignifies wanderers; theſe, incorporated with other banditti, from the deſerts of Scythia, now called Tartary, over-run the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whoſe inhabitants had given them no offence. They profeſs that they are commiſſioned by heaven to eſtabliſh the religion of Mohammed by violence and the ſword. In a few ages they ſubdue the fineſt countries around the Euphrates, and the Chriſtian inhabitants, the rightful poſſeſſors, are treated with the moſt brutal policy and all its attendant cruelties. Bound by their creed to make war on the Chriſtians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conqueſts; and already poſſeſſed of immenſe territory, their acknowledged purpoſe and their power threaten deſtruction to the Chriſtian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and proſelyted Africa, from the Nile to the Straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great deſign to extirpate Chriſtianity, turn their arms againſt Europe, and are ſucceſsful: they eſtabliſh kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the weſtern iſlands of the Mediterranean, ſuffer by their excurſions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itſelf, from its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. While ſuch dangers threatened, it is impoſſible the princes of Europe could have been unconcerned. Nor were preſent injuries wanting to ſtimulate them to arms. Coſmas, a writer of the ſixth century, mentions the conſiderable trade which the Franks carried on with Syria through the Levant. He himſelf travelled to India, and he informs us that in his time Juſtinian ſent two monks to China. In the ninth century, ſays M. de Guignes, an aſſociation of French merchants went twice a year to Alexandria, from whence they brought to Europe the commodities of India and Arabia. *Kalif Haroun* made a formal ceſſion of the Holy Sepulchre to Charlemagne, and allowed the Franks to build houſes of hoſpitality for the reception of pilgrims, in various places of Syria. Nor was devotion the only motive of pilgrimage The emoluments of commerce were alſo attended to, and the houſes of hoſpitality poſſeſſed by the Franks, Italians, and Venetians in the Eaſt, were of the nature of factories. But theſe were ſeized, and plundered by the Saracens, and the eaſtern commerce which flowed to Europe through the Levant, was almoſt totally interrupted. To theſe con-

Imperial Calicut, the lordly ſeat
Of the firſt monarch of the Indian ſtate.

Right

conſiderations let it alſo be added, that ſeveral eaſtern Chriſtians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the aſſiſtance of the Chriſtian powers to diſpoſſeſs the cruel and unjuſt uſurpers of their lands. At this period the cruſades commence. To ſuppoſe that the princes of Europe were ſo inſenſible to the danger which threatened them, as ſome modern writers who have touched upon that ſubject appear to be, is to aſcribe a degree of ſtupidity to them, by no means applicable to their military character. Though ſuperſtition inflamed the multitude, we may be aſſured however, that ſeveral princes found it their political intereſt to fan the flames of that ſuperſtition; and accordingly we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal greatly availed themſelves of it. The immenſe reſources which the Turks received from Egypt, and the neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the firſt cruſaders, determined their ſucceſſors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hoſtilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the croſſes, the Spaniards and Portugueſe were * enabled not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the ſafety of the Greek empire leſs neceſſary to Italy and the eaſtern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the cruſaders, who even ſeized the throne of Conſtantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the reſentment of the Greeks; and their averſion † to the papal ſupremacy rendered them ſo jealous of the cruſaders, that the ſucceſſors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary ſupport, after about ninety years poſſeſſion, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreſeen, the Venetians, the Auſtrians, the Poles, and the Ruſſians, became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many deſperate wars, attended with various ſucceſs, have been continued to the preſent time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to poſſeſs themſelves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the Chriſtian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of the Auſtrian territories muſt have yielded to their

* Liſbon itſelf was taken from the Moors, by the aſſiſtance of an Engliſh fleet of cruſaders.

† A patriarch of Conſtantinople declared publickly to the pope's legate, "That he would much rather behold the turban than the triple crown upon "the great altar of Conſtantinople."

Right to the port the valiant GAMA bends,
With joyful ſhouts a fleet of boats attends;

Joyful

their yoke. However overlooked, it requires but little political philoſophy to perceive the ſecurity which would reſult to Europe were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the eaſtern ſide of the Turkiſh empire. The weſtern conqueſts of that fierce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged Porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago we beheld them trample on the law of nations, ſend an ambaſſador to priſon, and command the Ruſſian empreſs to deſert her allies. And however the foreſight of the narrow politician may dread the riſing power of the Ruſs, it is to be wiſhed that the arms of Muſcovy may fix ſuch barriers to the Turkiſh empire as will for ever prevent their long meditated, and often attempted deſign, to poſſeſs themſelves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conqueſts on the Weſt, conqueſts which would render them the moſt dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the cruſades, a combination which tended to ſupport the Greek empire for the ſecurity of the eaſtern part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the ſouthern, whatever the ſuperſtition of its promoters and conductors might have been, can by no means deſerve to be called a moſt ſingular monument of human folly. And however the inutility and abſurdity of their profeſſed aim, to reſcue the tomb of Chriſt, may excite the ridicule of the modern philoſopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the ſuperſtition of the monkiſh ages; and where it is neceſſary that an enemy ſhould be reſtrained, an able politician will avail himſelf of the moſt powerful of all incitements to hoſtility, the ſuperſtitious or religious fervour of his army. And by thus reſting the war on a religious motive, the Engliſh, who were moſt remote from Mohammedan depredation, were induced to join the confederacy, to which, at various times, they gave the moſt important aſſiſtance.

It is with peculiar propriety therefore that Camoëns upbraids his age for negligently permitting the aggrandiſement of the Mohammedan power. Nor is the boaſt that his countrymen will themſelves effect this great purpoſe, unfounded in truth. As already obſerved in the Introduction, the voyage of Gama ſaved the liberties of mankind. The ſuperiority of the Aſiatic ſeas in the hands of Europeans, the conſequence of that voyage, is the moſt effectual and moſt important completion of the cruſades.

It will be found, therefore, that Camoëns talks of the political reaſons of a cruſade, with an accuracy in the philoſophy of hiſtory, as ſuperior to that

Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,
And crowding round the Luſians, point the way.
A herald now, by VASCO's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian ſtrand;
The ſacred ſtaff he bears, in gold he ſhines,
And tells his office by majeſtic ſigns.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harveſt waves along the yellow dale,

So

Voltaire, as the poetical merit of the Luſiad ſurpaſſes that of the Henriade. And the critic in poetry muſt allow, that, to ſuppoſe the diſcovery of Gama, the completion of all the former endeavours to overthrow the great enemies of the true religion, gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, ſimilar to that which Voltaire, on the ſame ſuppoſition, allows to the ſubject of the Jeruſalem of Taſſo.

Having entered ſo far into the hiſtory of the cruſades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy conſequences which flowed from them. "To theſe wild expeditions," ſays Robertſon, "the effect of ſuperſtition "or folly, we owe the firſt gleams of light which tended to diſpel barbarity and ignorance, and introduce any change in government or manners." Conſtantinople, at that time the ſeat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the principal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age ſpeak of the Latins as the moſt ignorant barbarians; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with aſtoniſhment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Conſtantinople. The moſt ſtupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of compariſon, are ſenſible of the ſuperiority of civilized nations, and, by an acquaintance with them, begin to reſemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the croſſes introduced commerce, and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertſon obſerves, proved deſtructive to the feudal ſyſtem, which had now degenerated into the moſt gloomy oppreſſion, and introduced the plans of regular government. "This acquiſition of liberty," ſays the ſame moſt ingenious hiſtorian, "made ſuch a "happy change in the condition of all the members of communities, as "rouſed them from that ſtupidity and inaction into which they had been "ſunk by the wretchedneſs of their former ſtate. The ſpirit of induſtry revived, commerce became an object of attention, and began to flouriſh. "Population increaſed. Independence was eſtabliſhed, and wealth flowed "into cities which had long been the ſeat of poverty and oppreſſion."

So round the herald preſs the wondering throng,
Recumbent waving as they pour along;
And much his manly port and ſtrange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When ſpeeding through the crowd with eager haſte,
And honeſt ſmiles, a ſon of Afric preſt:
Enrapt with joy the wondering herald hears
Caſtilia's manly tongue ſalute his [n] ears.
What friendly angel from thy Tago's ſhore
Has led thee hither? cries the joyful Moor.
Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoin'd,
Oh joy beyond the dream of hope to find,
To hear a kindred voice, the Luſian cried,
Beyond unmeaſured gulphs and ſeas untry'd;
Untry'd before our daring keels explored
Our fearleſs way—Oh heaven, what tempeſts roared,
While round the vaſt of Afric's ſouthmoſt land
Our eaſtward bowſprits fought the Indian ſtrand!
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly ſtranger ſtood;
A path now open'd through the boundleſs flood!

The

[n] ——— *the herald hears*
Caſtilia's manly tongue ſalute his ears. ———
This is according to the truth of hiſtory. While the meſſenger, ſent aſhore by Gama, was borne here and there, and carried off his feet by the throng, who underſtood not a word of his language, he was accoſted in Spaniſh by a Mooriſh merchant, a native of Tunis, who, according to Oſorius, had been the chief perſon with whom King John II. had formerly contracted for military ſtores. He proved himſelf an honeſt agent, and of infinite ſervice to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the Chriſtian communion. He was named Monzaida.

The hope of ages, and the dread deſpair,
Accompliſh'd now, and conquer'd—ſtiff his hair
Roſe thrilling, while his labouring thoughts purſued
The dreadful courſe by GAMA's fate ſubdued.
Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads
The Luſian gueſt, and ſwift the feaſt ſucceeds:
The purple grape and golden fruitage ſmile;
And each choice viand of the Indian ſoil
Heapt o'er the board, the maſter's zeal declare;
The ſocial feaſt the gueſt and maſter ſhare;
The ſacred pledge of eaſtern faith [o] approved,
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.
Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earneſt pace the heaven-ſent friend attends:
Now down the river's ſweepy ſtream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with tranſport ſparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of GAMA's navy ſpies,

The

[o] *The ſacred pledge of eaſtern faith.*—To eat together was in the Eaſt looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Perſian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmoſt terror proſtrated himſelf before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in purſuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, eat part of it, and gave the reſt to the fugitive, aſſuring him of ſafety. As they approached the houſe, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corſe of the nobleman's beloved ſon. The incenſed populace demanded the murderer, who ſtood beſide him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten to-"gether, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his ſon from the fury of his domeſtics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his eſcape.

The bending bowſprit, and the maſt ſo tall,
The ſides black frowning as a caſtle wall,
The high-tower'd ſtern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad ſtandard ſlowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The ſkiff he leaves,
Brave GAMA's deck his bounding ſtep receives;
And, Hail, he cries: in tranſport GAMA ſprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;
Enrapt ſo diſtant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the muſic of the tongue of Spain.
And now beneath a painted ſhade of ſtate
Beſide the Admiral the ſtranger ſate:
Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws,
What monarch ſways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his fires
The ſon ſo far? the valiant chief inquires.
In act to ſpeak the ſtranger waives his hand,
The joyful crew in ſilent wonder ſtand,
Each gently preſſing on with greedy ear,
As erſt the bending foreſts ſtoopt to hear
In Rhodope [p], when Orpheus' heavenly ſtrain,
Deplored his loſt Eurydice in vain;

While

[p] *In Rhodope.*—The well-known fable of the deſcent of Orpheus to hell, and the ſecond loſs of his wife, is thus explained: Aëdoneus, king of Theſprotia, whoſe cruelty procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of hell, having ſeized Eurydice, as ſhe fled from his friend Ariſtæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his muſic, his wife was reſtored, on condition that he ſhould not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Theſprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably loſt his ſpouſe.

While with a mien that generous friendſhip won
From every heart, the ſtranger thus begun:

Your glorious deeds, ye Luſians, well I know,
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere;
So taught my ſires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hoſtile clime to Liſboa's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Luſian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories ſhine,
Theſe proudeſt honours yield, O chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread atchievements low they fall,
And India's ſhore, diſcovered, crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection ſway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendſhip's aid.
As on my lips Caſtilia's language glows,
So from my tongue the ſpeech of India flows;
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,
For honeſt deeds, but time ſhall ſpeak, approved.
When India's monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented [q] plain
And ſylvan chace his careleſs hours employ;
When India's mighty lord, with wondering joy,

Shall

[q] *For now the banquet on the tented plain*
And ſylvan chace his careleſs hours employ;—

The Great Mogul and other eaſtern ſovereigns, attended with their courtiers, ſpend annually ſome months of the fineſt ſeaſon in encampments in the field, in hunting parties, and military amuſements.

Shall hail you welcome on his ſpacious ſhore
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myſelf ſhall glad interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a ſtream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native ſhore;
On ſhores unknown, in diſtant worlds, how ſweet
The kindred tongue, the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and ſuch, O heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous heaven, your glad ſucceſs ſecures.
Till now impervious, heaven alone ſubdued
The various horrors of the trackleſs flood;
Heaven ſent you here for ſome great work divine,
And heaven inſpires my breaſt your ſacred toils to join.

Vaſt are the ſhores of India's wealthful ſoil;
Southward ſea-girt ſhe forms a demi-iſle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd foreſts crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caſpia's lake th' enormous mountain [r] ſpreads,
And bending eaſtward rears a thouſand heads;
Far to extremeſt ſea the ridges thrown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waſte of Taurus' rocky ſide
Two infant rivers pour the cryſtal tide,

Indus

[r] —*th' enormous mountain*—Properly an immenſe chain of mountains, known by various names, Caucaſus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamiſſus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the ſea of Kamchatka.

Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through diſtant nations famed:
One eaſtward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the weſt gives his ſwoln tide to ſtray:
Declining ſouthward many a land they lave,
And widely ſwelling roll the ſea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain fire
Both in the Indian deep ingulph'd expire.
Between theſe ſtreams, fair ſmiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains diſplay,
And many a league, far to the ſouth they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till where the ſhores to Ceylon's iſle [s] oppoſe,
In conic form the Indian regions cloſe.
To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites eſteem'd divine:

Some

[s] —*to Ceylon's iſle*:—One Captain Knox, who publiſhed an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious paſſage: "This for certain, ſays he, I can affirm, that oftentimes the devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: it is very ſhrill, almoſt like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myſelf, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this obſervation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I have made it alſo, that either juſt before, or very ſuddenly after this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil theſe reaſons urge; becauſe there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and becauſe it will on a ſudden depart from one place, and make a noiſe in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and becauſe the very dogs will tremble when they hear it; and it is ſo counted by all the people."—Knox, Hiſt. Ceyl. p. 78. We need not have reſource to the devil, however, for this quick tranſition of ſound. Birds which live by ſuction in marſhy grounds, the bittern in particular, often ſet up an hideous ſcreaming cry by night, and inſtantly anſwer one another at the diſtance of ſeveral miles.

Some as from heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monſters of the wild adore;
Some bend to wood and ſtone the proſtrate head,
And rear unhallowed altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions [t] tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the ſmell;
No food they knew, ſuch fragrant vapours roſe
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, an heathen clan,
Stern Decam's ſons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whoſe hope to ſhun eternal ill,
Whoſe truſt from every ſtain of guilt to ſave,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the ſtream the breathleſs corpſe be given,
They deem the ſpirit wings her way to heaven.
Here by the mouths, where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrivall'd ſmile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya ſpreads her palmy [u] dales;
A warlike realm, where ſtill the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.

Narſinga

[t] —— *as wild traditions tell.*——Pliny, impoſed upon by ſome Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hiſt. lib. 12.

[u] *And here Cambaya*—Now called Gazarate. The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are ſaid to be particularly happy in the agreeable romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was ſovereign of this country. His memory is ſtill preſerved with an eclat, worthy of that valour and generoſity which attracted the eſteem of the great Alexander. *Caſtera.* This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedroſia.

Narſinga * here diſplays her ſpacious line;
In native gold her ſons and ruby ſhine:

Alas,

* *Narſinga*—The laws of Narſinga oblige "the women to throw themſelves into the funeral pile, to be burnt with their deceaſed huſbands. An infallible ſecret to prevent the deſire of widowhood." *Caſtera* from *Barros*, Dec. 4.

There are many accounts in different travellers of the performance of this moſt barbarous ceremony. The two following are ſelected as the moſt picturesque of any in the knowledge of the tranſlator.

"At this time (1710) died the prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-ſeven wives were burned with his corpſe, was thus: A deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town; in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceaſed prince in his fineſt robes. After numberleſs rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was ſet on fire, and immediately the unhappy ladies appeared, ſparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. Theſe victims of this diabolical ſacrifice walked ſeveral times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a conſiderable diſtance. The principal lady then, holding the dagger of her late huſband, thus addreſſed herſelf to the prince his ſucceſſor: Here, ſaid ſhe, is the dagger which the king made uſe of, to triumph over his enemies: beware never to employ it to other purpoſe, never to embrue it with the blood of your ſubjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you ſhall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world; all that remains for me is to follow him. With theſe words, ſhe reſigned the dagger into the prince's hands, who took it from her without ſhewing the leaſt ſign of grief or compaſſion. The princeſs now appeared agitated. One of her domeſtics, a Chriſtian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion, and though ſhe never renounced her idols, had made ſome impreſſions on her mind. Perhaps theſe impreſſions now revived. With a moſt expreſſive look ſhe exclaimed, Alas! what is the end of human happineſs! I know I ſhall plunge myſelf headlong into hell. On theſe words, a horror was viſible on every countenance; when reſuming her courage, ſhe boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and calling upon her gods, flung herſelf into the midſt of the flames. The ſecond lady was the ſiſter of a prince of the blood, who was preſent, and aſſiſted at the deteſtable ſacrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels wherewith ſhe was adorned. His paſſion gave way, he burſt into tears, and fell upon her neck in the moſt tender

embraces.

Alas, how vain! theſe gaudy ſons of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hoſtile ſpear.
And now behold;—and while he ſpoke he roſe;
Now with extended arm the proſpect ſhews,—
Behold

embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and with a reſolute countenance, ſometimes viewed the pile, and ſometimes the aſſiſtants. Then loudly exclaiming, *Chiva, Chiva,* the name of one of her idols, ſhe precipitated herſelf into the flames, as the former had done. The other ladies ſoon followed after, ſome decently compoſed, and ſome with the moſt bewildered, down-caſt, ſorrowful looks. One of them, ſhocked above the reſt, ran to a Chriſtian ſoldier, whom ſhe beheld among the guards, and hanging about his neck, implored him to ſave her. The new convert, ſtunned with ſurprize, puſhed the unfortunate lady from him; and ſhrieking aloud ſhe fell into the fiery trench. The ſoldier, all ſhivering with terror, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims, diſcovered at firſt the utmoſt intrepidity, yet no ſooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the moſt dreadful manner; and, weltering over each other, ſtrove to gain the brim of the pit; but in vain: the aſſiſtants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the *Bramins* gathered the bones, and threw them into the ſea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the ſpot, and the deceaſed prince and his wives were reckoned among the deities. To conclude, this deteſtable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only ſpecious; it is almoſt impoſſible to avoid it. If they do, they muſt lie under perpetual infamy, and the relations, who eſteem themſelves highly diſgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princeſſes, and concubines of princes, however, are the only perſons from whom this ſpecies of ſuicide is expected. When women of inferior rank ſubmit to this abominable cuſtom, they are only urged to it by the impulſe of a barbarous pride and vanity of oſtentation." Extracted from a letter from Father Martin, on the miſſion of Coromandel, to Father de Villette, of the Society of Jeſus, publiſhed at Paris, in 1719.

Mr. Holwell, the advocate and warm admirer of the Gentoos, has taken great pains to vindicate the practice of this horrid ſacrifice, and the principles upon which, he ſays, it is eſtabliſhed. Theſe we have given in the enquiry at the end of this Luſiad. His narrative is as follows:

Behold theſe mountain-tops of various ſize
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy ſkies;

Nature's

" We have been preſent, ſays he, at many of theſe ſacrifices: in ſome of the victims we have obſerved a pitiable dread, tremor and reluctance, that ſtrongly ſpoke repentance for their declared reſolution, but it was now too late to retract or retreat; *Biſtnoo* was *waiting for the ſpirit*. If the ſelf-doomed victim diſcovers want of courage and fortitude, ſhe is with *gentle force* obliged to aſcend the pile, where ſhe is held down with long poles, held by men on each ſide of the pile, until the flames reach her; her ſcreams and cries in the mean time being drowned amidſt the deafening noiſe of loud muſic, and the acclamations of the multitude.—Others we have ſeen go through this fiery trial, with moſt amazing ſteady, calm reſolution, and joyous fortitude. It will not we hope be unacceptable, if we preſent our readers with an inſtance of the latter, which happened ſome years paſt at the *Eaſt India* company's factory at *Coſſimbuzaar*, in the time of Sir *Francis Ruſſel*'s chiefſhip; the author, and ſeveral other gentlemen of the factory were preſent, ſome of whom are now (1765) living."

" At five of the clock on the morning of Feb. 4, 1742-3, died Rhaam Chund Pundit of the *Mababrattor* tribe, aged twenty-eight years; his widow, (for he had but one wife) aged between ſeventeen and eighteen, as ſoon as he expired, diſdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the *Bramins* and witneſſes preſent, her reſolution to burn."—Lady *Ruſſel*, ſays Mr. H. all the merchants, and the victim's own relations, uſed every endeavour to diſſuade her, but in vain. When urged to live on account of her three infant children, ſhe replied, *He that made them would take care of them*; and when told ſhe would not be permitted to burn, ſhe affirmed that *ſhe would ſtarve herſelf*.

" The body of the deceaſed was carried down to the water ſide early the following morning, the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal *Bramins*, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourſe of people. The *order of leave* * for her burning did not arrive until after one, and it was then brought by one of the *Soubah*'s own officers, who had orders to ſee that ſhe burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the *Bramins*, and waſhing in the *Ganges*; as ſoon as it arrived ſhe retired, and ſtayed for the ſpace of half an

* On this Mr. H. has the following note: " The *Gentoos* are not permitted to burn, without an order from the *Mahommedan* government, and this permiſſion is commonly made a perquiſite of."

Nature's rude wall, againſt the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar. . .

Here

an hour in the midſt of her female relations, among whom was her mother; ſhe then diveſted herſelf of her bracelets and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile; on the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry ſticks, boughs, and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance; in this the body of the deceaſed was depoſited, his head at the end oppoſite to the opening. At the corner of the pile to which ſhe had been conducted, the *Bramin* had made a ſmall fire, round which ſhe and the three *Bramins* ſat for ſome minutes; one of them gave into her hand a leaf of the bale tree (the wood commonly conſecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with ſundry things on it, which ſhe threw into the fire; one of the others gave her a ſecond leaf, which ſhe held over the flame, whilſt he dropped three times ſome ghee on it, which melted and fell into the fire (theſe two operations were preparatory ſymbols of her approaching diſſolution *by fire*); and whilſt they were performing this, the third *Bramin* read to her ſome portions of the *Aughtorrab Bhade*, and aſked her ſome queſtions, to which ſhe anſwered with a ſteady and ſerene countenance; but the noiſe was ſo great, we could not underſtand what ſhe ſaid, although we were within a yard of her:—theſe over ſhe was led with great ſolemnity *three times* round the pile, the *Bramins* reading before her; when ſhe came the third time to the ſmall fire, ſhe ſtopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments; here ſhe took a ſolemn majeſtic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which one of the *Bramins* dipped a large wick of cotton in ſome ghee, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open ſide of the arbour; there all the *Bramins* fell at her feet—after ſhe had bleſſed them they retired weeping—by two ſteps ſhe aſcended the pile, and entered the arbour; on her entrance ſhe made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceaſed, and advanced and ſeated herſelf by his head; ſhe looked, in ſilent meditation, on his face for the ſpace of a minute, then ſet fire to the arbour in *three places*; obſerving that ſhe had ſet fire to leeward, and that the flames blew from her, inſtantly ſeeing her error, ſhe roſe, and ſet fire to windward, and reſumed her ſtation; enſign *Daniel* with his cane ſeparated the graſs and leaves on the windward ſide, by which means we had a diſtinct view of her as ſhe ſat. With what dignity and undaunted a countenance ſhe ſet fire to the pile the laſt time, and aſſumed her ſeat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a juſt idea of her.—The pile being of combuſtible matters, the ſupporters of the roof were preſently conſumed, and it tumbled upon her.

"There

Here from the mountain to the ſurgy main,
Fair as a garden ſpreads the ſmiling plain:
And lo, the empreſs of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut reſplendent towers;
Her's every fragrance of the ſpicy ſhore,
Her's every gem of India's countleſs ſtore:
Great Samoreem, her lord's imperial ſtyle,
The mighty lord of India's utmoſt ſoil:
To him the kings their duteous tribute pay,
And at his feet confeſs their borrowed ſway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarchs ancient boaſt,
Of old one ſovereign ruled the ſpacious [y] coaſt.
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the ſceptre bore,
From bleſt Arabia's groves to India came:
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful ſtrain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,

And

" There have been inſtances known, when the victim has, *by Europeans*, been forcibly reſcued from the pile; it is currently ſaid and believed (how true we will not aver) that the wife of Mr. *Job Charnock* was by him ſnatched from this ſacrifice; be this as it may, the outrage is conſidered by the Gentoos, an atrocious and wicked violation of their ſacred rites and privileges."

[y] *Of old one ſovereign ruled the ſpacious coaſt.*—" Whatever Monzaida re-
" lates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the hiſtories of
" India, according to Barros, Caſtaneda, Maffeus, and Oſorius. Our
" Author, in this, imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every op-
" portunity to introduce any curious cuſtom or veſtige of antiquity."
Caſtera.

And vows, at fair Medina's ſhrine, to cloſe
His life's mild eve in prayer and ſweet repoſe.
Gifts he prepares to deck the prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Orixa's ſpices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean ſtems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the tranſport of a father's name;
His ſervants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden ſceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chalé ſways,
The ſpicy Iſle another lord obeys:
Coulam and Cananoor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various lords he yields.
While theſe and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful paſt:
Save Calicut, a city poor and ſmall,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Grieved to behold ſuch merit thus repaid,
The ſapient youth the king of kings he made,
And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boaſt of power ſupreme.
And now great Perimal reſigns his reign,
The bliſsful bowers of paradiſe to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India ſinks for ever from his eyes.
And ſoon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, reſort:

Wide

Wide o'er the ſhore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landſcape round luxurious ſmiles.
And now her flag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the empreſs of the eaſtern world:
Such are the bleſſings ſapient kings beſtow,
And from thy ſtream ſuch gifts, O Commerce, flow.

From that ſage youth, who firſt reign'd king of kings,
He now who ſways the tribes of India ſprings.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, ſave where Nature whiſpers modeſt care,
Naked they blacken in the ſultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never muſt join the conjugal embrace;
Nor may the ſtripling, nor the blooming maid,
Oh loſt to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!
To ſpouſe of other than their father's art,
At love's connubial ſhrine unite the heart:
Nor may their ſons, the genius and the view
Confined and fettered, other art purſue.
Vile were the ſtain, and deep the foul diſgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thouſand rites, and waſhings o'er and o'er,
Can ſcarce his tainted purity reſtore.
Poleas the labouring lower clans are named;
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claimed;

The toils of culture and of art they ſcorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The ſhining faulchion brandiſh'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger ſcornful, ever arm'd they ſtand
Around the king, a ſtern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the ſacred name
Of piety or lore, the Brahmins claim:
In wildeſt rituals, vain and painful, loſt,
Brahma their founder as a god they boaſt.
To crown their meal no meaneſt life expires,
Pulſe, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdneſs riotous and free,
No ſpouſal ties with-hold, and no degree:
Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms:
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the huſband's kindred may aſcend
The nuptial couch: alas, too bleſt, they know
Nor jealouſy's ſuſpence, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.
But ſhould my lips each wond'rous ſcene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will ſoon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the weſt would ſink yon eaſtern ſun.
In few, all wealth from China to the Nile,
All balſams, fruit, and gold on India's boſom ſmile.

While

While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coaſt the voice of rumour ſwell'd;
As firſt ſome upland vapour ſeems to float
Small as the ſmoke of lonely ſhepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkneſs ſpreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,
The leafleſs foreſt and the utmoſt lea;
And wide its black wings hover o'er the ſea:
The tear-dropt bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And diſtant navies rear the miſt-wet ſail.
So fame increaſing, loud and louder grew,
And to the ſylvan camp reſounding flew;
A lordly band, ſhe cries, of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never ſeen,
Of tongue unknown, through gulphs undared before,
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian ſhore.
To hail their chief the Indian lord prepares,
And to the fleet he ſends his banner'd Nayres:
As to the bay the nobles preſs along,
The wondering city pours th' unnumber'd throng.
And now brave GAMA and his ſplendid train,
Himſelf adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,
In gilded barges ſlowly bend to ſhore,
While to the lute the gently-falling oar
Now breaks the ſurges of the briny tide,
And now the ſtrokes the cold freſh ſtream divide.
Pleaſed with the ſplendour of the Luſian band,
On every bank the crouded thouſands ſtand.

Begirt

Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood
The firſt great miniſter of India ſtood,
The Catual his name in India's tongue;
To GAMA ſwift the lordly regent ſprung:
His open arms the valiant chief enfold,
And now he lands him on the ſhore of gold;
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet
The fearleſs heroes of the warlike fleet.
A couch on ſhoulders borne, in India's mode,
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,
Receives the Luſian captain; equal rides
The lordly Catual, and onward guides,
While GAMA's train, and thouſands of the throng
If India's ſons, encircling pour along.
To hold diſcourſe in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremember'd die
Inſtant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
GAMA the while, and India's ſecond lord,
Hold glad reſponſes, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They paſt, and onward, tower'd in ſumptuous ſtate,
Before them now the ſacred temple roſe;
The portals wide the ſculptured ſhrines diſcloſe.
The chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The gods of wood, cold ſtone, and ſhining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul dæmon will'd the likeneſs baſe.

Taught

Taught to behold the rays of godhead ſhine
Fair imaged in the human face divine,
With ſacred horror thrill'd, the Luſians viewed
The monſter forms, chimera-like, and [z] rude.
Here ſpreading horns an human viſage bore;
So frown'd ſtern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his ſhrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandiſh'd wide;
So Titan's ſon the race of heaven [a] defy'd.
And here a dog his ſnarling tuſks diſplay'd:
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed ſhade
Grinn'd horrible. With vile proſtrations low
Before theſe ſhrines the blinded Indians [b] bow.

And

[z] *The monſter forms, chimera-like, and rude*—Chimera, a monſter ſlain by Bellerophon.

> Firſt, dire chimera's conqueſt was enjoyn'd,
> A mingled monſter of no mortal kind;
> Behind a dragon's fiery tail was ſpread,
> A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
> Her pitchy noſtrils flaky flames expire,
> Her gaping throat emits infernal fire. POPE'S Il. vi.

[a] *So Titan's ſon*—Briareus.

[b] *Before theſe ſhrines the blinded Indians bow.*—In this inſtance, Camoëns has with great art deviated from the truth of hiſtory. As it was the great purpoſe of his hero to propagate the law of heaven in the Eaſt, it would have been highly abſurd to have repreſented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the caſe. "Gama, who had been told, ſays Oſorius, that there were many Chriſtians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the Catual led him, was a Chriſtian church. At their entrance they were met by four prieſts, who ſeemed to make

And now again the ſplendid pomp proceeds;
To India's lord the haughty regent leads.
To view the glorious leader of the fleet
Increaſing thouſands ſwell o'er every ſtreet;
High o'er the roofs the ſtruggling youths aſcend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,
The windows ſparkle with the glowing blaze
Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.
And now the train with ſolemn ſtate and ſlow,
Approach the royal gate, through many a row
Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,
Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.
Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur ſpread,
Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head;
The citron groves around the windows glow'd,
And branching palms their grateful ſhade beſtow'd;
The mellow light a pleaſing radiance caſt;
The marble walls Dædalian ſculpture graced.

Here

make croſſes on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, oppoſite to the entrance, ſtood an image which could hardly be diſcovered; *Erat enim locus ita ab omni ſolis radio ſecluſus, ut vix aliquis malignæ lucis ſplendor in eum penetraret.* The four prieſts aſcending, ſome entered the chapel by a little braſs door, and pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, *Mary, Mary.* The Catual and his attendants proſtrated themſelves on the ground, while the Luſians on their bended knees adored the bleſſed Virgin. "*Virginemque Dei matrem more noſtris uſitato venerantur.*" Thus Oſorius. Another writer ſays, that a Portugueſe ſailor, having ſome doubt, exclaimed, *If this be the Devil's image, I however worſhip God.*

Here India's fate, from darkeſt times of [c] old,
The wondrous artiſt on the ſtone inroll'd;
Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaſpes' ſtream,
In fair array the marſhall'd legions ſeem:
A youth of gleeful eye the ſquadrons led,
Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with pureſt red;

Around

[c] *Here India's fate.*—The deſcription of the palace of the Zamorim, ſituated among aromatic groves, is according to hiſtory; the embelliſhment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's deſcription of the palace of king Latinus:

Tectum auguſtum, ingens, centum ſublime columnis,
Urbe fuit ſumma, &c.

The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars ſtood
And round encompaſs'd with a riſing wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,
Surpriſed at once with reverence and delight. . . .
Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,
Placed in their ranks their godlike grandſires ſtood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a ſhort pruning hook his head reclines;
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears;
And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars;
And broken beaks of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.
Above the reſt, as chief of all the band
Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand;
His other waived a long divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero ſate——

DRYD. EN. VII.

Around his ſpear the curling vine-leaves waived;
And by a ſtreamlet of the river laved,
Behind her founder, Nyſa's walls were [d] rear'd;
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,
Had [e] Semele beheld the ſmiling boy,
The mother's heart had proudly heav'd with joy.
Unnumber'd here were ſeen th' Aſſyrian throng,
That drank whole rivers as they march'd along:
Each eye ſeem'd earneſt on their warrior queen,
High was her port, and furious was her mien;
Her valour only equall'd by her luſt;
Faſt by her ſide her courſer paw'd the duſt,
Her ſon's [f] vile rival; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot ſweat-drops as he champt the rein.
And here diſplay'd, moſt glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners opening many a fold,
Seem'd trembling on the gale; at diſtance far
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war.

Here

[d] *Behind her founder Nyſa's walls were rear'd*——
——— *at diſtance far*
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war—

This is in the perſpective manner of the beautiful deſcriptions of the figures on the ſhield of Achilles. Il. XVIII.

[e] *Had Semele beheld the ſmiling boy*—The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabuliſts aſcribed the Indian expedition of Seſoſtris or Oſiris, king of Egypt.

[f] *Her ſon's vile rival.*——"The infamous paſſion of Semiramis for a "horſe, has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to ſignify the "extreme libidiny of that queen. Her inceſtuous paſſion for her ſon "Nynias, however, is confirmed by the teſtimony of the beſt authors. "Shocked at ſuch an horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death." *Caſtera.*

Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,
Here from the cuiras ſhoots the golden beam.
A proud-ey'd youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enſhrined he rode,
Call'd Jove his father g, and aſſumed the god.

While dauntleſs GAMA and his train ſurvey'd
The ſculptured walls, the lofty regent ſaid;
For nobler wars than theſe you wondering ſee
That ample ſpace th' eternal fates decree:
Sacred to theſe th' unpictured wall remains,
Unconſcious yet of vanquiſh'd India's chains.
Aſſured we know the awful day ſhall come,
Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom.
The ſons of Brahma, by the god their ſire
Taught to illume the dread divining fire,
From the drear manſions of the dark abodes
Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;
Then round the flame, while glimmering ghaſtly blue,
Behold the future ſcene ariſe to view.
The ſons of Brahma in the magic hour
Beheld the foreign foe tremendous lour;
Unknown their tongue, their face, and ſtrange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:

They

g *Call'd Jove his father.*—The *bon mot* of Olympias on this pretenſion of her ſon Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, "forſooth, cannot be at reſt unleſs he embroil me in a quarrel with Juno." QUINT. CURT.

They ſaw the chief o'er proſtrate India rear
The glittering terrors of his awful ſpear.
But ſwift behind theſe wintery days of woe
A ſpring of joy aroſe in livelieſt glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wiſdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage reſtrain'd:
Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws thrice happier India ſmiled.
So to the prophets of the Brahmin train
The viſions [h] roſe, that never roſe in vain.

The

h *The viſions roſe.*——The pretenſions to, and belief in divination and magic, are found in the hiſtory of every nation and age. The ſources from whence thoſe opinions ſprung, may be reduced to theſe: The ſtrong deſire which the human mind has to pry into futurity; the conſciouſneſs of its own weakneſs, and the *inſtinctive* belief, if it may be ſo called, in inviſible agents. On theſe foundations it is eaſy for the artful to take every advantage of the ſimple and credulous. A knowledge of the virtues of plants, and of ſome chemical preparations, appeared as altogether ſupernatural to the great bulk of mankind in former ages. And ſuch is the proneneſs of the ignorant mind, to reſolve, what it does not comprehend, into the marvellous, that even the common medicinal virtues of plants were eſteemed as magical, and dependent upon the incantation which was muttered over the application of them. But we muſt not ſuppoſe that all the profeſſors of magical knowledge were determined cheats, and conſcious impoſtors. So far from ſuch idea of the futility of their pretended art, they themſelves were generally the dupes of their own prejudices, of prejudices imbibed in their moſt early years, and to which the veneration of their oldeſt age was devoutly paid. Nor were the prieſts of ſavage tribes the only profeſſors and ſtudents of inchantment. The very greateſt names of Pagan antiquity, during the firſt centuries of the Chriſtian æra, firmly believed in divination, and were earneſtly devoted to the purſuit of it. If Cicero, once or twice in his life, conſulted the flight of birds, or the manner in which chickens picked up their corn; the great philoſopher Marcus Aurelius Antoninus carried his veneration for the occult ſciences much farther. When he might have attacked the Quadi and Marcomanni with every proſpect of ſucceſs,

The regent ceaſed; and now with ſolemn pace
The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tapſtried walls with gold were pictured [1] o'er,
And flowery velvet ſpread the marble floor,
In all the grandeur of the Indian ſtate,
High on a blazing couch the monarch ſate,
With ſtarry gems the purple curtains ſhined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the ſilver pillars: High o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance ſhed;
Of cloth of gold the ſovereign's mantle ſhone,
And his high turban flamed with precious ſtone.
Sublime and awful was his ſapient mien,
Lordly his poſture, and his brow ſerene.
An hoary ſire ſubmiſs on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf [k], all fragrance to the glowing taſte,
Before the king each little while repl̃aced.

The

ſucceſs, he delayed to do it, till the magical ſacrifice preſcribed by Alexander of Pontus, the magician, could be performed. But when this was performed, the barbarians happened to be greatly reinforced, and Antoninus was defeated, with the loſs of 20,000 men. Yet his devout obſervation of ſuch rites never ſuffered the leaſt abatement. And the enlarged and philoſophical mind of the accompliſhed Julian, by ſome called the Apoſtate, was, amid all his other great avocations, moſt aſſiduouſly devoted to the ſtudy of magic.

[1] *The tapſtried walls with gold were pictured o'er,*
And flowery velvet ſpread the marble floor—
According to Oſorius.

[k] *A leaf*——The betel. This is a particular luxury of the Eaſt. The Indians powder it with the fruit of *Areca*, or *drunken date tree*, and chew it, ſwallow-

The patriarch Brahmin, ſoft and ſlow he roſe,
Advancing now to lordly GAMA bows,
And leads him to the throne; in ſilent ſtate
The monarch's nod aſſigns the captain's ſeat;
The Luſian train in humbler diſtance ſtand:
Silent the monarch eyes the foreign band
With awful mien; when valiant GAMA broke
The ſolemn pauſe, and thus majeſtic ſpoke;

From where the crimſon ſun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the weſtern waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty king,
And holy vows of laſting friendſhip bring
To thee, O monarch, for reſounding fame
Far to the weſt has borne thy princely name,
All India's ſovereign thou! Nor deem I ſue,
Great as thou art, the humble ſuppliant's due.
Whate'er from weſtern Tagus to the Nile,
Inſpires the monarch's wiſh, the merchant's toil,
From where the north-ſtar gleams o'er ſeas of froſt,
To Ethiopia's utmoſt burning coaſt,

Whate'er

ſwallowing the juice. Its virtues, they ſay, preſerve the teeth, ſtrengthen the ſtomach, and incite to venery. It is ſo eſteemed in India, that its origin is derived from heaven. *Degaſtri*, one of the wives of the celeſtial ſpirits, carried *Argionem*, an Indian, one day to heaven, from whence he ſtole the *betel*, and planted it on earth. And for this reaſon, he who cultures the *betel*, muſt, as neceſſary to its thriving, ſteal the ſtock which he plants. The leaf is ſo like our common ivy, that ſome Indian ambaſſadors at Liſbon have uſed the latter mixed with the Cypreſs apples inſtead of the areca, and have ſaid, that in virtue it was much the ſame with the Indian plant. Our dictionaries call the betel, the baſtard pepper.

Whate'er the ſea, whate'er the land beſtows,
In my great monarch's realm unbounded flows.
Pleaſed thy high grandeur and renown to hear,
My ſovereign offers friendſhip's bands ſincere:
Mutual he aſks them, naked of diſguiſe,
Then every bounty of the ſmiling ſkies
Shower'd on his ſhore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful commerce on each ſhore beſtow.
Our might in war, what vanquiſh'd nations fell
Beneath our ſpear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendſhip then thy honeſt wiſh explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes ſhall roar.
Our banners o'er the crimſon field ſhall ſweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe againſt thy land ſhall rear
Th' invading bowſprit, or the hoſtile ſpear;
My king, thy brother, thus thy wars ſhall join,
The glory his, the gainful harveſt thine.

Brave GAMA ſpake: the pagan king replies,
From lands which now behold the morning riſe,
While eve's dim clouds the Indian ſky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet ſhall our will in ſilence reſt unknown,
Till what your land, and who the king you own,

Our

Our council deeply weigh. Let joy the while,
And the glad feaſt the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long toſt
O'er briny waves, how ſweet the long-fought coaſt!
The night now darkens; on the friendly ſhore
Let ſoft repoſe your wearied ſtrength reſtore,
Aſſured an anſwer from our lips to bear,
Which, not diſpleaſed, your ſovereign lord ſhall hear.
More [1] now we add not—From the hall of ſtate
Withdrawn, they now approach the regent's gate;
The ſumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride
Heap'd on the board the royal feaſt ſupplied.
Now o'er the dew-drops of the eaſtern lawn
Gleamed the pale radiance of the ſtar of dawn,
The valiant GAMA on his couch repoſed,
And balmy reſt each Luſian eye-lid cloſed;
When the high Catual, watchful to fulfil
The cautious mandates of his ſovereign's will,
In ſecret converſe with the Moor retires,
And, earneſt, much of Luſus' ſons inquires;
What laws, what holy rites, what monarch ſway'd
The warlike race? When thus the juſt Monzaide;

The land from whence theſe warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapleſs birth I owe,)
Illuſtrious

[1] *More now we add not.*—The tenor of this firſt converſation between the Zamorim and Gama, is according to the truth of hiſtory.

Illuſtrious Spain, along whoſe weſtern ſhores
Grey-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—
A wonderous prophet gave their holy lore,
The godlike ſeer a virgin-mother bore,
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,
So be they taught, beſtow'd ſuch awful grace.
In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied creſt:
What [m] terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaſt,
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers told;
How from the lawns, where cryſtalline and cold,
The Guadiana rowls his murmuring tide;
And thoſe where, purple by the Tago's ſide,
The lengthening vineyards gliſten o'er the field;
Their warlike fires my routed fires expell'd.
Nor pauſed their rage; the furious ſeas they braved;
Nor loftieſt walls, nor caſtled mountains ſaved;
Round Afric's thouſand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.
Nor leſs, let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntleſs valour ſhone:

Let

[m] *What terrors oft have thrill'd my infant breaſt.*—The enthuſiaſm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portugueſe, may perhaps to ſome appear unnatural. Camoëns ſeems to be aware of this by giving a reaſon for that enthuſiaſm in the firſt ſpeech of Monzaida to Gama;

Heaven ſent you here for ſome great work divine,
And heaven inſpires my breaſt your ſacred toils to join.

That this Moor did conceive a great affection for Gama, whoſe religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmoſt ſervice, is according to the truth of hiſtory.

Let Gaul confeſs, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.
No foreign lance could e'er their rage reſtrain,
Unconquer'd ſtill the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, ſecure your care may truſt
The anſwer of their lips, ſo nobly juſt,
Conſcious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly ſouls the gilded lie diſdain.
Then let thine eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The ſhore with trembling hears the dreadful ſound,
And rampired walls lie ſmoaking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wiſe in peace, in war how dread, ſurvey.

With keen deſire the craftful pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his ſplendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly Nayres,
The ſhore they cover, now the oar-men ſweep
The foamy ſurface of the azure deep:
And now brave PAULUS gives the friendly hand,
And high on GAMA's lofty deck they ſtand.
Bright to the day the purple ſail-cloths glow,
Wide to the gale the ſilken enſigns flow;
The pictured flags diſplay the warlike ſtrife;
Bold ſeem the heroes as inſpired by life.
Here arm to arm the ſingle combat ſtrains,
Here burns the battle on the tented plains

General and fierce; the meeting lances thruſt,
And the black blood ſeems ſmoaking on the duſt.
With earneſt eyes the wondering regent views
The pictured warriors, and their hiſtory ſues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noäh [n] found,
In foaming goblets circled ſwiftly round,
And o'er the deck ſwift roſe the feſtive board;
Yet ſmiling oft, refrains the Indian lord:
His faith forbade with other [o] tribe to join
The ſacred meal, eſteem'd a rite divine.
In bold vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle ſounds the Luſian trumpets rear;
Loud burſt the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the ſails the clouds of ſmoke aſpire,
And rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,
The Luſian war, in dreadful pomp, diſplay.
In deepeſt thought the careful regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at GAMA's nod bewray'd,
Yet ſeem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told.
In ſilent poeſy—Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uproſe the Indian lord;

Both

n ——the ruddy juice by Noah found—Gen. ix. 20. *And Noah began to be an huſbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, &c.*

o *His faith forbade with other tribe to join*
The ſacred meal, eſteem'd a rite divine.—

The opinion of the ſacredneſs of the table is very ancient in the Eaſt. It is plainly to be diſcovered in the hiſtory of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

Both the bold GAMAS, and their generous peer,
The brave COELLO, roſe, prepared to hear,
Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:
Fixt and inquiring was the regent's eye:
The warlike image of an hoary ſire,
Whoſe name ſhall live till earth and time expire,
His wonder fixt; and more than human glow'd,
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his enſign, in his right he waived,
A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I ſpeed, as mad'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye nymphs of Tago's ſtream!
Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through louring tempeſts and a boundleſs ſea.
Oh then, propitious hear your ſon implore,
And guide my veſſel to the happy ſhore.
Ah! ſee how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coaſt around me roſe,
As dragg'd by fortune's chariot wheels along
I ſooth'd my ſorrows with the warlike [p] ſong;
Wide ocean's horrors lengthening now around,
And now my footſteps trod the hoſtile ground;

Yet

[p] ——— *the warlike ſong.*——Though Camoëns began his Luſiad in Portugal, almoſt the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Luſian heroes ever claimed my care:
As Canace of old, ere [q] ſelf-deſtroy'd,
One hand the pen, and one the ſword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The gueſt dependent at the lordling's board:
Now bleſt with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the [r] wave
For ever loſt; myſelf eſcaped alone,
On the wild ſhore all friendleſs, hopeleſs, thrown;
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of [s] yore,
By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more
To end my ſorrows: woes ſucceeding woes
Belied my earneſt hopes of ſweet repoſe:
In place of bays around my brows to ſhed
Their ſacred honours, o'er my deſtined head
Foul calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary [t] jail.

Such

[q] *As Canace*—Daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her inceſtuous child to the dogs, ſent her a ſword, with which ſhe ſlew herſelf. In Ovid ſhe writes an epiſtle to her huſband-brother, where ſhe thus deſcribes herſelf;

Dextra tenet calamum, ſtrictum tenet altera ferrum.

[r] *Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave*
For ever loſt——

See the Life of Camoëns.

[s] *My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore*—Hezekiah. See Iſaiah xxxviii.

[t] *And left me mourning in a dreary jail.*—This, and the whole paragraph from

Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd—

Such was the meed, alas! on me beſtow'd,
Beſtow'd by thoſe for whom my numbers glow'd,
By thoſe who to my toils their laurel honours owed.

Ye gentle nymphs of Tago's roſy bowers,
Ah, ſee what letter'd patron-lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured muſe bewails:
No foſtering care their barbarous hands beſtow,
Though to the muſe their faireſt fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future prieſt of fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not diſclaim
Your ſmiles, ye muſes of Mondego's ſhade,
Be ſtill my deareſt joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow; Nor king, nor loftieſt peer
Shall e'er from me the ſong of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worſt foe: Nor he whoſe raging ire,
And raging wants, to ſhape his courſe, conſpire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Proteus, inſolent and loud:
Nor he whoſe honeſt mien ſecures applauſe,
Grave though he ſeem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:

Who

illudes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumſtance relates particularly to the baſe and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy ſhipwreck. See his Life.

Who [u] ſpurns the muſe, nor feels the raptured ſtrain,
Uſeleſs by him eſteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for theſe, no wreath my hand ſhall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays ſhall ſhine:

He

[u] *Who ſpurns the Muſe.*——Similarity of condition has produced ſimilarity of ſentiment in Camoëns and Spenſer. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age; and each was cruelly neglected by the men of power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to reliſh their writings. We have ſeen ſeveral of the ſtrictures of Camoëns on the barbarous nobility of Portugal. The ſimilar complaints of Spenſer will ſhew that neglect of genius, however, was not confined to the court of Liſbon.

O grief of griefs; O gall of all good hearts!
To ſee that Virtue ſhould deſpiſed be
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſed for Virtue's parts;
And now broad-ſpreading like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be.
O let not thoſe of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Alive or dead be by the Muſe adorned. *Ruins of Time.*

It is thought Lord Burleigh, who withheld the bounty intended by Queen Elizabeth, is here meant. But he is more clearly ſtigmatized in theſe remarkable lines, where the miſery of dependence on court-favour is painted in colours which muſt recal ſeveral ſtrokes of the Luſiad to the mind of the reader.

Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tried,
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide;
To loſe good days, that might be better ſpent;
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy princeſs' grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy aſking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with cares;
To eat thy heart thro' comfortleſs deſpairs;
To fawn, to crowch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone. *Mother Hubberd's Tale.*

Theſe lines exaſperated ſtill more the inelegant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the obſervation of Mr. Hughes, that, *even the ſighs of a miſerable man are ſometimes reſented as an affront by him that is the occaſion of them.*

The arrival of Gama in India.—In ſeveral parts of the Luſiad the Portugueſe poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine ſpirit of Homer

He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his king, his country, and his God,
On his bleſt head my hands ſhall fix the crown
Wove of the deathleſs laurels of renown.

Homer and Virgil. The ſeventh Luſiad throughout bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſeventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the ſame; Æneas lands in Italy, and Gama in India; but the conduct of Camoëns, in his maſterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands obſervation. Had Statius or Ovid deſcribed the landing or reception of Æneas, we ſhould undoubtedly have been preſented with pictures different from thoſe of the pencil of Virgil. We ſhould have ſeen much buſtle and fire, and perhaps much ſmoke and falſe dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyſſey, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman poet wrote, would have preſented us with a calm majeſtic narrative, till every circumſtance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoëns followed him, as far as the different nature of his ſubject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-landed ſtrangers. Æneas enters Latium. The dinner on the graſs, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jeſt. He ſends ambaſſadors to Latinus, whoſe palace is deſcribed. The embaſſy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the aſſiſtance of the fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admoniſhed in a dream, ſeeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tyber, the court of Evander, and the ſacrifices in which he was employed, are particularly deſcribed. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earneſt hurry. Theſe are judiciouſly reſerved for their after and proper place. In the ſame manner Camoëns lands his hero in India; and though in ſome circumſtances the reſemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conſcious of his own ſtrength, and not as a copyiſt. He has not deſerved that ſhrewd ſatire which Mr. Pope, not unjuſtly, throws on Virgil himſelf. "Had the galley "of *Sergeſtus* been broken," ſays he, "if the chariot of *Eumelus* had not "been demoliſhed? Or *Mneſtheus* been caſt from the helm, had not the other "been thrown from his ſeat?" In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the ſeventh and eighth Æneid, is judiciouſly copied, as moſt proper for the ſubject; and with the hand of a maſter characteriſtically ſuſtained throughout the ſeventh book of the poem which celebrates the diſcovery of the eaſtern world.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

ENQUIRY

INTO THE

RELIGIOUS TENETS AND PHILOSOPHY

OF THE

BRAHMINS.

AN account of the celebrated ſect of the Brahmins, and an enquiry into their theology and philoſophy, are undoubtedly requiſite in the notes of a poem which celebrates the diſcovery of the eaſtern world; of a poem where their rites and opinions are neceſſarily mentioned. To place the ſubject in the cleareſt and moſt juſt view, as far as his abilities will ſerve him, is the intention of the tranſlator. If he cannot be ſo warm in his admiration of the religious philoſophy of the Hindoos, as ſome late writers have been, ſome circumſtances of that philoſophy, as delivered by themſelves, it is hoped, will very fully exculpate his coolneſs.

But

But before we endeavour to trace the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins by the lights of antiquity, and the concurrent teſtimony of the moſt learned travellers who have viſited India ſince the diſcovery of that country by the hero of the Luſiad, it will not be improper to pay particular attention to the *ſyſtematical* accounts of the doctrines of the Gentoos, which have lately been given to the public by Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. A particular attention is due to theſe gentlemen: each of them brands all the received accounts of the Gentoos as moſt ignorantly fallacious, and each of them claims an opportunity of knowledge enjoyed by no traveller before himſelf. Each of them has been in Aſia, in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, and each of them aſſures us that he has converſed with the moſt learned of the Brahmins.

Mr. Holwell's ſyſtem we have endeavoured with the utmoſt exactneſs thus to abridge. "It is an allowed truth, (ſays he, ch. viii. p. 3.) "that there never was yet any ſyſtem of theology "broached to mankind, whoſe firſt profeſſors and propagators "did not announce *its deſcent from* GOD; and God forbid we "ſhould doubt of, or impeach the divine origin of any of them; "for ſuch eulogium they poſſibly all merited in their primitive "purity, could they be traced up to that ſtate."

Again in p. 50. "The religions which manifeſtly carry the "divine ſtamp of God, are, firſt, that which *Bramah* was appointed to declare to the ancient *Hindoos*; ſecondly, that law "which *Moſes* was deſtined to deliver to the ancient *Hebrews*; "and thirdly, that which *Chriſt* was delegated to preach to the "latter *Jews* and *Gentiles*, or the *Pagan* world."

The divine œconomy of theſe different revelations is thus accounted for by our author. "Let us ſee how far the ſimilitude "of doctrines, (p. 72.) preached firſt by *Bramah*, and afterwards *Chriſt*, at the diſtinct period of above 3000 years, corroborate our concluſions; if they mutually ſupport each other, "it amounts to proof of the authenticity of both. *Bramah* "preached the exiſtence of ONE ONLY, ETERNAL GOD, his "firſt created angelic being, BIRMAH, *Biſtnoo*, *Sieb*, and "*Moiſaſoor*; the *pure* Goſpel diſpenſation teaches ONE ONLY "ETERNAL GOD, his firſt begotten of the father CHRIST; the "angelic beings *Gabriel*, *Michael*, and *Satan*, all theſe correſponding under different names minutely with each other, in "their reſpective dignities, functions, and characters. *Birmah* "is made prince and governor of all the angelic bands, and the "occaſional vicegerent of the *eternal One*; Chriſt is inveſted with "*all power* by the *Father*; *Birmah* is deſtined to works of "power and glory, ſo is *Chriſt*; *Biſtnoo* to acts of benevolence, "ſo is *Gabriel*; *Sieb* to acts of terror and deſtruction, ſo is "*Michael*—Moiſaſoor is repreſented as a prime angel, and the "inſtigator and leader of the revolt in heaven, ſo is the Satan "of the goſpel."—After much more in this ſtrain our author adds, "It is no violence to faith (p. 80.) if we believe that "Birmah and Chriſt are one and the ſame individual cœleſtial "being, the firſt begotten of the Father, who had moſt probably appeared at *different* periods of time, in *diſtant* parts of "the earth, under *various* mortal forms of humanity and denominations."—Having thus ſeen who Birmah is, we now proceed to our author's account of the Scriptures which he deliſvered to mankind. Chriſt, he tells us, (p. 80.) ſtyled Birmah

by

by the eaſterns, delivered the great primitive truths to man at his creation: but theſe truths being effaced by time and the induſtrious influence of Satan, a written record became neceſſary, and Bramah accordingly gave the *Shaſtah*. This we are told, (ch. iv. p. 12.) was at the beginning of the preſent age (or world) when Bramah having aſſumed the human form, and the government of Indoſtan, tranſlated the *Chatah Bhade Shaſtah* from the language of angels, into the *Sanſcrit*, a tongue at that time univerſally known in India. "Theſe *Scriptures*, ſays our author, (ch. viii. p. 71.) contain, to a moral certainty, the original doctrines and terms of reſtoration, delivered from God himſelf by the mouth of his firſt created Birmah to mankind at his firſt creation in the *form of man*." And in p. 74. tells us that, "the *miſſion of Chriſt* is the ſtrongeſt confirmation of the authenticity and divine origin of the *Chatah Bhade Shaſtah of Bramah*; the doctrines of both, according to our author, being originally the ſame."

We now proceed to give an account of the ſyſtem which Mr. H. has laid before the public as the pure and ſublime doctrine of the Brahmins.

God is one; the creator of all that is; he governs by a general providence, the reſult of fixed principles: it is vain and criminal to enquire into the nature of his exiſtence, or by what laws he governs. In the fulneſs of time he reſolved to participate his glory and eſſence with beings capable of feeling and ſharing his beatitude, and of adminiſtering to his glory. He willed, and they were—he formed them in part of his own eſſence; capable of perfection, but with the powers (as Mr.

Holwell terms it) of imperfection, both depending on their voluntary election. God has no preſcience of the actions of free agents, but he knows the thought of every being the moment it is conceived. He firſt created *Birmah;* then *Biſtnoo*, *Sieb*, and *Moiſaſoor*, then all the ranks of angelic beings. He made Birmah his vicegerent and prince of all ſpirits, whom he put in ſubjection under him; Biſtnoo and Sieb were his coadjutors—Over every angelic band he placed a chief. Moiſaſoor, chief of the firſt band, led the ſong of praiſe and adoration to the Creator, and the ſong of obedience to Birmah, his firſt created. Joy compaſſed the throne of God for millions of years. Envy and jealouſy at laſt took poſſeſſion of Moiſaſoor, and Rhaabon, the angel next to him in dignity. They withheld their obedience from God; denied ſubmiſſion to his vicegerent, and drew a great part of the angelic hoſt into their rebellion. God ſent *Birmah*, *Biſtnoo*, and *Sieb*, to admoniſh and perſuade them to return to their duty, but this mercy only hardened them. The Eternal ONE then commanded *Sieb* to go armed with his omnipotence, to drive them from heaven, and plunge them into intenſe darkneſs for ever. Here they groaned 426,000,000 years. (See ch. iv. p. 47. and 119.) *Birmah*, *Biſtnoo*, *Sieb*, and the faithful angels, never ceaſed imploring the Eternal One for their pardon and reſtoration. By their interceſſion he at length relented. He declared his gracious intentions, and having given his power to Birmah, he retired into himſelf and became inviſible to all the angelic hoſt for the ſpace of 5000 years. At the end of this period he again appeared, and reſuming his throne, propoſed the creation of the material univerſe, which was to conſiſt of fifteen regions or planets. In theſe the delinquent ſpirits were to be

united to mortal bodies, in which they were to undergo a ſtate of purgation, probation, and purification, and to ſuffer natural evils, according to the degrees of their original guilt. *Biſtnoo* by God's command created the material univerſe, and united the fallen ſpirits to mortal bodies. Eighty-nine tranſmigrations form the term of purgation and trial. Eighty-ſeven of theſe are through various animals, according to the original degree of turpitude. The leſs criminal ſpirits animate bees, ſinging birds, and other innocent creatures; while thoſe of deeper guilt become wolves and tygers. "And it ſhall be (ſays Mr. H.'s verſion of that part of the *Shaſtah*) "that when the rebellious *Debtah* "*(ſpirit)* ſhall have accompliſhed and paſſed through the eighty-"ſeven tranſmigrations, they ſhall, from my abundant favour, "(*it is the Deity who ſpeaks*) animate a new form, and thou, "*Biſtnoo*, ſhalt call it *Ghoij* (i. e. the *Cow*). And it ſhall be, "that when the mortal body of the *Ghoij*, ſhall by a natural de-"cay become inanimate, the deliſquent *Debtah* ſhall, from my "more abundant favour, animate the form of MHURD, (i. e. "*Man*) and in this form I will enlarge their intellectual pow-"ers, even as when I firſt created them free; and in this form "ſhall be their chief ſtate of their trial and probation." In the next ſentence the cow is ordered to be deemed ſacred and holy*.

Of

* Mr. H. tells us that when a cow ſuffers death by accident or violence, or through the neglect of the owner, it is eſteemed a ſign of God's wrath againſt the ſpirit of the proprietor, and as a warning that at the diſſolution of his human form, he ſhall be obliged to undergo anew all the eighty-nine tranſmigrations. "Hence it is," ſays Mr. H. "that not only mourn-"ing and lamentation enſue on the violent death of either cow or calf— "but the proprietor is frequently enjoined, and oftener voluntarily under-"takes, a three years pilgrimage in expiation of his crime. Forſaking his "friends, family, and relations, he ſubſiſts during his pilgrimage on cha-

Of the fifteen planets made for the reception of the rebel ſpirits, ſeven are called lower, and ſeven higher than the earth. The lower ones are the regions of puniſhment and purgation; our earth, the principal ſeat of probation; and the higher ones are the regions of purification, from whence the approved ſpirits are again received into the Divine Preſence in the higheſt heaven. Mr. Holwell's Shaſtah ſays, that God, "although he could not "foreſee the effect of his mercy on the future conduct of the de-"linquents, yet unwilling to relinquiſh the hopes of their re-"pentance, he declared his will."—The principal terms of acceptance were that they ſhould do all good offices to, and love one another. Unnatural luſt and ſelf-murder are declared as crimes for which no more probation ſhall be allowed, but the ſpirit who offends in theſe is to be plunged into the *Onderah*, or *intenſe darkneſs* for ever. What pity is it that theſe crimes againſt which "*Th' Eternal has fixt his canon*" ſhould be mentioned together with the abſurdities which follow! Whatever animal deſtroys the mortal form of another, be it that of gnat, bee, cow, or man, its ſpirit ſhall be plunged into the *Onderah* for a ſpace *, and from thence ſhall begin anew the eighty-nine tranſmigrations, notwith-

"rity and alms.—It is worthy remark, that the penitent thus circum-"ſtanced ever meets with the deepeſt commiſeration, as his ſtate is deemed "truly pitiable. Two inſtances have fallen within our own knowledge where "the penitents have devoted themſelves *to the ſervice of God*, and a pil-"grimage during the term of their life."

* The obvious conſtruction of the mouth and digeſtive faculties of man," ſays Mr. H. "mark him deſtined to feed on fruits, herbage, and milk." Anatomiſts, however, aſſert the very contrary. And the various allotment of food in various countries implies the approbation of nature. In the warmer climates the moſt cooling oils and fruits, &c. are in the greateſt abundance. Where colder regions require the *nutritive ſtrength* of animal food, beeves and ſheep, &c. are in the greateſt plenty and perfection; and ſea fiſh, of all

notwithſtanding whatever number it may have formerly completed.

The time which the purgation and trial of the rebel ſpirits is to continue is alſo aſcertained. It is divided into four *Jogues*, or ages, which in reality are new creations of the univerſe. Three of theſe are paſt—The *Suttee Jogue*, or age of *truth*, laſted 3,200,000 years. In this period the life of man was 100,000 years. The *Tirta Jogue* continued 1,600,000 years, in which the life of man conſiſted of 10,000 years. The *Devapaar Jogue* was ſhortened to 800,000, and the human life to 1000 years. The laſt, the *Kolee Jogue*, or age of *pollution*, is to expire after a period of 400,000 years. In this, human life is reduced to 100 years, and the man is deemed to haſten his exit who dies under that number. In the preſent A. D. 1777, 4877 years of this age have only elapſed, and therefore 359,123 are yet to come.

When *Biſtnoo* propoſed the terms of mercy to the fallen ſpirits in the *Onderah*, all except *Moiſaſoor*, *Rhaabon*, and the other leaders of the rebellion, accepted, with the utmoſt joy, of the divine favour. *Moiſaſoor* and his party were permitted to range through the earth and the lower regions of puniſhment, and to continue their temptations *. *Biſtnoo*, and the other good

all aliments the ſharpeſt and hotteſt in their ſalts, are profuſely thrown around the cold ſhores of the North. The Gentoos, who live ſolely upon rice and vegetables, are of all mankind the feebleſt, moſt ſhort-lived, and puſillanimous.

* "When we peruſe ſome portions of *Milton*'s account of the rebellion "and expulſion of the angels," ſays Mr. H. "we are almoſt led to imagine, "on

good angels, petitioned for permiſſion to undergo the 89 tranſmigrations, and particularly to become men. It is theſe benevolent ſpirits,

" on compariſon, that *Bramah* and he were both inſtructed by the ſame " ſpirit; had not the ſoaring, ungovernable, inventive genius of the latter, " inſtigated him to illuſtrate his poem with ſcenes too groſs and ludicrous, " as well as manifeſtly repugnant to, and inconſiſtent with, ſentiments we " ought to entertain of an Omnipotent Being (as before remarked) in which " we rather fear he was inſpired by one of thoſe malignant ſpirits (alluded " to in the Shaſtah and elſewhere) who have from their original defection, " been the declared enemies of God and man. For however we are aſto- " niſhed and admire the ſublimity of *Milton's* genius, we can hardly ſome- " times avoid concluding his conceits are truly diabolical.—" The former remark Mr. H. refers to, is, the ſuppoſition that angels oppoſed God in battle; any other than an inſtant act of expulſion being unworthy of Omnipotence. Milton, however, needs no defence. In the true ſpirit of poetry he oppoſes angel to angel; but theſe ſtrictures of our author lead us to ſome obvious obſervations on his account of the *Gentoo* ſyſtem. God, he tells us, previous to the creation, fought 5000 years with *Modoo* and *Kytoo*; but this is excuſed *by allegory*, and theſe are only *diſcord* and *tumult*; and an inſtant act of Omnipotence, it ſeems, was not here neceſſary. According to Mr. H's *divine* ſyſtem of the *Gentoos*, God has no preſcience of the actions of free agents. To ſtrip the Supreme Being of preſcience gives a ſevere ſhock to reaſon; and moſt aſſuredly it is the higheſt preſumption in a finite mind, to deny an attribute eſſential to omnipotence and omniſcience, becauſe its confined ideas cannot * conceive the manner of that attribute's operation.

* *To reconcile the Divine preſcience with the liberty of volition, has vainly employed many philoſophers. Freedom of choice has been denied, and the groſs impiety of fataliſm has by many been adopted, to avoid the groſs abſurdity which would limit the powers of the eternal mind. Yet nothing, we preſume, is eaſier than to ſatisfy* found reaſon *on this ſubject. Let us remember our intellectual powers are very limited; let us remember we cannot form the fainteſt idea of the act of creation.* God ſaid let there be light, and there was light, *is an expreſſion moſt truly ſublime; but it conveys not the leaſt idea of the modus how his power either* acted upon *that which was* not, *or upon that which afterwards* was. *Yet, we know we exiſt, and that we did not create ourſelves. In this caſe we reſt ſatisfied that we cannot comprehend the manner how the Deity acts. To deny preſcience to omnipotent omniſcience is juſt as reaſonable as to deny the creation. As we readily reſolve the one, let us alſo reſolve the other, into an attribute* peculiar *to the* exiſtence *of the Deity. This ſolution is not only perfectly eaſy, but the* power *of Creation ſtamps the higheſt authority of analogy upon it. Each of the other two ſolutions, fataliſm and negation of divine preſcience, are founded upon, and end, in the moſt impious abſurdity.*

ſpirits, ſay the *Gentoos*, who at different times, under the various characters of kings, generals, philoſophers, lawgivers, and prophets, have given ſhining examples of fortitude, virtue, and purity. Many of theſe incarnations took place in the former *Jogues*, but in the preſent one they are very rare*; the good angels, however, are permitted inviſibly to aſſiſt the penitent, and to afford them ſupport and protection. When the 359,123 years yet remaining of the preſent *Jogue* are expired, all the obdurate

ration. But the groſſeſt impiety ſtill remains. The reſtoration of the fallen ſpirits, according to Mr. Holwell's *Gentoo* ſyſtem, flowed not from God; He is not *there* the fountain of mercy. The compaſſion of the good angels alone produced this divine favour, after the ſolicitation of 426 millions of years. In Milton we have no ſuch abſurdities, no ſuch impieties, as theſe ſuppoſitions and aſſertions contain.

* The Devil and his chiefs, according to Mr. H. have often, as well as the good angels, taken the human form, and appeared in the character of tyrants; and corrupters of morals, or *philoſophers*; who, according to Mr. H. are the devil's *faithful deputies*. The great engines of Satan's temptations, ſays Mr. H. (p. 160. ch. viii.) are the uſe of animal food, and vinous and ſpirituous potations. "To give the Devil his due," ſays he, "it muſt in "juſtice be acknowledged that the introduction of theſe two *firſt rate vices* "was a maſter-piece of politics in *Moiſaſoor* or *Satan*, who alone was capable "of working ſo diabolical a change in rational intellectual beings." The ſyſtem by which Satan effected this change, ſays Mr. H. was thus; "he began with the *prieſthood*. He ſuggeſted the religious uſe of animal ſacrifices, and of vinous libations. The prieſts ſoon began to taſte, and the laity followed their example. And theſe *two vices*, ſays he, are the roots from which all moral evils ſprang, and continue to flouriſh in the world." And, indeed, Mr. H. is ſerious; nay, he hopes the time is near, when animal food will be totally diſuſed, and very earneſtly he adviſes the butchers to turn bakers; an occupation, which he aſſures them, will be much more agreeable to their *humanity* of diſpoſition. And here we muſt remark that Mr. H. tells us, "it is more than probable that *Moſes* himſelf was the very identical ſpirit," deputed "in an earlier age" to deliver God's will "under the ſtile and title of Bramah." But whence then the bloody ſacrifices of the *Moſaical* law? Why, the anſwer is perfectly eaſy on Mr. H's ſcheme.—As St. Peter by his ſanction to *kill and eat* corrupted the pure doctrine of *Chriſt* or *Birmah*, ſo Aaron the high prieſt by his bloody ſacrifices corrupted the pure doctrine of *Moſes* or *Bramah*.

durate ſpirits who have not attained the firſt region of purification, ſhall be thrown into the *Onderah* for ever. The eight regions of probation ſhall be then deſtroyed. And when the ſpirits in the ſeven planets of purification ſhall have attained the higheſt heaven, theſe regions ſhall alſo be no more. A long time after this, ſays the *Shaſtah*, there ſhall be another creation, but of what kind, or upon what principles, the *Eternal One* only knows.

Such are the terms of ſalvation offered by the *Shaſtah* as given by Mr. Holwell. Almoſt innumerable are the wild, fanciful accounts of the creation contained in the ſacred books of India. Some of them are moſt horridly impure, (See *Faria y Souſa*, Tom. II. p. 4. c. i.) and almoſt all of them have a whimſical meanneſs, or groſſneſs of idea. The account given by Mr. H. as that of the genuine, inſpired *Shaſtah* is thus, "When the "Eternal ONE firſt began his intended new creation of the uni- "verſe, he was oppoſed by two mighty *Oſſoors*, (i. e. *giants*) "which proceeded from the *wax* of *Brum's* (i. e. *Birmah's*) "ear; and their names were *Modoo* and *Kytoo*. And the "Eternal ONE contended and fought with *Modoo* and *Kytoo* "five thouſand years; and he ſmote them on his thigh, and "they were loſt and aſſimilated with Murto (*earth*)."

Birmah is then appointed to create, *Biſtnoo* to preſerve, and *Sieb* to change or deſtroy.—Mr. H. thus proceeds, "And when "*Brum* (*Birmah*) heard the command, which the mouth of "the Eternal ONE had uttered, he ſtraightways formed a *leaf of* "*beetle*, and he floated on the *beetle leaf* over the ſurface of the "waters, and the children of *Modoo* and *Kytoo* fled from be-

"fore

" fore him, and vaniſhed from his preſence: and when the agi-
" tation of the waters had ſubſided by the powers of the ſpi-
" rit of *Brum*, *Biſtnoo* ſtraightways transformed himſelf into a
" *mighty boar*, and deſcending into the abyſs of waters, brought up
" the *Murto* on his tuſks. Then ſpontaneouſly iſſued from him
" a mighty *tortoiſe* and a *mighty ſnake*. And *Biſtnoo* put the ſnake
" erect upon the *back* of the tortoiſe, and placed *Murto* upon
" the *head* of the ſnake. And all things were created and
" formed by Birmah."——Mr. Holwell informs us, that all this is ſublime allegory; that *Modoo* and *Kytoo* ſignify diſcord and confuſion; that the boar is the *Gentoos'* ſymbol of ſtrength; the tortoiſe, of ſtability; and the ſerpent, of wiſdom. And thus the ſtrength of God placed wiſdom on ſtability, and the earth upon wiſdom. But what the *beetle leaf*, and the *wax* of Brum's ear ſignify, Mr. H. has not told us.

As an account of the doctrines of the Brahmins is a neceſſary illuſtration of the Seventh Luſiad, ſome obſervations on their opinions are alſo requiſite. Mr. Holwell talks in the higheſt terms of theſe philoſophers; he calls them " a people, who, " from the earlieſt times, have been an ornament to the crea-
" tion." At the ſame time he confeſſes, " that unleſs we dive " into the myſteries of their theology they ſeem below the level " of the brute creation." Our firſt remarks ſhall therefore be confined to that ſyſtem which is given by Mr. H. as the pure and primary revelation which God gave to the rebellious ſpirits by *Chriſt*, at that time named *Birmah*.

" The creation and propagation of the human form, according
" to the ſcriptures of *Bramah*, ſays Mr. H. are clogged with
" *no*

"*no difficulties, no ludicrous unintelligible circumſtances, or inconſiſten-*
"*cies.* God previouſly conſtructs mortal bodies of both ſexes
"for the reception of the angelic ſpirits——theſe were all
"doomed to paſs through many ſucceſſive tranſmigrations in the
"mortal priſons, as a ſtate of puniſhment and purgation before
"they received the grace of animating the human form, which
"is their chief ſtate of probation and trial." This, however, without heſitation, (the reader, we fear, will ſmile at the pains we take,) we will venture to call highly unphiloſophical. Nature has made almoſt the whole creation of fiſhes to feed upon each other. Their purgation therefore is only a mock trial; for, according to Mr. H. whatever being deſtroys a mortal body muſt begin its tranſmigrations anew; and thus the ſpirits of the fiſhes would be juſt where they were, though millions of the four Jogues were repeated. Mr. H. is at great pains to ſolve the reaſon why the fiſhes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other ſpecies of animals ſuffered death. The only reaſon for it, he ſays, is that they were more favoured of God, as more innocent. Why then are theſe leſs guilty ſpirits united to bodies whoſe natural inſtinct precludes them the very poſſibility of ſalvation? There is not a bird perhaps but eats occaſionally inſects and reptiles. Even the Indian philoſopher himſelf, who lets vermin overrun him, who carefully ſweeps his path ere he treads upon it, leſt he ſhould diſlodge the ſoul of an inſect, and who covers his mouth with a cloth, leſt he ſhould ſuck in a gnat with his breath; even he, in every ſallad which he eats, and in every cup of water which he drinks, cauſes the death of innumerable living creatures.——His ſalvation, therefore, according to Mr. H.'s Gentoo ſyſtem, is as impoſſible as that of the fiſhes.

Nor

Nor need we ſcruple to pronounce the purgation of ſpirits, by paſſing through brutal forms, as *ludicrouſly unintelligible.* The young of every animal has moſt innocence. An old vicious ram has made a ſtrange retrograde purgation, when we conſider that he was once a lamb, the mildeſt and moſt innocent of creatures.

The attentive reader, no doubt, has ere now been apt to enquire, How is the perſon and revelation of *Chriſt* and of *Birmah* one and the ſame. Mr. H. thus ſolves the difficulty: The doctrine of Chriſt, as it is delivered to us, is totally corrupted. Age after age has disfigured it. Even the moſt ancient record of its hiſtory, the N. T. is groſsly corrupted. St. Paul by *his reveries*, as Mr. H. ſays, and St. Peter by his ſanction to *kill and eat*, began this woeful declenſion and perverſion of the doctrines of *Chriſt.*

A traveller, ſays Mr. H. who deſcribes the religious tenets of any nation, but does not dive into the myſteries of their theology, "diſhoneſtly impoſes his own reveries on the world, and "does the greateſt injury and violence to letters and the cauſe "of humanity." And here it muſt be again repeated, that Mr. H. aſſures us, that he received his inſtructions from ſome of the moſt learned Brahmins, an opportunity which he deems ſuperior to whatever had been enjoyed by any former enquirer.

A few years after Mr. Holwell's treatiſes were given to the public, Mr. Dow, who had alſo been in India, publiſhed alſo his account of the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins. The

ſuperior

ſuperior opportunities of knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Dow are thus mentioned by himſelf.

Talking of the whole body of modern travellers, he ſays, "They have prejudiced Europe againſt the Brahmins, and by a "very *unfair* account, have thrown diſgrace upon a ſyſtem of "religion and philoſophy which they did *by no means* inveſtigate." After this he tells us, (Diſſert. p. xxii.) "that converſing *by* "*accident* one day with a noble and learned Brahmin, he per-"ceived the error of Europeans; and having reſolved to acquire "ſome knowledge of the *Shanſcrita* language, the grand repoſi-"tory of the religion, philoſophy, and hiſtory of the Hindoos, "his noble friend the Brahmin procured him a pundit (or *teacher*) "from the univerſity of *Benaris*, well verſed in the *Shanſcrita*, "and maſter of all the knowledge of that learned body."—— Mr. Dow, however, confeſſes, that he had not time to acquire the *Shanſcrita;* but his pundit, he ſays, procured *ſome* of the principal *Shaſters*, and "explained to him as many paſſages of thoſe curious books, as ſerved to give him a *general* idea of the doctrine which they contain."

Such an opportunity of *ſuperior* knowledge as this, is *certainly ſingular*. But though it is thus confeſſedly *partial*, and entirely dependent on the truth of his pundit, the claims of authenticity alledged by other travellers (p. xxxvii.) are thus reprobated—— "They affirm, that they derived their information from the "Hindoos themſelves. This may be the caſe, but they *certainly* "converſed upon that ſubject only with the inferior tribes, or "with the unlearned part of the Brahmins: and it would be as

"ridi-

" ridiculous to hope for a true ſtate of the religion and philoſo-
" phy of the *Hindoos* from thoſe illiterate caſts, as it would be
" in a *Mahommedan* in London, to rely upon the accounts of a
" pariſh beadle, concerning the moſt abſtruſe points of the Chriſ-
" tian faith; or, to form his opinion of the principles of the
" Newtonian philoſophy, from a converſation with an Engliſh
" carman."

Having thus eſtabliſhed his own authority, our author proceeds to a view of the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins. But here it is proper to obſerve, that having mentioned Mr. Holwell, Mr. Dow informs his reader, that he " *finds himſelf* " *obliged to differ almoſt in every particular concerning the religion* " *of the Hindoos, from that gentleman.*"

The *Bedang* or ſacred book of the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, contains various accounts of the creation, one philoſophical, the others allegorical. The philoſophical one is contained in a dialogue between *Brimha* and his ſon *Narud*. God is here thus defined, " Being immaterial, he is above all conception; being " inviſible, he can have no form; but from what we behold in " his works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, " knowing all things, and preſent every where." This Mr. Dow informs us in a note, is literally tranſlated, and, " whether we, " ſays he, who profeſs Chriſtianity, and call the *Hindoos* by the " deteſtable names of Pagans and idolaters, have higher ideas of " the ſupreme divinity, we ſhall leave to the unprejudiced reader " to determine." Yet ſurely God is not above *all* conception. Nor is his inviſibility to his creatures a philoſophical proof that he *can* have no form.

Narud's enquiries into the nature of the ſoul or intellect are thus anſwered——It is a portion of the GREAT SOUL, breathed into all creatures to animate them for a certain time; after death it either animates other bodies, or is abſorbed into the divine eſſence. The wicked are not at death diſengaged from the elements, but cloathed with bodies of fire, air, &c. and for a time are puniſhed in hell; and the good are abſorbed "in a participa-"tion of the divine nature, where all paſſions are utterly un-"known, and where conſciouſneſs is loſt in bliſs." Mr. Dow confeſſes that a ſtate of unconſciouſneſs is in fact the ſame with annihilation; and indeed it is, though he ſays that the Shaſter "*ſeems* here to imply a kind of delirium of joy." By this unintelligible ſublimity we are put in mind of ſome of the reveries of a Shafteſbury or a Malebranche, and that wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

Narud then enquires into the continuance and diſſolution of the world. And here we have a legend much the ſame with Mr. Holwell's four Jogues or ages; after which the world ſhall be deſtroyed by fire, matter be annihilated, and God exiſt alone. Our year, according to the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, makes one planetary day. The firſt *Jug* or *age of truth*, contained four, the ſecond three, the third two, and the preſent *Jug*, or *age of pollution*, is to contain one thouſand of theſe planetary years. According to Mr. Dow, at the end of theſe periods there is not only a diſſolution of all things, but between the diſſolutions and renovations of the world, a period of 3,720,000 of our years. In the note on the Ptolemaic ſyſtem in Luſiad X. we truſt we have inveſtigated the ſource of theſe various ages of the Brahmins, and traced the origin of that idea into a natural planetary appearance.

In

In Mr. Dow's, or rather his *Pundit*'s tranſlation of the ſacred Shaſter, we have the following account of the creation. It is contained in what our author, p. xlvi. calls the *philoſophical catechiſm*. Narud enquires, how did God create the world? and is anſwered; "Affection dwelt with God from all eternity. It "was of three different kinds, the creative, the preſerving, and "the deſtructive. The firſt is repreſented by *Brimha*, the ſecond "by *Biſhen*, and the third by *Shibah*. You, O Narud, are taught "to worſhip all the three, in various ſhapes and likeneſſes, as the "creator, the preſerver, and the deſtroyer. The affection of "God then produced power, and power, at a proper conjunction "of time and *fate*, embraced goodneſs, and produced matter. "The three qualities then acting upon matter, produced the uni-"verſe in the following manner: From the oppoſite actions of "the creative and deſtructive quality in matter, ſelf-motion firſt "aroſe. Self-motion was of three kinds; the firſt inclining to "plaſticity, the ſecond to diſcord, and the third to reſt. The "diſcordant actions then produced the Akaſh, which inviſible "element poſſeſſed the quality of conveying ſound; it produced "air, a palpable element; fire, a viſible element; water, a fluid "element; and earth, a ſolid element."

Such is the *philoſophical* coſmogony placed by Mr. Dow, but for what reaſon we cannot diſcover, in oppoſition to the *allegorical* accounts which the Brahmins give of the creation.

The Shaſters, according to Mr. Dow, are divided into four Bedas (i. e. *the Bhades of Mr.* H.). The firſt, he ſays, treats principally of the ſcience of divination; the ſecond, of religious and moral duties; the third, of the rites of religion, ſacrifices,

penances, &c.; and the fourth, of the knowledge of the good being, and contains the whole ſcience of theology and metaphyſical philoſophy.

And thus, the Brahmins avow, and their ſacred books contain, that moſt deſpicable of all pretenſions to learning, judicial aſtrology; that mother of ſuperſtition in every country, that engine of villainy, by which the philoſophers of India, and the gypſies of England, impoſe on the credulous and ignorant. "When a "child is born, ſays Mr. Dow, p. xxxiii. ſome of the Brahmins "are called; they pretend, from the horoſcope of his nativity, "to foretel his future fortune, by means of ſome aſtrological ta- "bles, of which they are poſſeſſed." They then tie a ſtring, called the zinar, round his neck, which all the Hindoos wear, ſays our author, by way of charm or amulet.

That the Gentoos are divided into two great ſects is confeſſed, though differently accounted for by both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. By the latter they are diſtinguiſhed as the followers of the Bedang, the moſt ancient; and the *Neadirſen, a later Shaſter*. This, which by its followers is held as ſacred, is ſaid to have been written, ſays our author, by a "philoſopher, called Goutam, near "4000 years ago." As a ſpecimen of this moſt abſtruſe metaphyſician, take the following——Five things muſt of neceſſity be eternal, firſt, the *Pirrum Attima*, or the *great ſoul*, which is immaterial, omniſcient, &c.; the ſecond, the *Five Attima*, or the *vital ſoul*; the third; time or duration; the fourth, ſpace or extenſion; the fifth, the Akaſh, or heavenly element, "which fills up the vacuum "or ſpace, and is compounded of *purmans* or quantities infinitely "ſmall,

" ſmall, indiviſible, and perpetual. God, ſays he, can neither " make nor annihilate theſe atoms, on account of the love which " he bears to them, and the neceſſity of their exiſtence; but they " are in other reſpects totally ſubſervient to his pleaſure."

Not to be tedious, we ſhall only look into this metaphyſical labyrinth. Goutam ſuppoſes the vital ſoul is material, ſays Mr. D. by giving it the following properties, *number*, *quantity*, motion, contraction, extenſion, *diviſibility*, perception, pleaſure, pain, deſire, averſion, accident and power. How Mr. D. diſcovers that Goutam ſuppoſes perception, deſire, &c. as the characteriſtics of matter, we know not; neither can we conceive the *number*, *quantity* or *diviſibility* of a *living* ſoul. The Akaſh, or atoms, which God can neither make nor deſtroy, were formed by him into the ſeeds of all productions, when *Jive Attima*, or the vital ſoul aſſociating with them, animals and plants were produced. And thus the greateſt act of creation is aſcribed to *Jive Attima*, a principle or quality which God did not produce. " The ſame vital ſoul, ſays Goutam, which before aſſociated with the *atom* of an animal, may afterwards aſſociate with the *atom* of a man;" the ſuperiority of man conſiſting only in his finer organization. " The follow- " ers of the Bedang, ſays Mr. Dow, affirm, that there is no " ſoul in the univerſe but God; the ſect of *Neadirſen* ſtrenuouſly " hold that there is, as they cannot conceive that God can be " ſubject to ſuch affections and paſſions as they feel in their own " minds, or that he can poſſibly have a propenſity to evil." That is, in plain words, ſome do, and ſome do not think themſelves to be God. Wherefore, according to Goutam, the author of the humbler ſect, the vital ſoul is the ſource of evil, and is of neceſſity

co-eternal with the eternal mind. But the *neceſſity* of the co-eternity of the *vital ſoul*, is as unphiloſophical, we apprehend, as the much *ſuperior* agency aſcribed to it by Goutam, in the work of creation, is blaſphemous and abſurd. Yet Mr. D. has told us, p. lxxvi. that the Hindoo doctrine, while it teaches the pureſt morals, is ſyſtematically formed on philoſophical opinions.

Goutam, ſays Mr. Dow, admits a particular providence. But "though he cannot deny the poſſibility of its exiſtence," ſays our author, "without diveſting God of his omnipotence, he ſuppoſes "that the Deity never exerts that power, but that he remains in "eternal reſt, taking no concern, *neither* in human affairs, *nor* in "the courſe of the operations of nature."

This may be called philoſophy, but ſurely this article in the creed of Goutam is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philoſophical definition of which is certainly thus, *A filial dependence on the Creator, ſimilar to that of a child who ſincerely wiſhes to render himſelf acceptable to his father.*

"The learned Brahmins, ſays Dow, with one voice, deny "the exiſtence of inferior divinities. Their polytheiſm is only "a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine attributes, and it is much to "be doubted, whether the want of revelation and philoſophy, "thoſe neceſſary purifiers of religion, ever involved any nation "in groſs idolatry, as many *ignorant zealots* have pretended."

. . . . "Under the name of Brimha, they worſhip the "wiſdom and creative power of God; under the appellation of "Biſhen, his providential and preſerving quality; and under that "of Shibah, that attribute which tends to deſtroy."

"Shibah,

" Shibah, ſays the ſame author, among many others, is known " by the names of Mahoiſſur, the great demon; Bamdebo, the " frightful ſpirit; and Mohilla, the deſtroyer."

The ſame authority alſo informs us, that they erect temples to Graneſh, or policy, whom they worſhip at the commencement of any deſign, repreſented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth: that they have many figurative images of Brahma, one of which repreſents him riding on a gooſe, the emblem of ſimplicity among the Hindoos: that they worſhip Kartic, or fame; Cobere, or wealth; Soorage, or the ſun; Chunder, or the moon; the deities of water, fire, &c. beſides an innumerable herd of local divinities. In another place, our author confeſſes that there are two religious ſects in India: " The one, " ſays he, look up to the divinity through the medium of reaſon " and philoſophy; while the others receive as an article of their " belief, every holy legend and allegory which have been tranſ- " mitted down from antiquity." He confeſſes, alſo, the groſſneſs of the vulgar of all countries, who cannot comprehend abſtract ſubjects. Nay, he ſays, it cannot be denied, p. xlix. but that the more ignorant Hindoos do believe in the exiſtence of their inferior divinities, " in the ſame manner that Chriſtians do in an- " gels." Yet, along with all this, Mr. D. is ſeveral times offended with the charge of idolatry brought againſt the Brahmins. Fearleſs, however, of the name of *ignorant zealot*, we will not ſcruple to aſſert, that the refined opinions of a very few ought by no means to fix the characteriſtic of the religion of any country. To call the obvious idolatry of India only a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine attributes, is only to preſent to us a ſpecious ſhadow which

will diſperſe and evaniſh, as ſoon as the light of juſt examination ſhines upon it.

That the polytheiſm of Egypt, the worſhip of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a ſymbolical worſhip of the divine attributes, has been often ſaid, and with equal juſtice. For our part we can diſtinguiſh no difference between the worſhip of Janus with two faces, or of Brahma with four. The philoſophers of Rome were as able to allegoriſe as thoſe of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Brahmins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, falls nothing ſhort of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century wrote a treatiſe to prove that there never was ſuch a thing as idolatry in the world; for, every man, he ſaid, intended to worſhip ſome attribute of the divinity, which he believed to reſide in his idol.

Nor is a ſentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this: "Let us "reſt aſſured, ſays he, that whatever the *external ceremonies* of re- "ligion may be, the ſelf ſame infinite being is the object of uni- "verſal adoration." Yet whatever the metaphyſician may think of this ingenious refinement, the moral philoſopher will be little pleaſed with it, when he conſiders that the vulgar, that is ninety-nine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of practiſing their idolatry; according to this philoſophical definition. That the *learned* Brahmins with one voice aſſert there is but one ſupreme God, has been acknowledged by almoſt all modern travellers. Xavier himſelf confeſſes this. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Brahmins, in public, worſhip and teach the worſhip of idols. To give an account both of the popular and what is called

called the philoſophical religion of India, is the purpoſe of this eſſay. To abſtract our view therefore from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the ſpirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is juſt the ſame as if a traveller ſhould tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine miſſion of Mohammed is denied at Conſtantinople; becauſe at the one place he converſed with a deiſtical biſhop, or at the other with a philoſophical Mufti. However pleaſed therefore the metaphyſician may be with ingenious refinement, the moraliſt will conſider that the queſtion is not, how the philoſopher may refine upon any ſyſtem, but how the people will, of conſequence, practiſe under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehenſible or commendable. That the religion of the Brahmins is highly reprehenſible every moraliſt muſt allow, when he conſiders, that the moſt unworthy ideas of the Divinity, ideas deſtructive of morality, naturally ariſe from idol worſhip; and the vulgar, it is every where confeſſed, cannot avoid the abuſe. What can he think of the piety of a poor ſuperſtitious Indian, when he worſhips the great dæmon, the deſtroyer, and frightful ſpirit? Does he love what he worſhips? And can piety exiſt where the object of adoration is hated? Nor can we ſtop here; the futility of our refined apology for idolatry will ſtill appear in a ſtronger light. What will the definition avail in the balance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other ſcale? Paleſtine, Tyre, and Carthage, made their children "paſs "through the fire unto Moloch;" and human ſacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. The human ſacrifices of Mexico (of which ſee the Introduction) afford the moſt

moſt dreadful example of human depravity. Yet the Mexicans in this moſt deteſtable, moſt criminal ſuperſtition, in *their own way* worſhipped God. No philoſophers ever entertained ſublimer ideas of the Divinity, and of the human ſoul, than the antient Druids. Yet what ſhall we think of the *Wicker Man!* A gigantic figure; the body, each leg and arm was a maſt, to which an hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors, or priſoners of war, the innocent helpleſs were ſeized, that the horrid ſacrifice might be complete. When all the rites were performed the ſublime Druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the moſt acceptable inſurance of the divine protection*. In the moſt poliſhed ages of antient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, baſely impure. To mention any particular would be an inſult to the ſcholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift, make one deteſt the *Yahoo* ſpecies, are a part of the religious *externals* of many barbarous tribes. A citation from Baumgarten's travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itſelf. "Inſuper ſanctum illum, quem eo loco [*in "Egypt*] vidimus, publicitus apprimé commendari, eum eſſe "hominem

* Had the great author of the Paradiſe Loſt continued the viſions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book, what a dreadful diſplay of the conſequences of his diſobedience might the Angel have given to Adam, had he preſented him with a view of the horrid ſacrifices of Mexico, or the Wicker Man? What horror muſt the parent of mankind have felt, had Michael ſhewed him his adverſary, *Satan*, ſeated on a neighbouring mountain delighted with the yells and the ſteam of theſe terrible hecatombs? But what even deeper horror muſt Adam have felt, had the devil conjured up a philoſopher to deſire him to "*reſt aſſured that whatever the* external ceremonies *of religion may be, the ſelf-ſame infinite Being is the object of univerſal adoration?*"

" hominem ſanctum, divinum à integritate præcipuum; eo quod, " nec fœminarum unquam eſſet, nec puerorum, ſed tantummodo " aſclarum concubitor atque mularum." Decency will allow no tranſlation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practiſed, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Brahma, the *conſequences* are felt, and a *remedy* is wanted: the vulgar are groſs idolaters; the wiſer part ſee the cheat, and as the human mind has a woeful propenſity to overſtep the *golden mean*, they become almoſt indifferent to every tie of religion.

Though Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow moſt eſſentially diſagree in their ſyſtems of Indian philoſophy, yet they moſt cordially coincide in their opinion of the high antiquity and unadulterated ſameneſs of the Gentoo philoſophy and religion, an antiquity and ſameneſs to which they aſcribe about 4000 years. Conſcious that the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given of the *Brachmanes*, moſt effectually refute this *ſameneſs*, Mr. H. denies the authority of theſe authors, though he acknowledges the invaſion of *Alexander*. His reaſons are theſe:

" The *Greek* and *Latin* conſtruction and termination of the " names and places of the princes and kingdoms of *Indoſtan*, ſaid " by *Alexander*'s hiſtorians to be conquered by him, bear not " the laſt analogy or idiom of the Gentoo language, either " ancient or modern." Vid. c. iv. p. 3.

But if this will prove what Mr. H. intends, the Greeks and Romans were unacquainted with the opinions of every na-

tion they viſited, for they always gave their own idiomatic conſtruction and termination to the proper names of every place where they came.

Mr. H. denies that *Porus* ever exiſted. The Gentoo annals, he ſays, make not the leaſt mention of him. Camoëns, however, who lived many years in the Eaſt, and was *no duped enquirer*, aſſures us (Luſ. VII.) that the warlike kingdom of Cambaya claimed *Porus*. And Feriſhta's hiſtory of Hindoſtan, as tranſlated by Mr. Dow, tells us that *Foor*, the father of *Porus*, was overthrown, and killed in battle, by Alexander.

Mr. H.'s third and laſt argument is the ſhortneſs of time employed in *Alexander*'s expedition, and the vaſt difficulty of acquiring the Gentoo tongue. "Can it be poſſibly believed, "ſays he, that any of *Alexander*'s followers could in this ſhort "ſpace acquire ſuch perfection in the Gentoo language as "could enable them juſtly to tranſmit down the religious ſyſtem "of a nation with whom they can ſcarcely be ſaid to have had "any communication?"

But Mr. H. ought to have known, that the Greeks were well acquainted with the Perſic, and the Perſians with the Indian language; and that Alexander found many thouſands in the Eaſt who talked Greek, who were the deſcendants of thoſe bands of invalids who had been left by Xenophon. And that thus, Alexander's followers had, from theſe various and numerous interpreters, the beſt opportunity, perhaps, which ever exiſted, of acquainting themſelves with the Indian philoſophy.

Having

Having thus proved that ſome credit is due to the ancients, we proceed to the various accounts they have given, in which we hope the credible will eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from the miſ-apprehended and fabulous. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, yet *Achilleſes* for ſwiftneſs of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of ſome who lived by the ſmell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of ſome whoſe ears hung down to the ground.

Cteſias, as cited by *Photius*, talks in the ſame ſtile, of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India. Even in Horace's time it appears that the *faith* of Indian travellers was proverbial:

——*Quæ loca fabuloſus*
Lambit Hydaſpes.

Yet we ought to remember that *Fernando Alarchon*, a Spaniſh voyager of undoubted credit, ſaw men with tails on the coaſt of *California*; and that ſeveral others have ſeen men with dogs' heads. But let not a certain living author rejoice in *Alarchon*'s authority as a proof of the truth of his opinion that the human form had originally the appendix of a poſterior tail; for *Alarchon* tells us that the tails which he ſaw, were diſcovered to be fictitious. And we are alſo aſſured that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. The Indian fountains of gold will alſo be found a very eaſy, though ignorant error. We need only to ſuppoſe that the Indian legends of worlds made of ſilver and gold with fountains of milk and oil, were miſtaken for the natural hiſtory of India.

If

If theſe wild tales of Pliny and others, the miſapprehenſions of weak and ignorant travellers, have diſcredited the authority of the ancients; other circumſtances will prove their better intimacy with the Indian opinions and manners.

All the ancients * concur in their accounts of the dreadful penances of the Brachmanes; theſe they ſay conſiſt of ſitting naked in all changes of weather, of moſt painful poſtures, of fixing the eye all day unalterably on the ſun or ſome other object; with ſeveral other circumſtances, which are all moſt literally confirmed by *every* modern traveller who has written of theſe philoſophers.

The metempſychoſis of the Indians was alſo well known to the ancients. All the Gentoo legends mentioned by the ancients are in the ſame wild ſpirit, and ſome even the ſame in circumſtances, with thoſe acknowledged by Holwell and Dow. Calanus, celebrated by the hiſtorians of Alexander, told Oneſicritus the philoſopher, ſays Strabo, that there had been a world of gold, where the fountains ſtreamed with milk, honey, wine, and oil; and where the wheat was as plentiful as duſt. But that God, in puniſhment of human wickedneſs, had altered it, and had impoſed a life of labour and miſery on men. Oneſicritus was deſirous to hear more; but a Brahmin penance was impoſed by Calanus as the condition, and the Greek philoſopher was contented with what he had heard.

Here

* See Cic. Tuſc. Queſt. l. 5. and all Alexander's hiſtorians. Plin. l. vii. c. 2. Alſo Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. l. 3. Jerome, and other fathers alſo, often mention theſe penances.

Here we have indubitable proof that the ancients were well acquainted with the Indian philoſophers. Jerome (Adv. Jovian. l. i.) mentions not only the burning of widows, but their ardent deſire of giving this teſtimony of affection. This cuſtom ſtill continues as a rite performed *upon principle*, but the ſelf-murder of the Brahmin philoſophers is not now, as formerly, by fire, or at all common: yet we have the concurrent teſtimony of the ancients, that on the approach of diſeaſe, the infirmities of age, and even in the mere dread of calamity, the Indian, upon principle, made his exit in the flames. Cicero, Tuſc. Queſt. l. 5. and Lucan, l. 3. mention this cuſtom as univerſally known.

Several ambaſſadors were ſent by a king of India, a king of ſix hundred kings, to Auguſtus Cæſar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of theſe, a Brahmin philoſopher, burned himſelf at Athens. His life had been extremely proſperous, and he took this method, he ſaid, to prevent a reverſe of fortune. Amid a great concourſe of people, he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he deſired might be inſcribed on his tomb, was, "Here reſts *Zarmanochagas*, the Indian of Bargoſa, who, according to the *cuſtom* of his country, made himſelf immortal." And it was on the advances of a diſtemper that Calanus amuſed Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philoſophy. But this cuſtom is diſuſed. And from hence we have certain proof that the cuſtoms of the Brahmins have undergone moſt conſiderable alterations. This will farther appear by the teſtimony which antiquity gives of the ſimplicity of their worſhip. The Indians who had any idols are mentioned by the ancients.

ancients as few in number and groſs barbarians. The Brachmanes, on the contrary, are commended for the ſimplicity of their worſhip. The laborious philoſopher Porphyry, though poſſeſſed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempſychoſis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Brahma or his brothers. On the contrary, he repreſents their worſhip as extremely pure and ſimple. Strabo's account of them is ſimilar. And Euſebius has aſſured us they worſhipped no images *.

With theſe weighty evidences of the *principled* ſelf-murder, and ſimplicity of the worſhip of the *Brachmanes*, antiquity cloſes her account of theſe philoſophers. Euſebius lived in the fourth century; Gama at the end of the fifteenth, and thoſe who followed him in the beginning of the ſixteenth, found their innumerable temples filled with innumerable idols of the moſt horrid figures. The adoration of theſe was ſo complex and various, and their religious rites ſo multiplied, that, as Mr. Holwell confeſſes, a prieſt became neceſſary in every family. The wild abſurdities of the Arabian Nights Entertainments fall infinitely ſhort of thoſe of the innumerable mythological legends of India; and human depravity, in no quarter of the globe, ever produced ſuch deteſtable fictions of impurity, as are contained in the legendary hiſtories of the deities of the Brahmins.

Camoëns,

* ——χιλιάδες πολλαὶ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, ὅιτινες κατὰ παραδοσὶν τῶν προγόνων καὶ νόμων ὅτε φονεύουσιν, ΟΥΤΕ ΞΟΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ——

Euſeb. Prep. Evan. Lib. vi. c. 10. p. 275. Ed. Pariſ. 1628.

Camoëns, whoſe depth of obſervation rendered him greatly ſuperior to the impoſition of the moſt ſpecious Brahmin, and who was long in the Eaſt, gives us in the preceding book, a very unfavourable idea of the religious worſhip and manners of India. The ſtate in which the firſt diſcoverers of the Eaſt found the religion and philoſophy of the Brahmins deſerves very particular attention: and *Faria y Souza* has been careful to give us a full and comprehenſive view of the opinions which prevailed when his countrymen landed in India.

According to Faria their ſyſtem of the univerſe is thus: The heaven reſts on the earth: the ſun and moon move like fiſhes in the water, from eaſt to weſt by day, and by night run northward along the edge of the horizon, to the place of their riſing. And the earth is ſupported by the ſnake *Ananta*. They hold an eternal ſucceſſion of worlds. Every thing at the end of theſe periods is deſtroyed, except *Ixoreta* or the Deity, which is then reduced to the ſize of a dew drop; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine ſubſtance in itſelf produces the five elements, (for what they call the heavenly matter they eſteem the fifth,) and then dividing itſelf, the heavens and the earth are formed. In terra, ſimulac formata eſt, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conſpiciuntur τὰ αἰδοῖα, quæ verum *Ixoreta* ſive Nunen appellant, et cauſam cauſarum. Theſe, which are worſhipped in their temples, firſt produce *Ixora*, *Bramah*, and *Viſtnu*, the three primary deities. Some moſt ludicrous impurities follow in Faria. A female named *Chati* is produced by magical words from *Ixora*'s back, and theſe two turning themſelves into different animals beget the different kinds of all living creatures,

men, beaſts, devils, and the heavenly ſpirits. The amours of *Brahma*, *Viſtnu*, and *Ixora* are innumerable. Their offspring have the heads of elephants, goats, monkies, &c. and they are always killing each other and ſpringing up in ſome new *chimera*-form, but the greater deity is always outwitted *. *Brahma*, *Viſtnu*, and *Ixora* paſs through many tranſmigrations, and are born as the filthieſt of animals, monkies, hogs, ſnakes, &c. *Viſtnu* being ſpawned a fiſh, recovers the law or *Shaſtah* from the bottom of the ſea, whither it had been carried by *Breniacxem*, who ſtole it from the heavenly † ſpirits. While *Viſtnu*'s mother *Axoda* was big with him, the Diviners told his father that the child would kill him. Hence his youth reſembles the labours of Hercules. At ſeven years of age he deflowers all his mother's maids, is whipped for it, and is revenged by a repetition of his offence. *Viſtnu*'s exploits are innumerable. But what is eſteemed his greateſt action in all its tranſmigrations is one day's labour of the ſame kind of that for which he was whipped

* This is exactly in the ſpirit of the Talmudical legends. In theſe the prophet or Rabbi invariably outwits his God, and the devil the prophet. E. g. David having performed an action agreeable to heaven, Nathan is ſent to order him to make what requeſt he pleaſed. He deſires to die on a Sabbath evening at ſun-ſet. Again Nathan comes on a like occaſion, and he deſires he may never die while he is reading the law. From this time David was always ſure to be reading the law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flouriſhed, and the Devil was piqued. The love of ſome pears that grew under his window was now David's ruling paſſion. Juſt at ſun-ſet, one Sabbath eve, the devil ſhakes the pear-tree and cries thieves, thieves. David ſtarts up from the book of the law, ſees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David with the ſword of Goliah thinks to purſue them from the window, but the ladder was an illuſion, and David fell down and broke his neck. One would think a Brahmin had been the inventor of this legend.

† For this ſame legend ſee Dow.

whipped; but which extended to ſixteen thouſand one hundred and eight. *Viſtnu* is ſometimes repreſented as the greateſt God. In this character he lies ſleeping on his back in a ſea of milk; yet in this condition he governs the whole world. He lies on the ſnake *Ananta*. At other times *Ixora* is the greateſt God.

If ſome of theſe legends outrage the bounds of allegory, part of the following is obvious. *Brahma* and *Viſtnu* envying *Ixora*'s greatneſs, he promiſed, that if they could find his beginning or end, they ſhould become his ſuperiors. *Viſtnu* turned himſelf into a hog, and with his ſnout dug up the earth in ſearch of *Ixora*'s feet, till he was deterred by a ſnake. *Brahma* went in ſearch of his head, but at laſt was diſſuaded to deſiſt by roſes. Theſe, however, he bribed to teſtify that he had ſeen *Ixora*'s head. *Ixora* conſcious of the fraud, ſtrikes off one of *Brahma*'s five heads; and in penance for this crime, *Ixora* travels as a pilgrim. He meets with men who throw wild beaſts at him; ſome he ſleas, and cloaths himſelf with their ſkins; he is at laſt overcome. *Viſtnu* in the ſhape of a beautiful virgin relieves him. *Ixora* gets her with child, and *Viſtnu* bears a ſon. They quarrel who ſhall have the infant, but are reconciled by a heavenly ſpirit, who takes it to himſelf and breeds it an expert archer, on purpoſe to guard him againſt the giant with 500 heads and 1000 hands, who ſprung from the head of *Brahma* when cut off by *Ixora*.

In *Faria* we find the ſevere penances, the ſeas of milk and oil, and the fanciful legends mentioned by the ancients. Theſe, and what mythological reveries he gives us, are in part the

ſame, and all in the true ſpirit of what is told us by our two late writers. As *Viſtnu* lies in the ſea of milk, a roſe ſprings from his navel. Through the hollow ſtalk of this roſe *Brahma* deſcends into *Viſtnu*'s belly. Here he ſees the ideas of all things, and from looking on theſe, he creates the world.

In Faria we find *Brahma* the creator of the world; *Ixora* the perfecter, and *Viſtnu* the governor of all things. We find theſe deities alſo, with different numbers of heads and hands *. *Ixora* holds in his ſixteen hands, a deer, a chair, a fiddle, a bell, a baſon, a trident, a rope, a hook, an ax, fire, a drum, beads, a ſtaff, a wheel, a ſnake, and a horned moon towards his forehead. All this is exactly ſimilar to the accounts of Holwell and Dow.

By the concurrent teſtimony of all the travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, that vileſt of beaſts, the monkey, is held in high veneration. Various are the legends which relate the reaſon of this. Faria ſays that *Ixora* and *Chati*, having turned themſelves

* *Patratali*, Ixora's daughter, has eight faces and ſixteen arms, has boars teeth, her hair of peacocks tails, is cloathed with ſnakes, and carries two elephants in her ears for pendants. *Ixora* has a ſon with an elephant's head, has four arms, is of an enormous bulk, and rides upon a mouſe. We are told, however, that theſe fictions do not eſcape ridicule even in India. The writers who have treated of the miſſion of Xavier, relate, that there are extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each conſiſting of eight verſes, in ridicule of the worſhip of the Brahmins, whom he treats with great aſperity and contempt. This poet is named *Palcanar* by *Faria*. Would any of our diligent enquirers after oriental learning favour the public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a ſingular favour on the republic of letters.

themſelves into apes, produced one named *Anuman*, on whom they beſtowed great power. Near the city of Preſeti was a wood full of apes, eſteemed of a divine race, and of the houſehold of Perimal, in whom ſome thouſands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram, ſays Linſchoten, was a ſtately temple erected to one of theſe apes, named HANIMANT: *(probably Anuman. Such variations are common in Indian mythology.)* Being threatened with ſome danger, Hanimant put himſelf at the head of many thouſand of his brother gods, and led them to the ſea ſide; where finding no ſhip, he took a leap into the ocean, and an iſland immediately roſe under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all ſafe to the iſland of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a ſacred relick, and many pilgrimages were made to viſit it. In 1554, the Portugueſe made a deſcent on that iſland, and among other things ſeized the holy tooth. The Indian princes offered 700,000 ducats in ranſom, but by the perſuaſion of the archbiſhop, Don Conſtantine de Braganza, the Portugueſe viceroy, burned it in the preſence of the Indian ambaſſadors. A BANIAN, however, had the art to perſuade his countrymen that he was inviſibly preſent when the Portugueſe burnt the tooth, that he had ſecreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His ſtory was believed, ſays our author, and the king of Biſnagar gave him a great ſum for a tooth which he produced as the ſacred relick. The ſtriking reſemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs,

crododiles, onions, frogs, and even *in cloacis*, is worthy of obſervation *.

According to Joannes Oranus, the Brahmins of Agra ſay, that the world ſhall laſt four ages or worlds, three whereof are paſt. The firſt continued one million ſeven hundred and twenty-eight thouſand years. Men in that world lived ten thouſand years,

* Both Camoëns and Faria aſſert that ſeveral of the Indian idols reſemble thoſe of the Grecian fable:

> Here ſpreading horns an human viſage bore;
> So frown'd ſtern Jove in Lybia's fane of yore.
> One body here two various faces rear'd;
> So ancient Janus o'er his ſhrine appear'd.
> An hundred arms another brandiſh'd wide;
> So Titan's ſon the race of heav'n defy'd.
> And here a dog his ſnarling tuſks diſplay'd;
> Anubis thus in Memphis hallowed ſhade
> Grinn'd horrible ——

In the temple of the Elephant, ſays Faria, is the Giant Briareus with his hundred hands; Paſiphae and the Bull, and an angel turning a male and a female out of a delicious grove. This he eſteems the expulſion of Adam and Eve from Paradiſe. In the ſame temple, ſays he, is an idol called *Mahamiurte*; with one body and three faces; on his head a triple marble crown of admirable workmanſhip, exactly reſembling the papal mitre. According to the ſame authority Viſthu having metamorphoſed himſelf into his younger brother Siri Chriſtna, overcame the ſerpent Caliga, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This and the origin of Chati, afford ſome obvious hints to the inveſtigators of mythology. Tavernier's Travels into India ought alſo here to be cited: Biſtnoo, he was told, had been nine times incarnate; had been a lion, a ſwine, a tortoiſe, &c. In the eighth time he was a man, born of a virgin at midnight. At his birth the angels ſung, and the ſky ſhowered flowers. In his manhood he fought and killed a great giant who flew in the air, and darkened the ſun. In this conflict he was wounded in the ſide, and fell; but by his fall overcame, and aſcended into heaven.

years, were of enormous ſtature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God viſibly appear upon the earth. Firſt in the form of a fiſh, that he might recover the book of Brahma, which one *Cauſacar* had thrown into the ſea. The ſecond time in the form of a ſnail, (*See Dow's account of the ſymbolical repreſentations of Brahma,*) that he might make the earth dry and ſolid. The other time like a hog, to deſtroy one who called himſelf God, or as others ſay, to recover the earth from the ſea, which had ſwallowed it. The ſecond world laſted one million ninety-two thouſand and ſix years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thouſand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monſtrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repreſs the wickedneſs of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Brahmin, to puniſh the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeneſs of a man called *Parcaram*, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And laſtly in the likeneſs of one *Ram*, who ſlew *Parcaram*. The third world continued eight hundred and four thouſand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world ſhall endure four hundred thouſand years, whereof only four thouſand ſix hundred and ninety-two are elapſed. In this period God is to appear once, and ſome hold that he has already appeared in the perſon of the emperor *Echebar*.

The accounts of the god Brahma, or Brimha, and their whole mythology, are inconceivably various. According to Father *Bohours*, in his life of *Xavier*, the Brahmins hold, that the Great God having a deſire to become viſible, became man. In

this ſtate he produced three ſons, Mayſo, Viſtnu, and Brahma; the firſt, born of his mouth, the ſecond of his breaſt, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his inviſibility, he aſſigned various departments to his three ſons. To Brahma he gave the third heaven, with the ſuperintendence of the rites of religion. Brahma having a deſire for children, begot the Brahmins, who are the prieſts of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of heaven running in their veins. Other accounts ſay, that Brahma produced the prieſts from his head, the more ignorant tribes from his breaſt, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Brahmins, the ſole and ſupreme god Viſtnou, formed the ſecondary god Brahma, out of a flower that floated on the ſurface of the great deep before the creation. And afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Brahma, gave him power to create the univerſe.

According to the Daniſh miſſionaries*, the Firſt Being, ſay the Brahmins, begat Eternity, Eternity begat *Tſchinen*, *Tſchinen* begat *Tſchaddy*, *Tſchaddy* begat *Putady*, or the elementary world, *Putady* begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god *Tſchatatſchinen*, from whom Brahma was the fourth in a like deſcent. Brahma produced the ſoul, the ſoul produced the viſible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth. What Mr. Dow calls

* See Phillips's Collection of their Letters, publiſhed at London in 1717.

calls the *philoſophical catechiſm* ſeems only a refinement of this legend.

This genealogical nonſenſe, however, is not confined to India. Heſiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the ſchools of Plato, is of the ſame claſs. The Jewiſh fables, fooliſh queſtions and genealogies, reproved by Saint Paul, (epiſt. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then ſprung up. *Binah*, or Underſtanding, ſaid the cabaliſts, begat *Cochmah*, or Wiſdom, &c. till at laſt comes *Milcah*, the Kingdom, who begat *Shekinah*, the Divine Preſence. In the ſame manner the Chriſtian Gnoſtics, of the ſect of Valentinus, held their Πληρωμα, and their thirty ages. *Ampſiu* and *Auraan*, they tell us, i. e. Profundity and Silence, begat *Bacua* and *Tharthuu*, Mind and Truth; theſe begat *Ubucua* and *Thardeadie*, Word and Life, and theſe *Merexa* and *Atarbarba*, Man and Church. The other conjunctions of their thirty *Æones* are of ſimilar ingenuity. The prevalence of the ſame ſpirit of mythological allegory in ſuch different nations, affords the philoſopher a worthy field of ſpeculation.

Faria y Souſa, as if conſcious that he had tired his reader with Indian legends, adds, that a conciſe view of this monſtrous medley ought to be given by a writer who treats of Indian manners.

The Gentoo religion has a principle peculiar to itſelf; it admits of no proſelytes.

God,

God, they ſay, has appointed different religions for different tribes and countries, is with the Brahmin in the temple, with the Mohammedan in the moſque, with the Chriſtian in the church, and with the Jew in the Synagogue.

They have many feaſts and faſts which they celebrate with many extravagant rites. In commemoration of the death of a martyr, ſays Mr. Dow, "Some of the *vulgar* on the faſt of "Oppoſs, ſuſpend themſelves on iron hooks, by the fleſh of the "ſhoulder blade, to the end of a beam. This beam runs round "with great velocity, upon a pivot, on the head of a high pole. "The enthuſiaſt not only ſeems inſenſible of pain, but very often "blows a trumpet as he is whirled round above, and at certain "intervals ſings a ſong to the gaping multitude below, who very "much admire his fortitude and devotion."

The Gentoos have a particular veneration, ſays Mr. Holwell, for the numbers *One* and *Three*. But of this ſee a note in Luſiad X.

The *Brahmin* idea of a future ſtate of retribution is ſtrangely ambiguous. Of the human ſoul they ſay, that after various tranſmigrations and purifications, it ſhall be abſorbed in the Deity and conſciouſneſs loſt in bliſs. By this unintelligible ſublimity, we are put in mind of ſome of the reveries of a Shafteſbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

The dreadful penances of the Brahmins ſtill continue. Theſe they eſteem as the certain means of purification from ſin. Many rituals

rituals are alſo believed to confer holineſs. Of theſe, immerſion in the river Ganges, and ſprinklings of cow dung, are venerated as peculiarly efficacious. Yet alteration of heart, repentance, or abhorrence of moral turpitude, appear to be no conditions of this purification. However a few individuals, whoſe ideas have been improved by converſation with Europeans, may gloſs and refine, that groſs ignorance of moral philoſophy, which has no idea of moral turpitude, is the juſt character of Brahmin piety. Nor has their boaſted philoſophy been able to perceive the immorality of their penances, and of committing ſelf-murder as the certain paſſport to heaven. What can the true moraliſt think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himſelf in the Ganges, or throws himſelf under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be cruſhed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to ſociety in general, the Author of Nature has impoſed upon us by an indiſpenſible canon. Yet theſe duties by the pious ſuicide are refuſed on the principles of the weakeſt ſuperſtition. Nor can the moraliſt view the dreadful auſterities to which the Brahmin philoſophers ſubmit themſelves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his noſe till he can ſee in no other direction; he who clenches his fiſt till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twiſts his neck about, till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow;) and he who drowns himſelf at once, equally incapacitate themſelves for the duties of ſociety.

And not only the millions who thus do idle penance, but numerous ſects of pilgrims alſo, are mere burdens upon the induſ-

trious,

trious. The Fakiers are very numerous. Theſe, according to Mr. Dow, are a ſet of ſturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts, to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thouſand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives (who eſteem it a holineſs to be embraced by a Fakier) to the mercy and luſt of theſe villains. The prayers of a Fakier are highly eſteemed, and often implored, in caſes of ſterility. The wife and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a ſignal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a ſound drubbing is the reward ſhould the huſband dare to interrupt their devotions *.

The city of Benaris is the great ſeminary of the Brahmin learning. Modern travellers have called it an Univerſity. Here the Gentoos ſtudy *divination*, and *ſuch kind of philoſophy* as Meſſrs. H. and D. have laid before us.

Poſtellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Brahmins are deſcended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, *quaſi Abrahmanes*.

Every

* When the Portugueſe admiral, Pedro de Cabral, diſcovered the Brazils, he found a ſect of religioniſts called *Pages*, who were venerated in the ſame manner as the Fakiers of India. "*Hi quocunque veniunt*," ſays Oſorius, "*ſummo omnium plauſu recipiuntur*, &c." Whenever theſe come, they are received with the loudeſt acclamations, the ways are crowded, verſes ſung to the muſic of the country, and dances are performed before them. The moſt beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are ſubmitted to their embraces. *Opinantur enim miſeri, ſi illos placatos habuerint, omnia ſibi feliciter eventura*; for theſe wretched ignorants believe, that if they can pleaſe theſe men, every thing will happen well to them. Such is the vaſt ſimilarity which obtains among all barbarous nations.

Every traveller who has viſited the Eaſt, Meſſrs. Holwell and Dow not excepted, repreſent the great multitude of the Indians as the moſt ſuperſtitious and moſt abandoned of people. The moſt ſtriking particulars may be thus ſummed up: The innumerable ſuperſtitions performed on the Banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakneſs of humanity. As mentioned by Camoëns, (Luſiad VII. and X.) not only dead corpſes are conveyed from diſtant regions to be thrown into the ſacred water, but the ſick are brought to the river ſide, where

On beds and litters o'er the margin laid,
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave:
Thus heaven, they deem, tho' vileſt guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.

And hence it is no uncommon ſcene for the Engliſh ſhips to be ſurrounded with the corpſes which come floating down this hallowed ſtream.

In conſequence of their belief in the tranſmigration of ſouls, many of the Brahmins abſtain from all animal food. Yet however auſtere in other reſpects, they freely abandon themſelves to every ſpecies of lechery, ſome of them eſteeming the moſt unnatural abominations as the privilege of their ſanctity.

The Gentoo mythology provides every deity with a ſpouſe. A god without a wife being, according to them, as prepoſterous and unaccompliſhed as a fire without heat, or a bird without wings.

Every

Every devil or infernal ſpirit has alſo his wife. Like the ancient Jews, the Brahmins aſcribe evrry diſeaſe to a devil. The gout, ſays Faria, they attribute to ſhe-devils in the ſhape of ſwine.

A ſpecies of the antient manicheiſm of Perſia is mixed with their religion, and the Deſtroyer, or the Frightful Demon, as already obſerved, is worſhipped by the authority of their ſacred books. The firſt thing they meet in the morning, be it aſs, hog, or dog, they worſhip during the courſe of the day. Scarcely more ſtupid were the Peluſians: *Crepitus ventris inflati*, ſays Hierome, *Peluſiaca religio eſt.*

The horrid ſacrifice of the widows burnt along with the corpſe of the deceaſed huſband, is peculiar to India. The opinion that it was inſtituted to prevent them from poiſoning their huſbands, muſt be falſe, for the ſacrifice muſt be voluntary. "The Brahmins," ſays Mr. H. "take unwearied pains to encourage, promote, and confirm in the minds of the *Gentoo* wives, this "ſpirit of burning." And the origin of it, according to our author, is thus. At the demiſe of *Bramah*'s mortal part, his wives *(ſo it ſeems our angel kept a ſeraglio)* inconſolable for his loſs offered themſelves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. All the good wives of the *Rajahs* and the *Gentoos*, unwilling to be thought deficient in affection, followed the heroic example, and the Brahmins gave it the ſtamp of religion, and pronounced "*that the delinquent ſpirits of theſe heroines, immediately ceaſed from their tranſmigrations, and entered the firſt Boboon of purification.*" The Brahmins, ſays our author, ſtrained ſome obſcure paſſages of *Brahma's Shaſtah* to countenance this their *declared ſenſe*; inſtituted

ſtituted the ceremonials that were to accompany the ſacrifice, and foiſted it into the *Chatah* and *Aughtorrah Bhades*.

Mr. Dow gives a very different account of this ſacrifice. His words are theſe, "The extraordinary cuſtom of the women "burning themſelves with their deceaſed huſbands, has, for the "moſt part, fallen into *deſuetude* in India; nor was it ever "reckoned a religious duty, as has been very erroneouſly ſup-"poſed in the Weſt." Whence then this *late* alteration? The beginning of an aſſimilation to European ideas can only account for it. For ſurely it did not proceed from any text of their *ſacred* ſcriptures. Nay, a text of the ſacred Shaſter, as cited by Mr. D. plainly encourages the horrid practice, "The woman "who dies with her huſband, ſhall enjoy life eternal with him in "heaven." Feeble minds, ſays he, miſinterpreted this into a precept. To thoſe, however, who are unſkilled in gloſſing caſuiſtry, no admonition can be more obvious.

And nothing can be more evident than that this ſacrifice is a prieſtly inſtitution; the prieſts and their ſcriptures encourage, direct, and attend it: it is therefore a religious ceremony.

Yet amid all this groſs ſuperſtition it cannot be ſuppoſed but that ſome virtues, however * obliquely, are occaſionally taught. They

* A very pretty allegory from *Faria*'s account of the Brahmin legends will be here in place. "*Darmaputrem* being favoured with a view of hell, ſaw a man encompaſſed with immenſe treaſure, yet miſerably periſhing with hunger. He enquired the reaſon, and was anſwered, That upon earth the ſufferer had enjoyed theſe treaſures, but had never given any alms; only that

They particularly inculcate the comprehenſive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that Divine Beings often aſſume the habit of mendicants, in order to diſtinguiſh the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have ſeveral traditions of the virtuous on theſe happy trials being tranſlated into heaven; the beſt deſigned incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Beſides the Brahmins, the principal ſect of that vaſt region called India, there are ſeveral others, who are divided and ſubdivided, according to innumerable variations, in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a ſect who ſtrictly abſtain from all animal food, are numerous.

From their religion and philoſophy, theſe pilots of human manners, we now proceed to the peculiar characteriſtics of the Gentoos.

As the Gentoo tribes never intermarry, India may properly be ſaid to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the ſame veſſel. The Brahmins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themſelves: If they treſpaſs in theſe, or in many other ſimilar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a deſpiſed crew, called the Hallachores, who are the loweſt of the community, the rabble of India.

This

that one time, by pointing with his finger, he had directed a poor man to the houſe where the rice given away in charity was kept. *Darmaputrem* bade him put the finger with which he pointed into his mouth. The ſufferer did ſo, and immediately was refreſhed by the taſte of the moſt excellent viands. *Darmaputrem* on his return to the earth gave great alms, and afterward for his charity was received into Paradiſe.

This prohibition of intermarriage gives us a very mean idea of Indian policy. The bent of genius and affection, as Camoëns obſerves, are thus barbarouſly ſacrificed. If a nobleman, ſays our poet, ſhould touch or be touched by one of another tribe,

A thouſand rites, and waſhings o'er and o'er
Can ſcarce his tainted purity reſtore.

Nothing, ſays Oſorius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the ſame author, that Indian nobility (and in Europe it is too much the ſame) cannot be forfeited, or even tarniſhed, by the baſeſt and greateſt of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the moſt illuſtrious actions. But what above all may be called the characteriſtic of the Indian, is his total inſenſibility to the paſſion of Love;

Loſt to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing huſband yields his ſpouſe's charms.
In unendear'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the huſband's kindred may aſcend
The nuptial couch—

Sentiment, or the leaſt delicacy of affection, have no ſhare in the intercourſe of the ſexes in India. This groſſneſs of their ideas is indiſputably proved by the very ſpirit of their laws, which ſuppoſe that female chaſtity cannot exiſt. Conjugal fidelity is neither enjoined, nor hoped for; and the right of ſucceſſion by law devolves to the ſiſter's children, it being eſteemed

impoſſible for any man to know which is his own ſon; whereas the affinity of the female line is by nature certain. To ſome perhaps the feebleneſs of the conſtitutions of the Gentoos may account for this wretched apathy; and to ſeveral circumſtances may their feebleneſs be attributed. The men marry before fourteen and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nouriſhment, and they are extremely averſe to any manly exerciſe. It is better to ſit than to walk, they ſay, to lie down than to ſit, to ſleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparalleled puſillanimity with which they have long ſubmitted to the oppreſſions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan maſters, likewiſe ſhews their deadneſs to every manly reſentment: 100 millions enſlaved by 10 millions, (the number, according to Mr. Orme, of the Gentoos and their Mohammedan maſters) is a deep diſgrace to human nature. Yet notwithſtanding all this dormancy of the nobler paſſions, though incapable of love they prove the poſition, (for which phyſicians can eaſily account,) that debility and the very fever of the vileſt letchery go hand in hand *. Many of the Brahmins

* Monteſquieu, in enumerating his reaſons why Chriſtianity will never prevail in the Eaſt, advances, as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and neceſſary in theſe climates. Triſtram Shandy tells us, that his father was a moſt excellent ſyſtem-builder, was ſure to make his theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at ſuch an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Monteſquieu, his philoſophy here is exactly contrary to experience. In every country the births of males and females are nearly proportionated to each other. If in any country polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the beſt claim. But the warlike independent ſpirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their princes

Brahmins are merchants; and by every authority they are deſcribed as the moſt artful, moſt hypocritical, and moſt fraudulent of traders. To ſum up their character, let it be added, that the freedom with which their friends aſcend the nuptial bed, is, in matters of love, perhaps, the leaſt of their unſentimental indelicacy. The beſt Portugueſe authors aſſure us, that the women of every tribe, the wives of princes not excepted, were free to the embraces of the ſanctified Brahmins; and the Fakiers at this day, under the ſanction of privilege, ſpread pollution, when they pleaſe, over every virgin or marriage bed among the Gentoos.

And ſurely the warmeſt admirer of Indian philoſophy and manners, cannot diſpute the picture we have drawn, when he is referred to Meſſrs. Holwell and Dow for the fulleſt virtual confirmation of the truth of every feature. At the entrance upon his work, Mr. H. calls the Brahmins, "a people who from the "earlieſt times have been an ornament to the creation, if ſo "much

princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thouſand of the fineſt women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand the ſlaviſh Aſiatics, who viewed their *Rajahs* as beings of a ſuperior rank, ſubmitted to the luſt of theſe maſters, whoſe *debility* prompted the deſire of unbounded variety. This hiſtory of polygamy will be found to be juſt. Polygamy is not the child of nature, it is the offſpring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the moſt abſolute tyranny ſubſiſts. Neither to the genial vigour of paſſion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philoſopher and phyſician will attribute the unbluſhing prevalence of ſome crimes, crimes which diſgrace human nature, and which particularly characteriſe the depraved manners of the enfeebled Eaſt.

"much can with propriety be ſaid of any known people upon "earth!" But at the end of his VIIth chapter, after having neceſſarily confeſſed many circumſtances which ſpeak loudly againſt them, he thus characteriſes the *Gentoos*: "In general," ſays he, "they are as degenerate, crafty, ſuperſtitious, litigious "and wicked a people, as any race of beings in the known "world, if not *eminently more ſo*, eſpecially the common run of "the *Brahmins*; and we can truly aver, that during almoſt five "years that we preſided in the judicial Cutcherry Court of "Calcutta, never any murder, or atrocious crime, came before "us, but it was proved in the end, a *Brahmin* was at the "bottom of it: But then," adds our author, "the *remnant* of "*Brahmins* (whom we have before excepted) who ſeclude "themſelves from the communications of the buſy world, in a "philoſophic and religious retirement, and ſtrictly purſue the "tenets and true ſpirit of the *Chartah Bhade* of *Brahmah*, we "may with equal truth and juſtice pronounce, *are the pureſt mo-* "*dels of genuine piety that now exiſt, or can be found on the face of* "*the earth.*"

This latter ſentence ſounds very high; but every liberal mind, who has converſed with the world, is convinced that worthy men are to be found in every ſect, that of the Indian Fakier perhaps alone excepted; men whoſe natural ſagacity and ſtrong native goodneſs of heart are preſervatives againſt the *full influence* of the moſt pernicious tenets. And thus Mr. Holwell, if we make a little allowance for his moſt evident partiality, ends his ſuperlative encomiums on the *Brahmins* in a compliment by no means peculiar, in a mere nothing.

The

The moſt important queſtion relative to the Gentoos, the very diſtant and ſuperior antiquity of their ſcriptures, remains yet unconſidered. Meſſrs. Holwell and Dow, however oppoſite in their accounts of the Shaſtah and its doctrines, moſt perfectly agree in aſcribing to that work an antiquity more remote than that of any known writings. But the teſtimony of other travellers, ere we proceed farther, requires an impartial examination. "The Bedang or Shaſter, the ſacred book of the Brahmins," ſays Dow, "contains various accounts of the creation, "one philoſophical, the others allegorical. Theſe latter," ſays he, "have afforded ample field for the invention of the Brah-"mins. From the many allegorical ſyſtems of creation con-"tained in the Shaſters, many different accounts of the coſmo-"gony of the Hindoos have been promulgated in Europe, ſome "travellers adopting one ſyſtem, ſome another." By this confeſſion the jarring accounts of other travellers are accounted for, and we have already ſeen that every ſtriking feature of the pictures they have given, is moſt effectually confirmed by Meſſrs. H. and D. And thus, the accounts of the ſuperſtition and idolatry of the Brahmins, which, till lately, were unqueſtioned, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparalleled circumſtance, were the concurrent teſtimony of the moſt authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries to deſerve no credit. Many of theſe were men of profound, of *ſuperior* learning, and of unblemiſhed candour; and for a ſuperior number of years than either Mr. H. or D. converſed with the moſt learned, and we have no reaſon to doubt, with the moſt honeſt of the Brahmins.

One of theſe, Abraham Roger, lived fifteen years among the Brahmins, and was in intimate friendſhip with one of them, named *Padmanaba*. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he publiſhed his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent enquirer. Of his good ſenſe let one paſſage bear teſtimony. "Can we believe," ſays he, "that there is a "generous ſpirit reſiding in a people who for two or three thou- "ſand years have placed the greateſt degree of ſanctity and "prudence in half ſtarving themſelves, and in depriving them- "ſelves of the lawful conveniencies of life? Yet ſuch auſteri- "ties were the chief employments of the ancient *Brachmana*, "and are now of the modern *Brahmins*." The ſentiment here contained, in value of juſt obſervation, true philoſophy, true piety, and good common ſenſe, is worth all that our late travellers, for theſe thirty years paſt, have written on the philoſophy and religion of India.

Mr. Holwell candidly owns that *Baldeus* reſided thirty years among the Brahmins; that his tranſlation of the *Vedam (the Malabar word for Shaſtah)* is literal, and that it is a monſter, (ch. iv. p. 33.) that ſhocks reaſon and probability; and this happened, he ſays, by his not attending to the allegory. The errors of other travellers, he owns, did not proceed from miſ-information, but from not drawing the veil, from not penetrating, by the help of allegory, into the true doctrines of India. But this we preſume in plain Engliſh will run thus, Former travellers gave us a true picture of the popular religion of India, but they did not attend to the *gloſs* and *refinement* of the *recluſe remnant* of the *Brahmins*.

And

And for this very reaſon we judge them juſt ſo much the more worthy of credit. No man needs to take a voyage to India, or to ſtudy the ſacred Shanſcrita, on purpoſe to diſcover how the *few* either gloſs or philoſophize. He is an idle traveller who gives us the refinements of a learned Jeſuit as the religion of Rome. He who diſplays the true character of it, will tell us what ſuperſtition poſſeſſes the general mind; will tell us, that ſupreme veneration for the authority of the Pope and Holy Church, is the only religious principle which has any fixed hold on the belief or practice of the multitude.

And according to the concurrent teſtimony of all former travellers, *who did not allegoriſe*, the date of the firſt appearance of the Brahmin Shaſters is involved in the utmoſt uncertainty. Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow are the two great champions of the opinion, that the ſacred books of India are of higher antiquity than the writings of any other nation, and that the Jewiſh ſcriptures are founded upon, and borrowed from them. As each of theſe writers decries, with no ſmall contempt, the teſtimony of every traveller except himſelf, the accounts which theſe Gentlemen have given of the Origin of the Shaſters requires our attention.

Mr. Holwell well knew that the books held ſacred in India contain many of the groſſeſt impieties. He therefore owns that the *Shaſtah* had underwent two remarkable innovations; and that the Brahmins "in proceſs of time loſt ſight of their *divine ori-*
"*ginal*, and in its place ſubſtituted new and ſtrange doctrines."
"The ſtedfaſt faith of the Gentoos touching the antiquity of

their ſcriptures," he tells us (ch. iv. p. 22.) is thus,—" they " date the birth of the tenets and doctrines of the Shaſtah " from the expulſion of the angelic beings from the heavenly re- " gions." That 4877 years ago theſe tenets were reduced into a written body of laws by *Bramah*, and publiſhed to the people of Indoſtan. That one thouſand years after, they underwent a remarkable innovation in the publication of the *Ghatah Bhade Shaſtah*; and that 3377 years ago (computing from the preſent year 1777) theſe original ſcriptures again ſuffered " a ſecond and laſt change or innovation in the publication of the *Aughtorrah Bhade Shaſtah*; which occaſioned the firſt and only ſchiſm amongſt the *Gentoos*, that ſubſiſts to this day, namely between the followers of the *Aughtorrah Bhade Shaſtah* and the followers of the *Viedam*."

Theſe changes of their ſcriptures our author aſcribes to the craft of the prieſts, who by theſe means enſlaved the people to their own authority. The firſt innovation was a paraphraſe on the Shaſtah, in which the original was retained. At this time the Brahmins appropriated the *Sanſcrit* character to themſelves, and introduced that which is now the common one of Hindoſtan. In the ſecond innovation, ſays our author, " *the original text was in a manner ſunk or alluded to only.*" In theſe commentaries mythology was firſt introduced; the hiſtory of their princes, numberleſs ceremonies, and new divinities were added, and " *the whole enveloped in impenetrable obſcurity by fable and allegory, beyond the comprehenſion even of the common tribe of Bramins themſelves.*" Again, ſays our author, " the Bramins having taſted the ſweets " of prieſtly power by the *firſt* of their innovations, determined

" to

"to enlarge and eſtabliſh it by the promulgation of the *laſt*.—"In this the exterior modes of worſhip were ſo multiplied, and "ſuch a numerous train of new divinities created—the daily "obligations of religious duties, which were by theſe new in-"ſtitutes impoſed on every *Gentoo*, from the higheſt to the loweſt "rank of the people, were of ſo intricate and alarming a nature, "as to require a *Bramin* to be at hand, to explain and officiate "in the performance of them.—From this period ſuperſtition, "the ſure ſupport of prieſtcraft, took faſt poſſeſſion of the "people—every head of a family was obliged to have a houſe-"hold Bramin,—and in fact they became mere machines, ac-"tuated and moved, as either the good or evil intentions of their "houſhold tyrant dictated."

The ſchiſm produced by the laſt innovation of the *Shaſtah* is thus mentioned by our author: "The *Bramins* of *Corman-"dell* and *Malabar* finding their brethren upon the courſe of "the *Ganges* had taken this bold ſtep to inſlave the laity, ſet up "for themſelves, and formed a ſcripture of their own, founded, "as they ſaid, upon the Chatah Bhade of Bramah; this "they called the *Viedam*,—*or the divine words of the mighty "ſpirit*."

Thus, the Gentoo Scriptures were tranſlated from the language of angels and firſt reduced to writing by *Brahma* 4877 years ago; that is, when Methuſelah was a boy. They underwent a great change 1000 years after, which was near 200 years before Abraham was born; and a ſtill greater change 500 years after,

after, which was before Jacob went into Egypt. Since which time they have continued unchanged, and eſteemed by their different ſects as ſacred.

Mr. Dow on the other hand aſſures us, (Diſſert. p. xxvii.) "The Brahmins *maintain* that the Bedas (Mr. H's *Bhades*) are "the divine laws, which *Brimha*, at the creation of the world, "delivered for the inſtruction of mankind. But they affirm "that their meaning was perverted in the firſt age, by the ignorance and wickedneſs of ſome princes, whom they repreſent "as evil ſpirits who then haunted the earth. They call thoſe "evil Genii *Dewtas*, and tell many ſtrange allegorical legends "concerning them; ſuch as, that the Bedas being loſt, were "afterwards recovered by *Biſhen*, in the form of a fiſh, who "brought them up from the bottom of the ocean, into which "they were thrown by a Deo or Dæmon." Here we are told that the Brahmins *maintain* that *Brimha* was the author of their Scriptures. Yet in the next page Mr. D. tells us the Brahmins deny that any ſuch perſon as *Brimha* ever exiſted.

"The firſt credible account we have of the Bedas (ſays Mr. "D.) is, that about the commencement of the *Cal Jug*, of "which æra the preſent year (1768) is the 4886th year; they "were written, or rather collected by a great philoſopher and "reputed prophet called Beäſs Muni, or Beäſs the inſpired. "The Brahmins do not give to Beäſs Muni the merit of being "the author of the Bedas. They however acknowledge that "he reduced them into the preſent form, dividing them into four

"diſtinct

" diſtinct books, after having collected the detached pieces of " which they are compoſed from every part of India. It is, " upon the whole, probable, that they are not the work of one " man, on account of their immenſe bulk." And for the ſame reaſon it is alſo probable that all the Britiſh acts of Parliament are not the work of one man.

Theſe four Bedas Mr. D. diſtinguiſhes by the name of the *Bedang Shaſter*. Of Goutam the author of the Neadirſen Shaſter we have already given a ſufficient account. By what we have already cited, Mr. Dow's moſt cordial acquieſcence in the high antiquity of the Shaſters is evident. In the following it is brought to a point, " Whether the Hindoos, (ſays he, Pref. p. vii.) " poſſeſs any true hiſtory of greater antiquity than other nations, " *muſt altogether reſt upon the authority of the Brahmins*, till we ſhall " become better acquainted with their records. They give a " very particular account of the origin of the Jewiſh religion in " records of *undoubted* antiquity. Raja Tura, ſay they, who is " placed in the firſt ages of the *Cal Jug*, had a ſon who apoſta- " tized from the Hindoo faith, for which he was baniſhed by his " father to the Weſt. The apoſtate fixed his reſidence in a coun- " try called Mohgod, and propagated the Jewiſh religion, which " the impoſtor Mahommed further corrupted. The *Cal Jug* " commenced about 4885 years ago, and whether the whole " ſtory may not relate to Terah and his ſon Abraham, is a " point, which" (*after our undoubted hints have decided, Mr. D. might have ſaid*) " we leave others to determine.

" There is one circumſtance," he continues, " which *goes far* " *to prove* that there is ſome connection between the Brahmin " Bedas

" Bedas and the doctrines contained in the Old Teſtament. Ever
" ſince the promulgation of the religion of Mahommed, which is
" *founded* upon Moſes and the *prophets*, the Brahmins have totally
" rejected their fourth Beda, called the *Obatar Bah*, as the
" ſchiſm of Mahommed, according to them, has been founded
" upon that book. However extraordinary this reaſon is for
" rejecting the fourth part of their religious records, it can
" ſcarcely be doubted, as it is in the mouth of every Brahmin."

Having now aſcertained Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's opinion of the ſuperior antiquity of the Brahmin records, we ſhall proceed to examine the merits of this claim. But we ſhall by no means, *altogether reſt upon the authority of the Brahmins.* This, we preſume, would be as unworthy of a man of common ſenſe, as it would be weak in an hiſtorian to reſt altogether with implicit belief on the characters of men and events, which an exiled tyrant may have been pleaſed to give, when for his own conſolation he wrote the memoirs of his own merited fall. Nor will we ſuſpend our opinion of the Brahmin records, *till we ſhall become better acquainted with them.* For we have already moſt ample matter even from Meſſ. Holwell and Dow themſelves, from which, by every criterion of analogy and of collateral and internal evidence, we may be fully enabled to form our judgement.

We ſhall begin with the two laſt ſentences from Mr. Dow. And ſurely it cannot eſcape the ſlighteſt attention, that he ſets out with begging a point, (a point never to be granted,) and that immediately upon ſuch begged authority, he ſlips upon us, what he calls an *undoubted* authority. Mr. Dow ſtrenuouſly inſiſts that

all

all the *learned* Brahmins aſſert the unity of the Deity. And nothing is more certain than that this, and not the great body of the rituals of the Jewiſh religion, was the principal doctrine which the Jews received from Abraham. And ſurely the following reaſoning will never bear the touch. The impoſture of Mohammed is founded upon Moſes and the *prophets*; that impoſture is alſo ſo certainly founded upon the fourth Beda, that the Gentoos for that reaſon have rejected that part of their ſcripture: therefore this *goes far to prove* that Moſes and the prophets are connected with, or (as the [illegible]t implies) derived from the Bedas. This is the fair analyſis of our author's reaſoning: but unhappily for his whole argument, Mahommediſm is not *founded* on Moſes and the *prophets*. Let him again peruſe *his Koran*, and he will find that it indeed contains a ſtrange *perverſion* of Moſes and the New Teſtament. But ſurely Mr. D. will not pretend that the hiſtorical paſſages of the O. and N. T. which thus fill the *Koran*, are founded upon the *Obatar Bah*. The duty of prayer, and the worſhip of One God were borrowed by Mahommed, who was bred a Pagan, from Moſes and the Prophets. But ſurely Mr. Dow will not perſiſt to inſinuate, that theſe, the doctrines of the *Apoſtate* Abraham, were borrowed from thoſe who baniſhed him for *Apoſtacy*; or that a *ſameneſs* in theſe doctrines will prove the ſuperior antiquity of the *Obatar Bah*. Yet to theſe circumſtances, for no other can be ſuppoſed, muſt his obſervations be reduced. But who has ever read this * *Obatar Bah?* Why truly Mr. D. tells us, p. xxix. that "the language of the *Obatar*

"*Bah*

* It is curious to obſerve that the *Obatar Bah*, ſo ancient according to Mr. D. that hardly any body can read it, is nevertheleſs execrated by Mr. H. as the moſt modern, and moſt corrupted of all the Gentoo Scriptures. Mr. D. himſelf mentions this diſagreement.

"*Bah is now become obſolete*, ſo that very few Brahmins pretend "to read it with propriety." And this in our opinion *goes far to prove* that the Brahmins know little or nothing about the contents of it. In diſcuſſing an argument repetition is often neceſſary: Both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow aſſure us that they received their information from ſome of the moſt learned of the Brahmins. And an equal credit is certainly due to each of theſe gentlemen. But this affords us a clear demonſtration that the Brahmins contradict each other in the moſt eſſential circumſtances, in matters of no leſs importance, than in the queſtion, who were the authors, and what are the contents of their ſacred Scriptures.

Nothing can be more evident than that both Meſſ. Holwell and Dow have endeavoured to give ſanction to their favourite ſyſtems, by the authority of their admired Gentoos. Mr. Holwell's ſyſtem is a *ſpecies* of Chriſtianity. And Mr. Dow ſurely cannot be offended, if we call his, radically the reverſe of every ſuch ſpecies. And whatever deference we willingly pay to the veracity of both theſe gentlemen, yet we muſt obſerve that, *one* of their learned Brahmins muſt have been amazingly erroneous, And one of theſe gentlemen has perhaps given a deeper attention to his ſubject than the other. If we can determine whether Mr. Holwell or Mr. Dow are moſt authentic, ſome light will from thence be thrown on the fabrication of the Gentoo Scriptures. Nor will we heſitate one moment to pronounce, that, in our opinion, Mr. Holwell's account, upon the whole, is the moſt authentic. Our reaſons are theſe: Mr. Dow confeſſes that he had neither time nor leiſure to acquire the Shanſcrita language, the

tongue

tongue in which the ſacred books of India are written, but that he truſted entirely to his *Pundit* or interpreter. Mr. Holwell tells us that he read and underſtood the Sanſcrit. Mr. Dow tells us, "the Mahommedans know nothing of the Hindoo learning, and that it is utterly inacceſſible to any but thoſe of their own *Caſt*." His words are theſe, "The Bedas are, by the Brahmins, held ſo ſacred that they permit no other ſect to read them.....they would deem it an unpardonable ſin to ſatisfy their curioſity in that reſpect, were it even within the compaſs of their power. The Brahmins themſelves are bound by ſuch ſtrong ties of religion, to confine thoſe writings to their own tribe, that were any of them known to read them to others, he would be immediately excommunicated. This puniſhment is worſe than even death itſelf among the Hindoos. The offender is not only thrown down from the nobleſt order to the moſt polluted Caſt, but his poſterity are rendered for ever incapable of being received into his former dignity." (See Diſſert. p. xxiv.) And Mr. D. adds, "Not all the authority of Akbar could prevail with the Brahmins to reveal the principles of their faith *." p. xxv. And all this does very well when brought as an argument againſt the accounts which every other writer has given

* So ſtrict in this are they, ſays Mr. Dow, that only one Muſſelman was ever inſtructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahummud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mohammedan, ſtudied ſeveral religions. In the Chriſtian he was inſtructed by a Portugueſe. But finding that of the Hindoos inacceſſible, he had recourſe to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Brahmin, put under the care of one of the moſt eminent of theſe philoſophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being diſcovered, he was laid under the reſtraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

given of the Brahmins. But ſurely Mr. Dow ought to have paid ſome reſpect to his reader's power of memory, ought to have told him by what means it happened that he was the only man who ever overleapt the dreadful fences which guard the Gentoo faith in impenetrable darkneſs. Excommunication, that puniſhment worſe than death itſelf, was, it ſeems, diſregarded on his account; and what the great emperor Akbar could never obtain, the principles of the Brahmin faith were laid open to him. In the very page preceding the above quotation of the impoſſibility of getting a Brahmin to read his Scriptures to one of another Caſt, Mr. Dow, without the leaſt hint how the dread difficulty was overcome, ſimply tells us that he "prevailed upon his noble friend "the Brahmin, to procure for him a Pundit from the Univerſity "of Benaris, well verſed in the Shanſcrita, and maſter of all the "knowledge of that learned body." And this Pundit or interpreter, thus openly procured from an univerſity, read to Mr. Dow, as he aſſures us, the ſacred books of the Brahmins, and explained to him the principles of their faith.

On this we ſhall make no farther remark; but proceed to ſome other reaſons why we prefer the authority of Mr. Holwell. Mr. D. has in ſome inſtances diſcovered rather a partial acquaintance with his ſubject; and even a deſire to ſuppreſs what he did not like. He undertakes to give us an account of the religious rites and principles of the Brahmins: he laments that the claſſics have given us ſuch imperfect accounts of the Druids; and hints that his account of the Brahmins will leave poſterity no room to complain of a like defect. Yet how unkind to future ages has he been! He ſays not one word of the holineſs of the Gentoo

cows. He ſays not one word of the remiſſion of ſin, and ſubſequent holineſs which they aſcribe to the ſprinkling of cow-piſs and cow-dung; though no fact can be better aſcertained than the ſupreme veneration which the Brahmins pay to the cow and to her ſacred excrements; for no doctrine was ever more generally received in any country than this in India. His total omiſſion therefore of the moſt popular religious ceremony of the Gentoos is quite unpardonable.

"It is an allowed truth," ſays Mr. Holwell, "that there "never was yet any ſyſtem of theology broached to mankind, "whoſe firſt profeſſors and propagators did not announce *its* "*deſcent from God.*" Yet though this obſervation be univerſally and inconteſtibly juſt, and though no people lay bolder claims to various revelations than the Gentoos, though ſuch is the very ſpirit of every legend, yet all this will be quite unknown to future ages; for Mr. Dow paſſes over all theſe pretenſions in the ſlighteſt manner. The exiſtence of *Brimha*, he ſays, is not believed. *Beüſs Muni*, the author of the *Bedang*, was a reputed prophet; and Goutam the founder of the other ſect was only a philoſopher. And thus the Gentoo pretenſion to divine revelations, a fact as notorious as the Gentoo veneration of cow-dung, is alſo very handſomely ſuppreſſed.

Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, has alſo his foibles. His ſyſtem, and all the arguments he has brought in ſupport of it, are *pretty well ſpiced with inſanity*. Yet whenever he was ſo happy as to loſe ſight of his favourite ſyſtem, Mr. Holwell's counts of Gentoo opinions and manners bear every mark of authenticity, and are fully confirmed by the moſt intelligent of

former travellers. Mr. Holwell's account therefore of the origin of the Gentoo ſcriptures deſerves ſome regard.

According to Mr. Dow, Beäſs Muni, or the Inſpired, the collector of the *Bedang*, lived about 4000 years ago, and ſome ages after him his *Bedang* was reviſed by one *Sirider Swami*. "Since which," he ſays, "it has been reckoned ſacred, and "not ſubject to any further alterations." And Goutam, the author of the other ſect, lived near 4000 years ago. Mr. Holwell on the other hand affirms that there were two great corruptions of the Brahmin doctrine. And his manner of accounting for it, That the prieſts of one half of India and thoſe of the other half vied with each other in inventing wild and monſtrous legends, on purpoſe to raiſe their power by means of the deepeſt ſuperſtition, is infinitely more credible, than that theſe huge volumes of abſurd metaphyſics, and numberleſs contradictory fables, the *Bedang* and Neadirſin Shaſters, were collected and compiled by two or three profound philoſophers.

Both Mr. H. and Mr. D. agree that ſince the innovations and compilings which they mention, the Shaſters have remained unaltered, and have been held by their followers as ſacred. That there ſhould be ſuch a number of commentators upon the ſcriptures of Brahmah, about 4000 years ago, and none ſince that time, appears to us highly incredible: that the prieſts of that period found it their intereſt to invent new legends, but that the prieſts of ſucceeding ages added nothing, appears to us as the weakeſt of ſuppoſitions. By a ſucceſſion of commentators other countries trace the antiquity of their books of religion

ligion and philoſophy to certain periods. Nothing is more natural than that this kind of proof ſhould ariſe. Yet nothing of this kind is offered to aſcertain the high antiquity of the books of Hindoſtan.

The conſequence therefore is, that like the legends of the Romiſh ſaints, theſe Shaſters are the accumulated ſuperſtition of many ages, ſome of which were very diſtant from each other, and ſome of them not very diſtant from our own times. Not to mention the authority* of Feriſhta, the Perſian hiſtorian of Hindoſtan, who denies the high antiquity of the Gentoo writings; certain it is, from internal evidence, that the doctrines of the pure Shaſtah of Mr. Holwell, were unknown or unregarded by the

* Feriſhta aſſerts, that the Hindoos have no hiſtory of better authority than the Mahaberit, which is a legendary poem, eſteemed by the *preſent* Brahmins of a much later date than the Shaſters. Mr. Dow, however, ſets this authority aſide. "The Mohammedans, he ſays, know nothing of the Hindoo learning," "and Feriſhta collected his accounts from Perſian authors, being "altogether unacquainted with the Shanſcrita, or learned language of the "Brahmins, in which the internal hiſtory of India is comprehended." In invalidating the authority of the hiſtory which he gave to the public, Mr. Dow might have added one circumſtance which moſt effectually would have ſerved his purpoſe; a circumſtance which makes the whole of Feriſhta's hiſtory appear as a mere fabrication. This hiſtorian, though he treats of that particular period, has not one word of the arrival, or of the wars of the Portugueſe in India. Though they reigned Lords of all the Aſiatic ſeas; though his native country Perſia, and every prince of India, were, at different times, for almoſt a whole century, haraſſed by their wars; though the politics of every court of *Hindoſtan* were influenced by the conqueſts and neighbourhood of theſe warlike and powerful ſtrangers, who treated with Achebar, honeſt Feriſhta in his hiſtory of that very period, as tranſlated by Mr. Dow, appears never to have heard one word about the matter. What pity is it that Mr. Dow, who ſhews ſuch good will to condemn his author's authority, ſhould have omitted this concluſive and moſt extraordinary circumſtance.

the Brahmins who lived about 2000 years ago. When a religious rite is in direct oppoſition to a cardinal injunction, we muſt give up the antiquity of the one or the other. Mr. Holwell tells us that the pure *Shaſtah* of Brahmah prohibits ſelf-murder under the dreadful penalty of eternal damnation; that the ſoul which commits it ſhall never have another ſtate of probation in a mortal body. Yet no fact in ancient hiſtory is more certain than that the Indian philoſophers, about 2000, and 1500 years ago, uſually and oſtentatiouſly in public, committed ſelf-murder, in the belief that it would convey them immediately to heaven. Did theſe philoſophers know or believe what the *pure* Shaſtah of Brahma ſays of ſuicide? Or did Brahma's wives, and the prieſts who inſtituted the rites of the horrid ſelf-murder of widows, did they know of this dreadful prohibition?

Mr. Holwell aſſures us (ch. viii. p. 15.) that the angelic fall, and its conſequent metempſychoſis, the one the crime, the other the puniſhment of theſe unhappy free agents, form the *ſine* * *qua non* of the Gentoos. But Mr. Dow ſays not one word of the angelic fall; ſo far from it, his Brahmin ſyſtem excludes ſuch ſuppoſition. From hence, and from numberleſs other irrefragable proofs, certain it is that the Brahmins are irreconcileably divided among themſelves upon what are the doctrines of the Shaſtah. Different ſects of all religions give different interpretations

* Yet in ch. vii. p. 151. he tells us that the Gentoos have loſt ſight of their *original ſin*, or defection, "(i. e. the angelic fall) and that the whole "conduct of the drama of the *Chatah* and *Aughtorrah Bhades*—has not the "ſmalleſt retroſpect to their firſt tranſgreſſion, or the means of atoning for "it.—This," adds he, "is the ſituation of the bulk of the people of *Indoſtan*, "as well as of the modern *Brahmins*; amongſt the latter, if we except one "in a thouſand, (i. e. *who can allegoriſe*,) we give them over-meaſure."

tations to their records held ſacred. But it is peculiar to the religious of India to contradict each other in the moſt eſſential hiſtorical circumſtances.

This diſagreement, peculiar to the *learned* Brahmins, is eaſily accounted for. They have a great multiplicity of Shaſters *; as many perhaps as there were fanatic ſermons in the days of Cromwell. And to this let it be added, they are written in a dead language, in a tongue and character different from thoſe of common uſe in India, and their contents are concealed with the moſt jealous care. The Brahmins are the ſole maſters of them; and to read and explain them to the man of another caſt incurs the moſt dreadful of all the Gentoo puniſhments. On account of this ſecrecy ſome may venerate the wiſdom and ſacredneſs of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to ſuſpect that there is ſomething extremely abſurd, frivolous, and childiſh, in what is thus religiouſly enveloped in the veil of darkneſs.

In the courſe of this enquiry we have ſeen ſome moſt ſtriking alterations in the Brahmin tenets and character. Theſe philoſophers do not now upon principle die by fire. Sixteen hundred years ago they had no idols. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, all the ſuperſtition of ancient Egypt

* Mr. Dow ſays, (p. xxxviii. in a note) "There are many Shaſters "among the Hindoos, ſo that thoſe writers who affirmed, that there was but "one Shaſter in India, which, like the Bible of the Chriſtians, or Koran of "the followers of Mahommed, contained the firſt principles of the Brahmin "faith, have deceived themſelves and the public."

Egypt in the adoration of animals and vegetables, ſeemed more than revived by the Brahmins. Two hundred years ago the Gentoo princes offered immenſe ſums for the ſacred tooth of the Monkey *Hanimant*. We are aſſured by gentlemen of obſervation who have been long in India, that there is not now a Gentoo of fortune who would give a farthing for it. And both Mr. H. and D. found ſuch able philoſophers and allegoriſers among the Brahmins, as never any former traveller converſed with in India.

"*Sieb*, ſays Mr. H., literally ſignifies a *deſtroyer*, an *avenger*, "a *puniſher*, and is the object of great diſmay and terror to the "*Gentoos*, but *modern* expounders of *Brahma's Shaſtah*, have "ſoftened the rigour of his character by giving him names and "attributes of a very different nature from that of *Sieb*. They "call him *Moiſoor*, (a contraction of *Mahahſoor*, *the moſt mighty* "*deſtroyer of evil*,) and under this ſoothing title he is worſhipped, "not as *Sieb* the deſtroyer, but as *the deſtroyer of evil*. The "other epithet they have given to him is *Moidéb* (a contraction "of *Mahahdebtah*, the moſt mighty angel); in this ſenſe he is "worſhipped as the averter of evil, and under this character he "has the moſt altars erected to him."

After this moſt egregious inſtance of *moderniſing*, nothing need be added in proof that the preſent are very different from the ancient doctrines of India. In a word, the Rabbinical pretenſions that Adam, Seth, and Enoch wrote great part of the Talmud, and that Abraham taught aſtronomy and mathematics in the plains of Mamre, are not more abſurdly ridiculous than

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the Gentoo pretenſions to a ſimilar antiquity of their ſacred books. Every one, who is acquainted with the hiſtory of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that moſt bigotted people the Jews, was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and ſtupid, after their return from Aſſyria they began to philoſophize. The ſuperſtition and idolatry of the modern Brahmins have certainly, in the ſame manner, received great improvement of features from the converſation of Europeans, whoſe example, however otherwiſe vicious, could not fail to convince them of the abſurdity of ſuch mental weakneſs. Nor can we paſs unobſerved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its ſubject, the knowledge of the Good Being, it ſeems to be the moſt valuable of the whole, except the ſecond, which treats of the religious and moral duties. Yet the Brahmins, ſays Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, becauſe the Mohammedan religion, they ſay, is borrowed from it. On the ſuppoſition, which they pretend, that their ſacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable as the reaſon for rejecting the fourth Beda is ſubmiſſive and ridiculous. The rejection of a part of their ſacred ſcriptures thus openly confeſſed, and yet the whole moſt carefully concealed from the eyes of every enquirer; the alterations of their tenets and character; the propenſity the human mind has to improve when under long and favourable opportunities, all concur in demonſtrating that not only the ſyſtems of Meſſ. H. and D. are widely different from thoſe of the ancient Gentoos; but that whatever in future may be given by the moſt learned Brahmins, as their genuine ancient tenets, OUGHT by no means to be DEPENDED UPON AS SUCH. While the

Brahmins continue a ſect, thoſe leading principles of human nature, zeal for what is eſteemed ſacred, and partiality to national honour, will ever influence them, when they lay their philoſophy before the eyes of ſtrangers, particularly where the boaſted ſecrecy of near 4000 years promiſes the impoſſibility of detection. Shall we believe that the gloſſes and refinements of the modern learned Brahmins contain the genuine ideas and principles of the ancient Hindoos? We may as well believe that the Popiſh prieſts on the Indian miſſion will give the Brahmins a faithful hiſtory of the deteſtable tyranny and abominable wickedneſs of the Popes and their Holy Church during the monkiſh ages. Who that conſiders theſe ſtriking facts, and their certain conſequences, can withhold his contempt when he is told of the religious care with which the Brahmins have theſe four thouſand years preſerved their ſacred rites: An abſurdity only equal to that of thoſe who tell us, that God inſtructed Adam in the myſteries of free maſonry, and that Noah every new moon held a maſon's lodge in the ark.

And yet all this is nothing to the ridicule of what follows: Where does the pure Shaſtah of Brahma exiſt? Mr. D.'s *learned pundit* ſeems never to have heard a word about it. Why truly, the original text of Brahma is preſerved, ſays Mr. H. ch. iv. p. 13. in the *Chatah Bhade*, or *ſix ſcriptures of the mighty ſpirit*. This work, he ſays, is a paraphraſe on the pure Shaſtah, which conſiſted only of four ſcriptures; therefore the original text muſt be only interſperſed. And this paraphraſe Mr. H. reprobates as the infamous work of prieſtcraft, and the original cauſe of the polytheiſm of the Gentoos. And this pure text is not

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only to be picked *, at diſcretion and pleaſure, out of this mother of idolatry, but the ability ſo to do is confined to a very few families. "The original, plain, pure, and ſimple tenets, "(ſays Mr. H. p. 15.) of the *Chatah Bhade* of *Brahma* (1500 "years after its firſt promulgation) became by degrees utterly "loſt; except to *three* or *four* Goſeyn families, who at this day "are *only capable* of reading and expounding it, from the *Sanſcrit* "character; to theſe may be added a few others of the tribe "of *Batteezaaz Brahmins*, who can read, and expound from the "*Chatah Bhade* which *ſtill preſerved* the text of the original, as "before remarked."

Can pretenſions to the moſt remote antiquity be more completely ridiculous! By theſe three or four families who only can diſcover, read and expound the pure *Shaſtah* of *Brahma*, we muſt underſtand thoſe Brahmins with whom Mr. H. converſed, and whom, in the utmoſt probability, he taught to ſay as he ſaid; and then (like thoſe who have been to the *Cunning Man* on enquiry after *ſtolen goods* or a *ſweetheart*) came home highly ſatisfied with having his own hints repeated to him in other words.

And thus, from the concurrent teſtimony of all former travellers, moſt virtually confirmed by Meſſ. H. and D. we have diſplayed the wild, capricious, and groſs ſpirit of the Gentoo theology; the endleſs confuſion of their legends; the impiety and puerility of their metaphyſics; their ignorance of natural philoſophy;

* The abſurdity of this arbitrary ſelection of the pure Shaſtah is demonſtrated, undeſignedly, by Mr. H. himſelf. He ſays the pure Shaſtah of Brahma contained no mythology; and yet what he has ſelected as the pure Shaſtah, as the quotations already given, evince, is mythological.

philoſophy; the immorality of their penances and idolatry; the general turpitude and baſeneſs of the Hindoo character; the alteration of their principles and manners in various ages; the utter uncertainty of the various dates of their writings held ſacred; and, above all, the abſurdity of thoſe who have maintained that theſe writings have remained unaltered almoſt theſe 4000 years, and are of ſuperior antiquity to the records of any other nation.

It is an obſervation founded on experience, that the zealot of any ſect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumſtance the beſt gloſs, and ſtrain every feature, as much as poſſible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend *. And from the contradictory accounts of Mr. H. and Mr. D. let future travellers beware how they obtrude upon Europe the opinions of two or three Brahmins, as the only genuine doctrines of the Gentoos. The irreconcileable contradictions of theſe philoſophers

* In this manner Joſephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his hiſtory of the Jews. He has altered, ſuppreſſed, gloſſed, and falſified, on purpoſe to adopt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as poſſible, to the taſte of the Greek and Roman philoſophers. In the ſame manner, we believe, it may be aſſerted that every jeſuit behaves, when he defends popery in converſation with an intelligent diſſenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a ſenſible papiſt, who either from ignorance of the hiſtory of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, ſuperſtitions, and villainous arts of Holy Church; thoſe intrigues and tranſactions which form the principal part of the hiſtory of Europe during ſix or ſeven monkiſh centuries. Yet what wiſe man will upon ſuch evidence reject the teſtimony of ages? The alluſion is apt, and the inference is the ſame.

phers have been demonſtrated. And theſe contradictions evidently appear to have thus ariſen: The philoſophy and mythology of the Gentoos form ſuch a boundleſs chaos of confuſion and contradictions, that no two of theſe philoſophers, unacquainted with each other, can poſſibly give the ſame or a conſiſtent account of their tenets: And whenever one of ſuperior ingenuity vamps up a fine philoſophical theory out of the original maſs, another, perhaps equally ingenious, comes and puts one in mind of the fable of the bee and the ſpider in Swift's battle of the books. The ſpider had with great pains juſt finiſhed his web to catch flies, when the bee blundered that way, and demoliſhed it. "A plague ſplit you, (quoth the ſpider,) for a giddy whoreſon, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter..... and do you think I have nothing elſe to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your

, And verily, verily, in this ſtrain may the moſt learned of the modern Brahmins exclaim to each other.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the ſilent CATUAL view'd
The pictured fire with ſeeming life endued;
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,
Smooth flowed his ſweepy beard of gloſſy white;
When thus, as ſwift the Moor unfolds the word,
The valiant Paulus to the Indian lord;

Bold though theſe figures frown, yet bolder far
Theſe godlike heroes ſhined in ancient war.
In that hoar ſire, of mien ſerene, auguſt,
Luſus behold, no robber chief unjuſt;

His cluſter'd bough, the ſame which Bacchus [a] bore,
He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;
The friend of ſavage man, to Bacchus dear,
The ſon of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,
What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,
The youthful god ſubdued the ſavage world,
Bade vineyards gliſten o'er the dreary waſte,
And humanized the nations as he paſt.
Luſus, the loved companion of the god,
In Spain's fair boſom fixt his laſt abode,
Our kingdom founded, and illuſtrious reign'd
In thoſe fair lawns, the bleſt Elyſium [b] feign'd,

Where

[a] *His cluſter'd bough, the ſame which Bacchus bore.*——Camoëns immediately before, and in the former book, calls the enſign of Luſus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrſus of Bacchus,

O verde tyrſo foi de Bacco uſado.

The thyrſus however was a javelin twiſted with ivy-leaves, uſed in the ſacrifices of Bacchus.

[b] *In thoſe fair lawns the bleſt Elyſium feign'd.*—In this aſſertion our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation ſufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting ſeveral Spaniſh writers, particularly *Barboſa*, who ſeriouſly affirm that Homer drew the fine deſcription of Elyſium, in his fourth Odyſſey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voyages, it is ſaid, he arrived. Egypt, however, ſeems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corpſe over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceaſed, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refuſed the honours of ſepulture. The place of the catacombs, according to Diodorus Siculus, was ſurrounded with

Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves.
Here with his bones he left his deathleſs fame,
And Luſitania's clime ſhall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroidered ſilk diſplays,
Toſt o'er the deep whole years of weary days,
On Tago's banks at laſt his vows he paid:
To wiſdom's godlike power, the Jove-born maid,

Who

with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderneſs of groves. And it is univerſally known that the greateſt part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the cuſtoms and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have alſo claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the bleſſed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, ſays an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician ſailors. That theſe navigators traded to the coaſts of Britain is certain. In the middle of ſummer, the ſeaſon when the ancients performed their voyages, for about ſix weeks there is no night over the Orkney iſlands; the diſk of the ſun during that time ſcarcely ſinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which uſually prevails at that ſeaſon, and the beautiful verdure of the iſlands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that theſe iſlands were inhabited by the ſpirits of the juſt. This, ſays our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his iſlands of the happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and ſeveral others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, ſeems probable; and on this ſuppoſition the Inſulæ Fortunatæ, and Purpurariæ, now the Canary and Madeira iſlands, alſo claim the honour of giving colours to the deſcription of Elyſium. The truth however appears to be this: That a place of happineſs is reſerved for the ſpirits of the good is the natural ſuggeſtion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breaſt. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their heaven in beautiful iſlands at an immenſe diſtance over the ocean. The idea is univerſal, and is natural to every nation in the ſtate of barbarous ſimplicity.

Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he rear'd the hallowed ſhrine:
Ulyſſes he, though fated to deſtroy
On Aſian ground the heaven-built towers of [c] Troy,
On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Liſboa [d] riſe.

But who that godlike terror of the plain,
Who ſtrews the ſmoaking field with heaps of ſlain?
What numerous legions fly in dire diſmay,
Whoſe ſtandards wide the eagle's wings diſplay?
The pagan aſks; the brother [e] chief replies,
Unconquer'd deem'd proud Rome's dread ſtandard flies.
His crook thrown by, fired by his nation's woes,
The hero ſhepherd Viriatus roſe;
His country ſaved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.

That

c —*The heaven-built towers of Troy*—Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

d *On Europe's ſtrand, more grateful to the ſkies,*
He bade th' eternal walls of Liſboa riſe.—

For ſome account of this tradition ſee the note p. 109. vol. i. Ancient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not ſcrupled to inſert one, which required an apology.

——*Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.*

Spenſer has given us the hiſtory of Brute and his deſcendants at full length in the *Faerie Queen*; and Milton, it is known, was ſo fond of that abſurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the ſubject; and by this fondneſs was induced to mention it as a truth in his Introduction to the Hiſtory of England.

e —*the brother chief*—Paulus de Gama.

That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus [f] bore,
To him they ſhew'd not; for they fear'd him more.
Not on the field o'ercome by manly force;
Peaceful he ſlept, and now a murdered corſe
By treaſon ſlain he lay. How ſtern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boaſted he divined,
Beſide him pictur'd ſtands, the milk-white hind:
Injured by Rome, the ſtern Sertorius fled
To Tago's ſhore, and Luſus' offspring led;
Their worth he knew; in ſcatter'd flight he drove
The ſtandards painted with the birds of Jove.
And lo, the flag whoſe ſhining colours own
The glorious founder of the Luſian throne!
Some deem the warrior of Hungarian [g] race,
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace.
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Galicia's ſons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,
To weeping Salem's ever-hallowed meads,
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to ſanctify his crown,
And to his lateſt race auſpicious waft it down.

And

[f] *That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus bore.*—When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his phyſician offered to poiſon him. The ſenate rejected the propoſal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the deſigned treaſon. Florus remarks on the infamous aſſaſſination of Viriatus, that the Roman ſenate did him great honour; *ut videretur aliter vinci non potuiſſe*; it was a confeſſion that they could not otherwiſe conquer him. Vid. Flor. l. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, ſee the note on p. 14. vol. i.

[g] *Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race.*—See the note on p. 94. vol. i.

And who this awful chief? aloud exclaims
The wondering regent, o'er the field he flames
In dazzling ſteel, where'er he bends his courſe
The battle ſinks beneath his headlong force;
Againſt his troops, though few the numerous foes
In vain their ſpears and towery walls oppoſe.
With ſmoaking blood his armour ſprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courſer paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-ſtain'd enſigns ſcatter'd round
He rides; his courſer's brazen hoofs reſound.
In that great chief, the ſecond GAMA cries,
The firſt [h] Alonzo ſtrikes thy wondering eyes.
From Luſus' realm the pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved, beſtow'd on him ſuch love,
Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Mooriſh ſtrength lay proſtrate on the ground.
Nor Ammon's ſon, nor greater Julius dared
With troops ſo few, with hoſts ſo numerous warr'd:
Nor leſs ſhall fame the ſubject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's rageful frown!
On his young pupil's flight his burning [i] eyes
He darts, and, Turn thy flying hoſt, he cries,

Back

[h] *The firſt Alonzo*——King of Portugal. See p. 105, &c. vol. i.

[i] *On his young pupil's flight.*——"Some indeed, moſt writers ſay, that the queen (*of whom ſee* p. 100. vol. i.) advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Munitz, engaged the army of the queen a ſecond time, and gained a complete victory." Univ. Hiſt.

Back to the field—The veteran and the boy
Back to the field exult with furious joy:
Their ranks mow'd down, the boaſtful foe recedes,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.
Again that mirror of unſhaken faith,
Egaz behold, a chief ſelf-doom'd to [k] death.
Beneath Caſtilia's ſword his monarch lay;
Homage he vow'd his helpleſs king ſhould pay;
His haughty king relieved, the treaty ſpurns,
With conſcious pride the noble Egaz burns;
His comely ſpouſe and infant race he leads,
Himſelf the ſame, in ſentenced felon's weeds;
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;
And proſtrate now before Caſtilia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah, Rome! no more thy generous conſul [l] boaſt,
Whoſe lorn ſubmiſſion ſaved his ruin'd hoſt:
No father's woes aſſail'd his ſtedfaſt mind;
The deareſt ties the Luſian chief reſign'd.

There, by the ſtream, a town beſieged behold,
The Mooriſh tents the ſhatter'd walls infold.

Fierce

[k] *Egaz behold, a chief ſelf-doom'd to death.*—See the ſame ſtory, p. 102. vol. i.

[l] *Ah, Rome! no more thy generous conſul boaſt*——Sc. Poſthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, ſubmitted to the indignity of paſſing under the yoke or gallows.

Fierce as the lion from the covert ſprings,
When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings;
From ambuſh, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,
And whelms in ſudden rout th' aſtoniſh'd Moors.
The Mooriſh king in captive chains he [m] ſends;
And low at Liſboa's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artiſt's ſkill diſplays;
Far o'er the ocean ſhine his enſigns rays:
In crackling flames the Mooriſh galleys fly,
And the red blaze aſcends the bluſhing ſky:
O'er Avila's high ſteep the flames aſpire,
And wrap the foreſts in a ſheet of fire:
There ſeem the waves beneath the prows to boil;
And diſtant far around for many a mile
The glaſſy deep reflects the ruddy blaze;
Far on the edge the yellow light decays,
And blends with hovering blackneſs. Great and dread
Thus ſhone the day when firſt the combat bled,
The firſt our heroes battled on the main,
The glorious prelude of our naval reign,
Which now the waves beyond the burning zone,
And northern Greenland's froſt-bound billows own.

Again

[m] *The Mooriſh king.*——The Alcaydes, or tributary governors under the Miramolin or Emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spaniſh and Portugueſe writers ſtiled kings. He who was ſurpriſed and taken priſoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho was named *Gama*. Fuaz, after having gained the firſt naval victory of the Portugueſe, alſo experienced their firſt defeat. With one and twenty ſail he attacked fifty-four large gallies of the Moors. The ſea, ſays Brandan, which had lately furniſhed him with trophies, now ſupplied him with a tomb.

Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight!
O'erpower'd he ſinks beneath the Mooriſh might;
Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,
And lo, his ſoul triumphant mounts the ſkies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious [n] aid.
Lo, marching from the decks the ſquadrons ſpread,
Strange their attire, their aſpect firm and dread.
The holy croſs their enſigns bold diſplay,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;
Yet firſt, the cauſe the ſame, on Tago's ſhore
They dye their maiden ſwords in pagan gore.
Proud ſtood the Moor on Liſboa's warlike towers;
From Liſboa's walls they drive the Mooriſh powers:
Amid the thickeſt of the glorious fight,
Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,
A martyr falls: That holy tomb behold,
There waives the bloſſom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the ſacred plant aroſe,
And from the leaves, heaven's gift, gay health redundant [o] flows.

Aloft,

n *A foreign navy brings the pious aid*—A navy of cruſaders, moſtly Engliſh. See p. 109. vol. i.

o *And from the leaves*——This legend is mentioned by ſome ancient Portugueſe chronicles. Homer would have availed himſelf, as Camoëns has done, of ſo a tradition ſo enthuſiaſtical, and characteriſtic of the age. Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologn. His tomb, ſays Caſtera, is ſtill to be ſeen in the monaſtery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

Aloft, unfurl; the valiant Paulus cries;
Inſtant new wars on new-ſpread enſigns riſe.
In robes of white behold a prieſt [p] advance!
His ſword in ſplinters ſmites the Mooriſh lance:
Arronchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the craſhing ſpears,
That hero-form the Luſian ſtandard rears:
There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
Lo, ruſhing through the Moors o'er hills of ſlain
The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
The ſon of Egas [q], and his worth the ſame.
Pierced by his dart the ſtandard bearer dies;
Beneath his feet the Mooriſh ſtandard lies:
High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze!
The victor-youth the Luſian flag diſplays.
Lo, while the moon through midnight azure rides,
From the high wall adown his ſpear-ſtaff glides
The dauntleſs Gerrald: in his left he [r] bears
Two watchmens' heads, his right the faulchion rears:

The

[p] *In robes of white behold a prieſt advance.*—"Theotonius, prior of the "regulars of St. Auguſtine of Conymbra. Some ancient chronicles relate "this circumſtance as mentioned by Camoëns. Modern writers aſſert, that "he never quitted his breviary." *Caſtera.*

[q] *The ſon of Egas*—He was named Mem Moniz, and was ſon of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the ſurrender of himſelf and family to the king of Caſtile, as already mentioned.

[r] *The dauntleſs Gerrald*—"He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal puniſhment to which ſeveral crimes rendered him obnoxious, put

The gate he opens; ſwift from ambuſh riſe
His ready bands, the city falls his prize:
Evora ſtill the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed diſplays:
There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the faulchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king, and burning for [5] revenge,
Behold his arms that proud Caſtilian change;
The Mooriſh buckler on his breaſt he bears,
And leads the fierceſt of the pagan ſpears.
Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tago bends his furious courſe.
Another fate he met on Tago's ſhore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;
His bleeding army ſtrew'd the thirſty ground,
And captive chains the rageful leader bound.
Reſplendent far that holy chief behold!
Aſide he throws the ſacred ſtaff of gold,

And

himſelf at the head of a party of freebooters. Tiring, however, of that life, he reſolved to reconcile himſelf to his ſovereign by ſome noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the centinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who ſoon became maſters of the place. This exploit had its deſired effect. The king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a ſword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing of the city." *Caſtera.*

[5] *Wrong'd by his king.*—Don Pedro Fernando de Caſtro, injured by the family of *Lara*, and denied redreſs by the king of Caſtile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms againſt his native country. At the head of a Mooriſh army he committed ſeveral outrages in Spain; but was totally defeated in Portugal.

And wields the ſpear of ſteel. How bold advance
The numerous Moors, and with the reſted lance
Hem round the trembling Luſians! Calm and bold
Still towers the prieſt, and lo, the ſkies[t] unfold:
Cheer'd by the viſion brighter than the day
The Luſians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their ſlaves four haughty kings lie ſlain.
In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,
Before his ruſhing hoſt Alcazar falls.
There, by his altar, now the hero ſhines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.
That chief behold: though proud Caſtilia's hoſt
He leads, his birth ſhall Tagus ever boaſt.
As a pent flood burſts headlong o'er the ſtrand
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town, nor caſtled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's ſword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day

Fearleſs

[t] ——*and lo, the ſkies unfold.*—"According to ſome ancient Portugueſe hiſ-
"tories, Don Matthew, biſhop of Liſbon, in the reign of Alonzo I. attempted
"to reduce Alcazar, then in poſſeſſion of the Moors. His troops being ſud-
"denly ſurrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly,
"when, at the prayers of the biſhop, a venerable old man, cloathed in
"white, with a red croſs on his breaſt, appeared in the air. The miracle
"diſpelled the fears of the Portugueſe; the Moors were defeated, and the
"conqueſt of Alcazar crowned the victory." *Caſtera.*

Fearleſs he ſcales: her ſtreets in blood deplore
The ſeven brave hunters murder'd by the [u] Moor.
Theſe three bold knights show dread! Thro' Spain and [x] France
At juſt and tournay with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Caſtilia's court beheld
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour ſwell'd:
The braveſt of the three their ſwords ſurround;
Brave Ribeir ſtrews them vanquiſh'd o'er the ground.
Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,
That darling ſon of warlike fame admire!
Proſtrate at proud Caſtilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet:
Softly they ſeem to breathe, and forward bend
The ſervile neck; each eye diſtruſts his friend;

Fearful

[u] ——— *her ſtreets in blood deplore*
The ſeven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor.

——"During a truce with the Moors, ſix cavaliers of the order of St. "James were, while on a hunting party, ſurrounded and killed by a "numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen "ſold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who "chanced to paſs that way, came generouſly to their aſſiſtance, and loſt "his life along with them. The poet, in giving all ſeven the ſame title, "ſhews us that virtue conſtitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, "grand maſter of the order of St. James, revenged the death of theſe brave "unfortunates, by the ſack of Tavila, where his juſt rage put the garriſon "to the ſword." *Caſtera.*

[x] *Theſe three bold knights how dread!*—Nothing can give us a ſtronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of theſe champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true ſpirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in queſt of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Santarene; and Vaſco Anez, foſter-brother to Mary, queen of Caſtile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

Fearful each tongue to ſpeak; each boſom cold:
When colour'd with ſtern rage, erect and bold
The hero riſes; Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its baſe; my native king alone
Shall reign—Then ruſhing to the fight he leads;
Low vanquiſh'd in the duſt Caſtilia bleeds.
Where proudeſt hope might deem it vain to dare,
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.
Though fierce as numerous are the hoſts that dwell
By Betis' ſtream, theſe hoſts before him fell.
The fight behold: while abſent from his bands,
Preſt on the ſtep of flight his army ſtands,
To call the chief an herald ſpeeds away:
Low on his knees the gallant chief ſurvey!
He pours his ſoul, with lifted hands implores,
And heaven's aſſiſting arm, inſpired, adores.
Panting and pale the herald urges ſpeed:
With holy truſt of victory decreed,
Careleſs he anſwers, Nothing urgent calls:
And ſoon the bleeding foe before him falls.
To Numa thus the pale patricians fled;
The hoſtile ſquadrons o'er the kingdom ſpread,
They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,
And I, behold, am offering [y] ſacrifice!

Earneſt

[y] *And I, behold, am offering ſacrifice.*—This line, the ſimplicity of which, I think, contains great dignity, is adopted from Fanſhaw,

And I, ye ſee, am offering ſacrifice.—

who

Earneſt I ſee thy wondering eyes inquire
Who this illuſtrious chief, his country's ſire?
The Luſian Scipio well might ſpeak his [z] fame,
But nobler Nunio ſhines a greater name:
On earth's green boſom, or on ocean grey,
A greater never ſhall the ſun ſurvey.

Known by the ſilver croſs and ſable [a] ſhield,
Two knights of Malta there command the field;
From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey,
And the tired ox lows on his weary way:
When, as the falcon through the foreſt glade
Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood ſhade

Darts

who has here catched the ſpirit of the original:

A quem lhe a dura nova eſtava dando,
Pois eu, reſponde, eſtou ſacrificando.

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful tidings, "And I, he replies, am ſacrificing." The piety of Numa was crowned with victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

[z] *The Luſian* Scipio *well might ſpeak his fame,*
But nobler Nunio *ſhines a greater name.*—

Caſtera juſtly obſerves the happineſs with which Camoëns introduces the name of this truly great man. *Il va*, ſays he, *le nommer tout à l'heure avec une addreſſe et une magnificence digne d'un ſi beau ſujet.*

[a] *Two knights of Malta.*—Theſe knights were firſt named knights Hoſpitallars of St. John of Jeruſalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Meſſina, ere Malta was aſſigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the Holy Sepulchre from the profanation of infidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleneſs of monkiſh luxury. Their original habit was black with a white croſs; their arms gules, a croſs argent.

Darts Roderic on their rear; in ſcatter'd flight
They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.
Again, behold, in gore he bathes his ſword;
His captive friend, to liberty [b] reſtored,
Glows to review the cauſe that wrought his woe,
The cauſe, his loyalty as taintleſs ſnow.
Here treaſon's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,
Low groveling in the duſt the traitor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, [c] behold,
Chariot and ſteed in purple ſlaughter roll'd;
Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the nobleſt blood of Spain.

Here

[b] *His captive friend.*——Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vaſco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Cuytado, having diſcovered that he was in the intereſt of the king of Caſtile, drove him from his town and fortreſs. On the eſtabliſhment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no ſooner was he re-inſtated in the garriſon, than he delivered it up to the Caſtilians; and plundered the houſe of Cuytado, whom, with his wife, he made priſoner; and under a numerous party, ordered to be ſent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal hearing of this, attacked and defeated the eſcort, and ſet his friend at liberty. *Caſtera.*

[c] *Here treaſon's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes.*—While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, ſome holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Caſtile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the intereſt of his native prince, and a conference, with the uſual aſſurances of ſafety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting, ſeized upon Elvas, and ſent him priſoner to his caſtle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traiterous Marin, notwithſtanding the endeavours of their captain to ſave his life, met the reward of his treaſon from the ſoldiers of Elvas. *Partly from Caſtera.*

Here Liſboa's ſpacious harbour meets the view;
How vaſt the foes, the Luſian fleet how few!
Caſteel's proud war-ſhips, circling round, encloſe
The Luſian galleys; through their thundering rows,
Fierce preſſing on, Pereira fearleſs rides,
His hooked irons graſp the Ammiral's ſides:
Confuſion maddens; on the dreadleſs knight
Caſtilia's navy pours its gather'd might:
Pereira dies, their ſelf-devoted prey,
And ſafe the Luſian galleys ſpeed [d] away.

Lo, where the lemon trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool ſhadows o'er the cryſtal rill;
There twice two hundred fierce Caſtilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Luſian race encloſe:
Forlorn they ſeem; but taintleſs flow'd their blood
From thoſe three hundred who of old withſtood.
Withſtood, and from a thouſand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the [e] ſhepherd bore
The leader's ſtaff of Luſus: equal [f] flame
Inſpired theſe few, their victory the ſame.

Though

[d] *And ſafe the Luſian galleys ſpeed away.*—A numerous fleet of the Caſtilians being on their way to lay ſiege to Liſbon, Ruy Pereyra, the Portugueſe commander, ſeeing no poſſibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spaniſh admiral. The fury of his onſet put the Caſtilians in diſorder, and allowed the Portugueſe galleys a ſafe eſcape. In this brave piece of ſervice the gallant Pereyra loſt his life. *Caſtera.*

[e] —— *the ſhepherd*—Viriatus.

[f] —— *equal flame inſpired theſe few.*——The Caſtilians having laid ſiege to Almada, a fortreſs on a mountain near Liſbon, the garriſon, in the utmoſt diſtreſs

Though twenty lances brave each ſingle ſpear,
Never the foes ſuperior might to fear
Is our inheritance, our native right,
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.

That dauntleſs earl behold; on Libya's coaſt,
Far from the ſuccour of the Luſian [g] hoſt,
Twice hard beſieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Againſt the banded might of Afric's powers.
That [h] other earl;—behold the port he bore;
So trod ſtern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of ſpears Alcazar's gates ſurround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thouſand enſigns glittering to the day
The waining moon's ſlant ſilver horns diſplay.

In

diſtreſs for water, were obliged at times to make ſallies to the bottom of the hill in queſt of it. Seventeen Portugueſe thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortreſs. *Caſtera.*

g *Far from the ſuccour of the Luſian hoſt.*—When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, Don Pedro de Menezes was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortreſs; which, on account of the uncertainty of ſuccour from Portugal, and the earneſt deſire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his poſt in two ſevere ſieges.

h *That other earl*——He was the natural ſon of Don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and ſome others under him, at the expence of their own lives, purchaſed the ſafe retreat of their ſovereign.

In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls;
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeleſs conflict loſt his king appears;
Amid the thickeſt of the Mooriſh ſpears
Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious ſtrife
He dies, and dying ſaves his ſovereign's life.

Illuſtrious, lo, two brother-heroes ſhine,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe [i] known,
In every court the gallant Pedro ſhone.
The glorious [k] Henry—kindling at his name
Behold my ſailors' eyes all ſparkle flame!
Henry the chief, who firſt, by heaven inſpired,
To deeds unknown before, the ſailor fired;
The conſcious ſailor left the ſight of ſhore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.

The

[i] —— *two brother-heroes ſhine*——The ſons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulyſſes of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He viſited almoſt every court of Europe, but he principally diſtinguiſhed himſelf in Germany, where, under the ſtandards of the emperor Sigiſmond, he ſignaliſed his valour in the war againſt the Turks. *Caſtera.*

[k] *The glorious Henry.*——In purſuance of the reaſons aſſigned in the Preface, the tranſlator has here taken the liberty to make a tranſpoſition in the order of his author. In Camoëns, Don Pedro de Menezes, and his ſon De Vian, conclude the deſcription of the pictured enſigns. Don Henry, the greateſt man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the beſt title to cloſe this proceſſion of the Luſian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to ſum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even ſome critical propriety. It remains now to make a few obſervations on this ſeeming epiſode of

Camoëns.

The various wealth of every diſtant land
He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.

The

Camoëns. The ſhield of Achilles has had many imitators, ſome in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Arioſto, in the XXXIII canto of his Orlando Furioſo, is moſt fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portugueſe poet had his eye. Pharamond, king of France, having reſolved to conquer Italy, deſires the friendſhip of Arthur, king of Britain. Arthur ſends Merlin the magician to aſſiſt him with advice. Merlin, by his ſupernatural art, raiſes a ſumptuous hall, on the ſides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invaſions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greateſt maſters. A deſcription of theſe pictures, an epiſode much longer than this of Camoëns, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the caſtle of Sir Triſtram; where the inchanted hall was placed. But though the poetry be pleaſing, the whole fiction, unleſs to amuſe the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of deſign, however, is neither claimed by Arioſto in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the conduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Camoëns. To give a landſcape of the face of the country which is the ſcene of action, or to deſcribe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful deſcription of Eden, and the admirable painting of the ſhield of Achilles, are like the embroidery of a ſuit of cloaths, a part of the ſubject, and injure not the graceſulneſs of the make; or in other words, deſtroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be obſerved, that admirable as they are, the pictures on the ſhield of Achilles, conſidered by themſelves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If ſix of the apartments may be ſaid to rouſe the hero to war, the other ſix may with equal juſtice be called an obvious admonition or a charge to turn huſbandman. In that part of the Æneid where Virgil greatly improves upon his maſter, in the viſions of his future race which Anchiſes gives to Æneas in Elyſium, the buſineſs of the poem is admirably ſuſtained, and the hero is inſpired to encounter every danger on the view of ſo great a reward. The deſcription of the ſhield of Æneas however is leſs connected with the *conduct* of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended that his poem ſhould contain all the honours of his country, and has therefore charged the ſhield of his hero with what parts of the Roman hiſtory were omitted in the viſion of Elyſium. But ſo foreign are theſe pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himſelf tells us Æneas was ignorant of the hiſtory which they contained.

Talia,

The ocean's great diſcoverer he ſhines;
Nor leſs his honours in the martial lines:

The

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis
Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

Theſe obſervations, which the tranſlator believes have eſcaped the critics, were ſuggeſted to him by the conduct of Camoëns, whoſe deſign, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the ſhield of Æneas ſupplies what could not be introduced in the viſion of Elyſium, ſo the enſigns of Gama complete the purpoſe of the third and fourth Luſiads. The uſe of that long epiſode, the converſation with the king of Melinda, and its connection with the ſubject, have been already obſerved. The ſeeming epiſode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promiſe,

And all my country's wars the ſong adorn—

is alſo admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally deſire to be informed of the country, the hiſtory, and power of their foreign viſitors, and Paulus ſets it before their eyes. In every progreſſion of the ſcenery the buſineſs of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are ſtruck with the warlike grandeur and power of the ſtrangers, and to accept of their friendſhip, or to prevent the forerunners of ſo martial a nation from carrying home the tidings of the diſcovery of India, becomes the great object of their conſideration. And from the paſſions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great cataſtrophe of the Luſiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to ſome perhaps the expreſſions

And the tired ox lows on his weary way——
——loud ſhouts aſtound the ear——

And the abrupt ſpeech of an enraged warrior, aſcribed to a picture;

—— Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its baſe, my native king alone
Shall reign——

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be aſſured, is the language of the genuine ſpirit of poetry, when the productions of the ſiſter muſe are the object of deſcription. Let one very bold inſtance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the youths and maidens on the ſhield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope;

Now

The painted flag the cloud-wrapt ſiege diſplays;
There Ceuta's rocking wall its truſt betrays.
Black yawns the breach; the point of many a ſpear
Gleams through the ſmoke; loud ſhouts aſtound the ear.
Whoſe ſtep firſt trod the dreadful paſs? whoſe ſword
Hew'd its dark way, firſt with the foe begored?
'Twas thine, O glorious Henry, firſt to dare
The dreadful paſs, and thine to cloſe the war.
Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore
The boaſtful pride of Afric tower'd no more.

Numerous though theſe, more numerous warriors ſhine
Th' illuſtrious glory of the Luſian line.

But

Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,
With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end. Il. XVIII.

Sometimes when deſcribing a picture, poetry will ſay, the figures *ſeem* to move, to tremble, or to ſing. Homer has once or twice, on the ſhield of his hero, given this hint how to underſtand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite oppoſite to the bold and free ſpirit of poeſy, which delights in perſonification, and in giving life and paſſion to every thing it deſcribes. It is owing to the ſuperior force of this ſpirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landſcape views, that the ſhield of Achilles, in poetical merit, ſo greatly excels the buckler of Æneas, though the divine workman of the latter had the former as a pattern before him.

But ah, forlorn, what ſhame to barbarous [1] pride!
Friendleſs the maſter of the pencil died;
Immortal fame his deathleſs labours gave;
Poor man, He ſunk neglected to the grave!

The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and ſtill again untired,
The wondering regent of the wars inquired;
Still wondering heard the various pleaſing tale,
Till o'er the decks cold ſighed the evening gale:
The falling darkneſs dimm'd the eaſtern ſhore,
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar
Far to the weſt, when with his noble band
The thoughtful regent ſought his native ſtrand.

O'er

1 *But ah, forlorn, what ſhame to barbarous pride.*—In the original,

Mas faltamlhes pincel, faltamlhes cores,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

"But the pencil was wanting, colours were wanting, honour, reward, "favour, the nouriſhers of the arts." This ſeemed to the tranſlator as an impropriety, and contrary to the purpoſe of the whole ſpeech of Paulus, which was to give the Catual a high idea of Portugal. In the fate of the imaginary painter, the Luſian poet gives us the picture of his own, and reſentment wrung this impropriety from him. The ſpirit of the complaint however is preſerved in the tranſlation. The couplet,

Immortal fame his deathleſs labours gave;
Poor man, He ſunk neglected to the grave!

is not in the original. It is the ſigh of indignation over the unworthy fate of the unhappy Camoëns.

O'er the tall mountain-foreſt's waiving boughs
Aſlant the new moon's ſlender horns aroſe;
Near her pale chariot ſhone a twinkling ſtar,
And, ſave the murmuring of the wave afar,
Deep-brooding ſilence reign'd; each labour cloſed,
In ſleep's ſoft arms the ſons of toil repoſed.
And now no more the moon her glimpſes ſhed,
A ſudden black-wing'd cloud the ſky o'erſpread,
A ſullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,
In woe-ſwoln ſighs the hollow winds bemoan'd;
Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering ſhower,
Increaſed the horrors of the evil hour.
Thus when the God of earthquakes rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary ſound;
O'er nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With diſmal note the cock unuſual crows,
A ſhrill-voiced howling trembles through the air
As paſſing ghoſts were weeping in deſpair;
In diſmal yells the dogs confeſs their fear,
And ſhivering own ſome dreadful preſence near.
So lower'd the night, the ſullen howl the ſame,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom ſtern Bacchus came;
The form and garb of Hagar's ſon he took,
The ghoſt-like aſpect, and the threatening [m] look,

Then

m *The ghoſt-like aſpect, and the threatening look.*—Mohammed, by all hiſtorians, is deſcribed as of a pale livid complexion, and *trux aſpectus et vox terribilis*, of a fierce threatening aſpect, voice, and demeanour.

Then o'er the pillow of a furious prieſt,
Whoſe burning zeal the Koran's lore profeſt,
Revealed he ſtood conſpicuous in a dream,
His ſemblance ſhining as the moon's pale gleam [n];
And guard, he cries, my ſon, O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful ſnare prepared:
And canſt thou careleſs, unaffected ſleep,
While theſe ſtern lawleſs rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native ſhore a foreign throne,
Before whoſe ſteps thy lateſt race ſhall groan!
He ſpoke; cold horror ſhook the Mooriſh prieſt;
He wakes, but ſoon reclines in wonted reſt:

An

[n] We have already ſeen the warm encomium paid by Taſſo to his cotemporary, Camoëns. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has alſo teſtified his approbation by ſeveral imitations of the Luſiad. Virgil, in no inſtance, has more cloſely copied Homer, than Taſſo has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil Dæmon, in the dream of the Mooriſh prieſt. The enchanter Iſmeno thus appears to the ſleeping Solyman.

Soliman' Salimano, i tuoi ſilenti
Riposi à miglior tempo homai riſerva:
Che ſottò il giogo de ſtraniere genti
La patria, ove regnaſti, ancor' e ſerva.
In queſta terra dormi, e non rammenti,
Ch' inſepolte de tuoi l'oſſa conſerva?
Ove ſi gran' veſtigio e del tuo ſcorno,
Tu neghittoſo aſpetti il novo giorno?

Thus elegantly tranſlated by Mr. Hoole.

Oh! Solyman, regardleſs chief, awake;
In happier hours thy grateful ſlumber take:
Beneath a foreign yoke thy ſubjects bend,
And ſtrangers o'er thy land their rule extend.
Here doſt thou ſleep? here cloſe thy careleſs eyes,
While uninterr'd each lov'd aſſociate lies?
Here where thy fame has felt the hoſtile ſcorn,
Canſt thou, unthinking, wait the riſing morn?

An airy phantom of the ſlumbering brain
He deem'd the viſion; when the fiend again,
With ſterner mien and fiercer accent ſpoke;
Oh faithleſs! worthy of the foreign yoke!
And knoweſt thou not thy prophet ſent by heaven,
By whom the Koran's ſacred lore was given,
God's chiefeſt gift to men: And muſt I leave
The bowers of Paradiſe, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtleſs of your woe
Ye ſleep, the careleſs victims of the foe;
The foe, whoſe rage will ſoon with cruel joy,
If unoppoſed, my ſacred ſhrines deſtroy.
Then while kind heaven th' auſpicious hour beſtows,
Let every nerve their infant ſtrength oppoſe.
When ſoftly uſhered by the milky-[o] dawn
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the daiſied lawn,

His

[o] *When ſoftly uſher'd by the milky dawn*
The ſun firſt riſes.——

"I deceive myſelf greatly, (ſays Caſtera,) if this ſimile is not the moſt "noble and the moſt natural that can be found in any poem. It has been "imitated by the Spaniſh comedian, the illuſtrious Lopez de Vega, in his "comedy of Orpheus and Eurydice, Act I. Scene I.

Como mirar puede ſer
El ſol al amanecer,
I quando ſe enciende, no."

Caſtera adds a very looſe tranſlation of theſe Spaniſh lines in French verſe. The literal Engliſh is, *As the ſun may be beheld at his riſing, but when illuſtriouſly kindled, cannot.* Naked however as this is, the imitation of Camoëns is evident. As Caſtera is ſo very bold in his encomium of this fine ſimile of the ſun, it is but juſtice to add his tranſlation of it, together with the original Portugueſe, and the tranſlation of Fanſhaw. Thus the French tranſlator.

Les yeux peuvent ſoûtenir la clarté du ſoleil naiſſant, mais lorſqu'il s'eſt avance dans ſa carriere lumineuſe, & que ſes rayons répandent les ardeurs du midi, on

His ſilver luſtre, as the ſhining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkneſs ſtrikes the conquer'd ſight,
That dares in all his glow the Lord of light.
Such, if on India's ſoil the tender ſhoot
Of theſe proud cedars fix the ſtubborn root,
Such ſhall your power before them ſink decay'd,
And India's ſtrength ſhall wither in their ſhade.

He ſpoke; and inſtant from his vot'ry's bed
Together with repoſe, the dæmon fled;

Again

tacheroit en vain de l'enviſager; un prompt aveuglement ſeroit le prix de cette audace.

Thus elegantly in the original;

Em quanto he fraca a força deſta gente,
Ordena como em tudo ſe reſiſta,
Porque quando o ſol ſae, facilmente
Se póde nelle por a aguda viſta:
Porem depois que ſobe claro, & ardente,
Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquiſta
Tao cega fica, quondo ficareis,
Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanſhaw:

Now whilſt this people's ſtrength is not yet knit,
Think how ye may reſiſt them by all ways.
For when the *ſun* is in his *nonage* yit,
Upon his *morning beauty* men may gaze;
But let him once up to his *zenith* git,
He ſtrikes them *blind* with his *meridian rays*;
So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too't,
If ye permit theſe *cedars* to take root.

Again cold horror ſhook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Meſſiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace ſped the dæmon's flight.
Sleepleſs the king he found in dubious thought;
His conſcious fraud a thouſand terrors brought:
All gloomy as the hour, around him ſtand
With haggard looks the hoary magi [p] band;

To

[p] ——— *Around him ſtand*
With haggard looks the hoary magi band ——

Or the Brahmins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23, ſays, that the Perſian magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arianus, l. 7. expreſly gives the Brahmins the name of magi. The magi of India, ſays he, told Alexander on his pretenſions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took leſs reſt, and did more miſchief. The Brahmins are never among modern writers called magi.

We have already obſerved that the wonderful virtues peculiar to ſome plants very naturally contributed to eſtabliſh the belief in magic. And certain it is that many of the unlettered natives of Aſia and South-America have a knowledge of ſeveral drugs moſt powerful in their effects, either as poiſon, antidotes of poiſon, or as diſturbers of the imagination. Their ignorance makes them eſteem theſe virtues as *magical*, and their revenge againſt all Europeans prompts them to the moſt religious concealment. In the voyage of James Neccius, a Dutchman, in 1602, we have the account of a ſtrange delirium which ſeized all thoſe of his crew, who, near the kingdom of Siam, had eaten of a certain fruit like a plum. Some imagined the ſhip was overpowered by enemies, and boldly defended their cabins; others danced and ſung and thought themſelves on ſhore at a drunken banquet with their friends. And while ſome chanted *Lallelujahs*, and believed they ſaw God and his angels, others lay howling on the decks, and imagined themſelves among the damned in hell. (*Vide Navig. Jacobi Neccii.*) This delirium appears to take poſſeſſion of whatever temperament of mind happens at the time to be predominant; but happily it is cured by a ſound ſleep. It is a fact well atteſted that the *Brahmin* pretenders to magic have a method of affecting the phantaſies of thoſe who apply to them. This is done by ſome intoxicating potion, adminiſtered with the ſolemnities of witchcraft: while

To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard-of Spain,
Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove:
Muttering their charms and ſpells of dreary ſound,
With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;
Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,
With diſmal hollow groans the victim falls;

With

it begins to operate the magician's converſation fixes the imagination on the objects he wiſhes to raiſe; and after a recovering ſleep theſe objects are remembered as the cleareſt viſions. In the approaches of natural madneſs the imagination is intenſely fixed upon ſome particular object or affection. This indicates a particular alliance between this ſpecies of intoxication, and that moſt dreadful diſeaſe. The Portugueſe authors mention other kinds of *natural magic*, as known to the Indians. When Albuquerque was on the way to Malacca, he attacked a large ſhip, but juſt as his men were going to board her, ſhe ſuddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portugueſe to bear off. Three days afterward the ſame veſſel ſent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, ſays Oſorius, were only artificial, and did not the leaſt damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral ſoon after ſent his long boats to attack a ſhip commanded by one Nehoada Beeguea. The enemy made an obſtinate reſiſtance. Nehoada himſelf was pierced with ſeveral mortal wounds, but loſt not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood guſhed out, and he expired. According to Oſorius, this was ſaid to be occaſioned by the virtue of a ſtone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called Cabriſia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effuſion of blood from the moſt grievous wounds. It was natural for the Portugueſe ſoldiers to magnify any appearance of a ſtyptic, which they did not underſtand. And certain it is that many barbarous tribes are poſſeſſed of ſome natural ſecrets which the learned of Europe do not yet know. It is not long ſince an eminent diſciple of Newton eſteemed the diſcovery of electricity as the dream of a diſtempered brain. *Barboſa* relates that one *Machamut*, who expelled the king of Guzarat and ſeized the throne, had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to poiſons, that he could kill whoever offended him by ſpitting at them. His concubines never ſurvived a ſecond evening. This perhaps may be thought to confirm what is ſaid of *Mithridates*; but both ſtories are undoubtedly ſomewhat exaggerated.

With earneſt eyes the prieſtly band explore
The entrails throbbing in the living gore.
And lo, permitted by the Power Divine,
The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful [q] ſign.
Here furious war her gleamy faulchion draws;
Here lean-ribb'd famine writhes her falling jaws;
Dire as the fiery peſtilential ſtar
Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car
Stern tyranny ſweeps wide o'er India's ground,
On vulture wings fierce rapine hovers round;
Ills after ills, and India's fetter'd might,
Th' eternal yoke—loud ſhrieking at the [r] ſight

The

[q] *The hovering dæmon gives the dreadful ſign.*—This is an alluſion to the truth of hiſtory. Barros relates, that an augur being brought before the Zamorim, "*Em hum vaſo de agua l'he moſtrara hunas naos, que vin ham de muy longe para a India, e que a gente a'ellas ſeria total deſtruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes.* In a veſſel of water he ſhewed him ſome ſhips which from a great diſtance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter ſubverſion of the Moors." Camoëns has certainly choſen a more poetical method of deſcribing this divination, a method in the ſpirit of Virgil; nor in this is he inferior to his great maſter. The ſupernatural flame which ſeizes on Lavinia, while aſſiſting at the ſacrifice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunean foreſt, whither he went to conſult his anceſtor the god *Faunus*, in dignity and poetical colouring cannot come in compariſon with the divination of the magi, and the appearance of the dæmon in the dream of the Mooriſh prieſt.

[r] *Th' eternal yoke.*—This picture, it may perhaps be ſaid, is but a bad compliment to the heroes of the Luſiad, and the fruits of their diſcovery. A little conſideration however will vindicate Camoëns. It is the dæmon and the enemies of the Portugueſe who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpoſe to determine the Zamorim to deſtroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conqueſt of India, (when the Catual deſcribes the ſculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to aſcribe the happieſt effects to the diſcovery of his heroes:

Beneath their ſway majeſtic, wiſe, and mild,
Proud of her victor's laws thrice happy India ſmiled.

The ſtarting wizards from the altar fly,
And ſilent horror glares in every eye:
Pale ſtands the monarch, loſt in cold diſmay,
And now impatient waits the lingering day.

With gloomy aſpect roſe the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears flow'd ſlowly o'er the lawn;
The Mooriſh prieſt with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred ſought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In ſecret council met, his tale they hear;
As check'd by terror or impell'd by hate
Of various means they ponder and debate,
Againſt the Luſian train what arts employ,
By force to ſlaughter, or by fraud deſtroy;
Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevails or boding fear;
Beneath their ſhady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one ſoft gleam beſpeaks the generous ſoul:
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death:
Nor unreſolved the power of gold to try
Swift to the lordly CATUAL's gate they hie—
Ah, what the wiſdom, what the ſleepleſs care
Efficient to avoid the traitor's ſnare!
What human power can give a king to know
The ſmiling aſpect of the lurking foe!

So let the tyrant [a] plead—the patriot king
Knows men, knows whence the patriot virtues ſpring;
From inward worth, from conſcience firm and bold,
Not from the man whoſe honeſt name is ſold,
He hopes that virtue, whoſe unalter'd weight
Stands fixt, unveering with the ſtorms of ſtate.

Lured was the regent with the Mooriſh gold,
And now agreed their fraudful courſe to hold,
Swift to the king the regent's ſteps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in ſacred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful ſervice of the [t] ſtate;

For

[a] *So let the tyrant plead.*—In this ſhort declamation, a ſeeming excreſcence, the buſineſs of the poem in reality is carried on. The Zamorim, and his prime miniſter, the Catual, are artfully characteriſed in it; and the aſſertion

Lured was the regent with the Mooriſh gold,

is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

[t] *The Moors ——— their ancient deeds relate,*
Their ever faithful ſervice of the ſtate.

An explanation of the word *Moor* is here neceſſary. When the Eaſt afforded no more field for the ſword of the conqueror, the Saracens, aſſiſted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the fineſt countries in Europe in blood and deſolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of *Moors* to all the profeſſors of the Mohammedan religion. In the ſame manner the eaſtern nations blended all the armies of the Cruſaders under one appellation, and the *Franks*, of whom the army of Godfrey was moſtly compoſed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the Weſt. The appellation even reached China. When the Portugueſe firſt arrived in that empire, the Chineſe ſoftening the r into l, called both them and their cannon, by the name of *Falanks*, a name which is ſtill retained at Canton, and other parts of the

For ages long, from ſhore to diſtant ſhore
For thee our ready keels the traffic bore:
For thee we dared each horror of the wave;
Whate'er thy treaſures boaſt our labours gave.
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,
Confer thy favour on a lawleſs crew?
The race they boaſt, as tygers of the wold
Bear their proud ſway by juſtice uncontroul'd.
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,
Theſe, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.
Their deeds we know; round Afric's ſhores they came,
And ſpread, where'er they paſt, devouring flame;
Mozambic's

the Chineſe dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already obſerved, all the traffic of the Eaſt, from the Ethiopian ſide of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mohammedans, who, without incorporating with the pagan natives, had their colonies eſtabliſhed in every country commodious for commerce. Theſe the Portugueſe called Moors; and at preſent the Mohammedans of India are called the Moors of Hindoſtan by the lateſt of our Engliſh writers. The intelligence which theſe Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama; the general terror with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whoſe rivalſhip they dreaded as the deſtruction of their power; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe; and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the Zamorim; are all according to the truth of hiſtory. The ſpeeches of the Zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are alſo founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphraſes of the ſpeeches aſcribed by Oſorius, to the Indian ſovereign and the Portugueſe admiral. Where the ſubject was ſo happily adapted to the epic muſe, to neglect it would have been reprehenſible: and Camoëns, not unjuſtly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his diſcourſe with the king of Melinda, finiſhes the deſcription of his voyage, he makes a ſpirited apoſtrophe to Homer and Virgil; and aſſerts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoëns alſo, in other parts of the poem, avails himſelf of the ſame aſſertion.

Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in ſheets of fire,
Blazed to the ſky, her own funereal pyre.
Imperial Calicut ſhall feel the ſame,
And theſe proud ſtate-rooms feed the funeral flame;
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the ſkies.
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,
Yet with thy fall our fate ſhall never blend:
Ere o'er the eaſt ariſe the ſecond dawn
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port: yet may the threat be vain!
If wiſer thou with us thy powers employ
Soon ſhall our powers the robber-crew deſtroy,
By their own arts and ſecret deeds o'ercome
Here ſhall they meet the fate eſcaped at home.

While thus the prieſt detain'd the monarch's ear,
His cheeks confeſt the quivering pulſe of fear.
Unconſcious of the worth that fires the brave,
In ſtate a monarch, but in heart a ſlave,
He view'd brave VASCO and his generous train,
As his own paſſions ſtamp'd the conſcious ſtain:
Nor leſs his rage the fraudful regent fired;
And valiant GAMA's fate was now conſpired.

Ambaſſadors from India GAMA ſought,
And oaths of peace, for oaths of friendſhip brought;

The

The glorious tale, 'twas all he wiſh'd, to tell;
So Ilion's fate was ſeal'd when Hector fell.

Again convoked before the Indian throne,
The monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And own, he cries, the naked truth reveal,
Then ſhall my bounteous grace thy pardon ſeal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'ſt to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'ſt no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawleſs robber, every man thy foe.
And think'ſt thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the ſovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmoſt weſtern ſhore,
To bid his fleets the utmoſt eaſt explore.
Great is thy monarch, ſo thy words declare;
But ſumptuous gifts the proof of greatneſs bear:
Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur ſhew;
Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wiſe afford?
What monarch truſt the wandering ſeaman's word?
No ſumptuous gift thou [u] bring'ſt—Yet, though ſome crime
Has thrown thee baniſh'd from thy native clime,

(Such

[u] *No ſumptuous gift thou bring'ſt.*—"As the Portugueſe did not expect to "find any people but ſavages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only "brought with them ſome preſerves and confections, with trinkets of coral, "of glaſs, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In "Melinda

(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unſeen;
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:
Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread ſtorm to brave, O welcome here!
Fearleſs of death or ſhame confeſs ſincere:
My name ſhall then thy dread protection be,
My captain thou, unrivall'd on the ſea.

Oh now, ye muſes, ſing what goddeſs fired
GAMA's proud boſom, and his lips inſpired.
Fair ACIDALIA, love's celeſtial [x] queen,
The graceful goddeſs of the fearleſs mien,
Her graceful freedom on his look beſtow'd,
And all collected in his boſom glow'd.
Sovereign, he cries, oft witneſs'd, well I know
The rageful falſehood of the Mooriſh foe;

Their

"Melinda and in Calicut they found civilized nations, where the arts "flouriſhed; who wanted nothing; who were poſſeſſed of all the refine- "ments and delicacies on which we value ourſelves. The king of Melinda "had the generoſity to be contented with the preſent which Gama made; "but the Zamorim, with a diſdainful eye, beheld the gifts which were of- "fered to him. The preſent was thus: four mantles of ſcarlet, ſix hats "adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turkey car- "pets, ſeven drinking cups of braſs, a cheſt of ſugar, two barrels of oil, "and two of honey." *Caſtera.*

x *Fair Acidalia, Love's celeſtial queen.*—Caſtera derives Acidalia from ἀκηδὴς, which, he ſays, implies to act without fear or reſtraint. Acidalia is one of the names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain ſacred to her in Bœotia.

Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
Thine ear is poiſon'd, and thine eye deceived.
What light, what ſhade the courtier's mirrour gives,
That light, that ſhade the guarded king receives.
Me haſt thou view'd in colours not mine own,
Yet bold I promiſe ſhall my truth be known.
If o'er the ſeas a lawleſs peſt I roam,
A blood-ſtain'd exile from my native home,
How many a fertile ſhore and beauteous iſle,
Where nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded ſmile,
Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,
And all the horrors of the gulphs unknown
That roar beneath the axle of the world,
Where ne'er before was daring ſail unfurl'd!
And have I left theſe beauteous ſhores behind,
And have I dared the rage of every wind,
That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with froſt,
Lured by the plunder of an unknown coaſt?
Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promiſe of a nameleſs day.
Dread and ſtupendous, more than death-doom'd man
Might hope to compaſs, more than wiſdom plan,
To thee my toils, to thee my dangers riſe:
Ah! Liſboa's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way
No dangers move them, and no toils diſmay.

Long

Long have the kings of Luſu's daring race
Reſolved the limits of the deep to trace,
Beneath the morn to ride the fartheſt waves,
And pierce the fartheſt ſhore old Ocean laves.
Sprung from the [y] prince, before whoſe matchleſs power
The ſtrength of Afric wither'd as a flower
Never to bloom again, great Henry ſhone,
Each gift of nature and of art his own;
Bold as his ſire, by toils on toils untired,
To find the Indian ſhore his pride aſpired.
Beneath the ſtars that round the Hydra ſhine,
And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly ſign,
Where thirſt and fever burn on every gale
The dauntleſs Henry rear'd the Luſian ſail.
Embolden'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,
Beyond the wide-ſpread ſhores and numerous iſles,
Where both the tropics pour the burning day,
Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way:
That race which never view'd the Pleiad's car,
That barbarous race beneath the ſouthern ſtar,
Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blaſt—the wave
Boils to the ſky, the meeting whirlwinds rave
O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-ſtruck ear
Great Nature ſeem'd to call, Approach not here——

At

[y] *Sprung from the prince*——John I.

At Liſboa's court they told their dread eſcape,
And from her raging tempeſts, named the [z] Cape.
"Thou ſouthmoſt point," the joyful king exclaim'd,
"Cape of Good Hope, be thou for ever named!
"Onward my fleets ſhall dare the dreadful way,
"And find the regions of the infant day."
In vain the dark and ever-howling blaſt
Proclaimed, This ocean never ſhall be paſt——
Through that dread ocean, and the tempeſts' roar,
My king commanded, and my courſe I bore.
The pillar thus of deathleſs [a] fame, begun
By other chiefs, beneath the riſing ſun
In thy great realm now to the ſkies I raiſe,
The deathleſs pillar of my nation's praiſe.
Through theſe wild ſeas no coſtly gift I brought;
Thy ſhore alone and friendly peace I ſought.
And yet to thee the nobleſt gift I bring
The world can boaſt, the friendſhip of my king.
And mark the word, his greatneſs ſhall appear
When next my courſe to India's ſtrand I ſteer,

Such

[z] *And from her raging tempeſts named the Cape.*—See the Preface.

[a] *The pillar thus of deathleſs fame, begun*
By other chiefs, &c.——

Till I now ending what thoſe did begin,
The furtheſt pillar in thy realm advance;
Breaking the element of molten tin,
Through horrid ſtorms I lead to thee the dance. FANSHAW.

Such proofs I'll bring as never man before
In deeds of ſtrife or peaceful friendſhip bore.
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,
For truth ſhall ever boaſt, at laſt, reſiſtleſs might.

Boldly the hero ſpake with brow ſevere,
Of fraud alike unconſcious as of fear:
His noble confidence with truth impreſt
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the monarch's breaſt;
Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain
Appear'd the commerce of illuſtrious Spain.
Yet as the ſick man loaths the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, ſelf-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now haſtes to quaff the drug, and now delays;
Reluctant thus as wavering paſſion veer'd,
The Indian lord the dauntleſs GAMA heard:
The Mooriſh threats yet ſounding in his ear,
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.
With ſolemn pomp he bids his lords prepare
The friendly banquet, to the regent's care
Commends brave GAMA, and with pomp retires:
The regent's hearths awake the ſocial fires;
Wide o'er the board the royal feaſt is ſpread,
And fair embroidered ſhines DE GAMA's bed.
The regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay
Where GAMA's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.

Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe
O'er Tago's banks, ye nymphs of Tagus, ſhew;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling ſteps forlorn!
The dæmon's rage you ſaw, and markt his flight
To the dark manſions of eternal night:
You ſaw how howling through the ſhades beneath
He waked new horrors in the realms of death.
What trembling tempeſts ſhook the thrones of hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye muſes, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerleſs hate, with tenfold flames conſpire;
From every eye the tawny lightnings glare,
And hell, illumined by the ghaſtly flare,
(A drear blue gleam) in tenfold horror ſhews
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon roſe
Hagar's ſtern ſon, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the lightnings blue;
Convulſed with rage the dreadful ſhade demands
The laſt aſſiſtance of th' infernal bands.
As when the whirlwinds, ſudden burſting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high floating through the air;
So roſe the legions of th' infernal ſtate,
Dark fraud, baſe art, fierce rage, and burning hate:
Wing'd by the furies to the Indian ſtrand
They bend; the dæmon leads the dreadful band,

And

And in the boſoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living ſtrength he pours.
One breaſt alone againſt his rage was ſteel'd,
Secure in ſpotleſs truth's celeſtial ſhield.

One evening paſt, another evening cloſed,
The regent ſtill brave GAMA's ſuit oppoſed;
The Luſian chief his guarded gueſt detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendſhip feign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep diſguiſe,
Shone bright to GAMA's manner-piercing eyes.
As in the ſun's bright [b] beam the gameſome boy
Plays with the ſhining ſteel or cryſtal toy,

Swift

[b] *As in the ſun's bright beam*—Imitated from Virgil, who, by the ſame ſimile, deſcribes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Æneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

——Laomedontius heros
Cuncta videns, magno curarum fluctuat æſtu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In parteſque rapit varias, perque omnia verſat.
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat late loca: jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti.

This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
Thinks, and rejects the counſels he deſign'd;
Explores himſelf in vain, in every part,
And gives no reſt to his diſtracted heart:
So when the ſun by day or moon by night
Strike on the poliſh'd braſs their trembling light,
The glitt'ring ſpecies here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious beams from ſide to ſide;

Swift and irregular, by ſudden ſtarts,
The living ray with viewleſs motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns
The ſun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.
In quick ſucceſſion thus a thouſand views
The ſapient Luſian's lively thought purſues;
Quick as the lightning every view revolves,
And, weighing all, fixt are his dread reſolves.

O'er

Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flaſh the glaring day.

Arioſto has alſo adopted this ſimile in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioſo:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percoſſa, o da' notturni rai,
Per gli ampli tetti và con lungo ſalto
A deſtra, ed a ſiniſtra, e baſſo, ed alto.

So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the ſilver ray of night,
Along the ſpacious rooms with ſplendor plays,
Now high, now low, and ſhifts a thouſand ways. HOOLE.

But the happieſt circumſtance belongs to Camoëns. The velocity and various ſhiftings of the ſun-beam, reflected from a piece of cryſtal or poliſhed ſteel in the hand of a boy, give a much ſtronger idea of the violent agitation and ſudden ſhiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the ſun or moon reflected from a veſſel of water. The brazen veſſel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor muſt another inaccuracy paſs unobſerved. That the reflection of the moon *flaſhed the glaring day* is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of theſe, will infer any diſreſpect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different inference is intended: if ſo great a maſter as Dryden has erred, let the reader remember, that other tranſlators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies ought, by no means, to be produced as the ſpecimens of any compoſition.

O'er India's ſhore the ſable night deſcends,
And GAMA, now, ſecluded from his friends,
Detain'd a captive in the room of ſtate,
Anticipates in thought to-morrow's fate;
For juſt Mozaide no generous care delays,
And VASCO's truſt with friendly toils repays.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK IX.

RED roſe the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring ſky,
The ſkattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-ſpring ſtruggled with the gloom,
The Indian monarch ſought the regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Aſian ſtate
High on a gem-ſtarr'd couch the monarch ſate;
Then on th' illuſtrious captive bending down
His eyes, ſtern darken'd with a threatening frown,
Thy truthleſs tale, he cries, thy art appears,
Confeſt inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet ſtill if friendſhip, honeſt, thou implore,
Yet now command thy veſſels to the ſhore:

Generous

Generous as to thy friends thy ſails reſign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withſtands,
Thy ſails, and rudders too, my will [a] demands:
Such be the teſt, thy boaſted truth to try,
Each other teſt deſpiſed, I fixt deny.
And has my regent ſued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud chief, ourſelf ſhall ſue
From thee the honour to my friendſhip due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to reſign,
Freely to truſt our friendſhip, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate.

While thus he ſpake his changeful look declared,
In his proud breaſt what ſtarting paſſions warr'd.
No feature moved on GAMA's face was ſeen,
Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,
In me my ſovereign repreſented ſee,
His ſtate is wounded, and he ſpeaks in me:
Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontroul'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy juſtice holds the righteous ſcale,
The arts of falſhood and the Moors prevail;

I ſee

[a] *Thy ſails, and rudders too, my will demands*—According to hiſtory. See the Preface.

I ſee the doom my favour'd foes decree,
Yet, though in chains I ſtand, my fleet is free.
The bitter taunts of ſcorn the brave diſdain;
Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain.
My ſovereign's fleet I yield not to your [b] ſway;
Safe ſhall my fleet to Liſboa's ſtrand convey
The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,
Afric ſurrounded, and the Indian ſhore
Diſcovered—Theſe I pledged my life to gain;
Theſe to my country ſhall my life maintain.
One wiſh alone my earneſt heart deſires,
The ſole impaſſion'd hope my breaſt reſpires;
My finiſh'd labours may my ſovereign hear!
Beſides that wiſh, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo, the victim of your rage I ſtand,
And bare my boſom to the murderer's hand.

With lofty mien he ſpake. In ſtern diſdain,
My threats, the monarch cries, were never vain:
Swift give the ſign—Swift as he ſpake, appear'd
The dancing ſtreamer o'er the palace rear'd;

Inſtant

[b] *My ſovereign's fleet I yield not to your ſway.*——The circumſtance of Gama's refuſing to put his fleet into the power of the Zamorim, is thus rendered by Fanſhaw;

The Malabar proteſts that he ſhall rot
In priſon, if he ſend not for the *ſhips*.
He conſtant, (and with noble *anger* hot)
His haughty *menace* weighs not at *two chips*.

Inſtant another enſign diſtant roſe,
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain throws
A ridge enormous, and on either ſide
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant monarch ſate,
And awful ſilence fill'd the room of ſtate.
With ſecret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,
And bent their eyes where GAMA'S navy rode;
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending ſhore.
Soon o'er the palms a maſt's tall pendant flows,
Bright to the ſun the purple radiance glows;
In martial pomp, far ſtreaming to the ſkies,
Vanes after vanes in ſwift ſucceſſion riſe,
And through the opening foreſt-boughs of green
The ſails' white luſtre moving on is ſeen;
When ſudden ruſhing by the point of land
The bowſprits nod, and wide the ſails expand;
Full pouring on the ſight, in warlike pride,
Extending ſtill the riſing ſquadrons ride:
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,
Like melted gold the brazen ſpear-points blaze;
Each prore ſurrounded with an hundred oars,
Old Ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number GAMA'S might,
Proudly their boaſtful ſhouts provoke the fight;
Far round the ſhore the echoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an anſwering ſhout reſounds:

Still

Still by the point new-ſpreading ſails appear,
Till ſeven times GAMA's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the ſhout triumphant ſhakes the bay;
Form'd as a creſcent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleet's wide horns the Luſian ſhips enclaſp,
Prepared to cruſh them in their iron graſp.
Shouts echo ſhouts——with ſtern diſdainful eyes
The Indian king to manly GAMA cries,
Not one of thine on Liſboa's ſhore ſhall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell.
With alter'd viſage, for his eyes flaſh'd fire,
God ſent me here, and God's avengeful ire
Shall blaſt thy perfidy, great VASCO cried,
And humble in the duſt thy withered pride.
A prophet's glow inſpired his panting breaſt;
Indignant ſmiles the monarch's ſcorn confeſt.
Again deep ſilence fills the room of ſtate,
And the proud Moors, ſecure, exulting wait:
And now enclaſping GAMA's in a ring,
Their fleet ſweeps on——loud whizzing from the ſtring
The black-wing'd arrows float along the ſky,
And riſing clouds the falling clouds ſupply.
The lofty crowding ſpears that briſtling ſtood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend ſudden, levell'd for the cloſing fight;
The points wide-waiving ſhed a gleamy light.
Elate with joy the king his aſpect rears,
And valiant GAMA, thrill'd with tranſport, hears

His

His drums' bold rattling raiſe the battle ſound;
Echo deep-toned hoarſe vibrates far around;
The ſhivering trumpets tear the ſhrill-voiced air,
Quivering the gale, the flaſhing lightnings flare,
The ſmoke rolls wide, and ſudden burſts the roar,
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the ſhore
Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze
In flaſhing arms; louder the thunders raiſe
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended ſkies
The burſt inceſſant; awe-ſtruck echo dies
Faultering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkneſs, floats,
Curling their ſulph'rous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And rowl wide o'er the ſky; wide as the ſight
Can meaſure heaven, ſlow rowls the cloudy white:
Beneath, the ſmoky blackneſs ſpreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breaſt; the fierce red glare
Chequering the rifted darkneſs, fires the air,
Each moment loſt and kindled, while around,
The mingling thunders ſwell the lengthen'd ſound.
When piercing ſudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling ſhrieks of thouſands ſtrike the ſhore:
Preſaging horror through the monarch's breaſt
Crept cold; and gloomy e'er the diſtant eaſt,

Through

Through Gata's hills the whirling tempeſt [c] ſigh'd,
And weſtward ſweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it paſt,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight caſt;
Then, furious ruſhing to the darken'd [d] bay,
Reſiſtleſs ſwept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathleſs ſide
Some traveller ſtrays, unfriended of a guide;
If o'er the hills the ſable night deſcend,
And gathering tempeſt with the darkneſs blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath aghaſt
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blaſt;
Above reſounds the craſh, and down the ſteep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering ſweep;
Aghaſt he ſtands amid the ſhades of night,
And all his ſoul implores the friendly light:
It comes; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,
The yawning depth beneath his lifted ſtep betrays;
Inſtant unmann'd, aghaſt in horrid pain,
His knees no more their ſickly weight ſuſtain;
Powerleſs

[c] *Through Gata's hills*——The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eaſtern ſide of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, againſt the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar. Luſiad VII.

[d] *Then, furious ruſhing to the darken'd bay.*—For the circumſtances of the battle, and the tempeſt which then happened, ſee the Preface.

Powerleſs he ſinks, no more his heart-blood flows;
So ſunk the monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So ſunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The ruſhing whirlwind pour'd the ſudden day:
Diſaſter's giant arm in one wide ſweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;
The ſheeted maſts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks rowl'd tumbling on the ſide;
Some ſhatter'd plank each heaving billow toſt,
And by the hand of heaven daſh'd on the coaſt
Groan'd prores ingulph'd, the laſhing ſurges rave
O'er the black keels upturn'd, the ſwelling wave
Kiſſes the lofty maſt's reclining head;
And far at ſea ſome few torn galleys fled.
Amid the dreadful ſcene triumphant rode
The Luſian war-ſhips, and their aid beſtow'd:
Their ſpeedy boats far round aſſiſting ply'd,
Where plunging, ſtruggling, in the rolling tide,
Graſping the ſhatter'd wrecks, the vanquiſh'd foes
Rear'd o'er the daſhing waves their haggard brows.
No word of ſcorn the lofty GAMA ſpoke,
Nor India's king the dreadful ſilence broke.
Slow paſt the hour, when to the trembling ſhore
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore:
Terrific, nodding on, the bowſprits bend,
And the red ſtreamers other war portend:
Soon burſts the roar; the bombs tremendous riſe,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the ſkies;

O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a ſulph'rous ſhower.
'Tis o'er——In threatening ſilence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horror yell in every ſtreet;
Ten thouſands pouring round the palace [c] gate,
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,
Give juſtice, juſtice to the ſtrangers yield——
Our friends, our huſbands, ſons, and fathers ſlain!
Happier, alas, than theſe that yet remain——
Curſt be the councils, and the arts unjuſt——
Our friends in chains—our city in the duſt—
Yet, yet prevent——

——The ſilent VASCO ſaw
The weight of horror and o'erpowering awe
That ſhook the Moors, that ſhook the regent's knees,
And ſunk the monarch down—By ſwift degrees
The popular clamour riſes. Loſt, unmann'd,
Around the king the trembling council ſtand;
While wildly glaring on each other's eyes
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguiſh ſicken'd, and of ſtrength bereft,
Earneſt each look inquires, What hope is left!
In all the rage of ſhame and grief aghaſt,
The monarch, faultering, takes the word at laſt:

By

[c] *Ten thouſands pouring round the palace gate,*
In clamorous uproar——
See the Hiſtory in the Preface.

By whom, great chief, are theſe proud war-ſhips ſway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great chief, let gifts of price reſtrain
Thy juſt revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!——
Oh ſpare my people and their doom'd abodes——
Prayers, vows, and gifts appeaſe the injured gods:
Shall man deny——Swift are the brave to ſpare:
The weak, the innocent confeſs their care———
Helpleſs as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold theſe thouſands bend the ſuppliant knee———
Thy navy's thundering ſides black to the land
Diſplay their terrors—yet mayſt thou command———

O'erpower'd he pauſed. Majeſtic and ſerene
Great VASCO roſe, then pointing to the ſcene
Where bled the war, Thy fleet, proud king, behold
O'er ocean and the ſtrand in carnage roll'd!
So ſhall this palace ſmoking in the duſt,
And yon proud city weep thy arts unjuſt.
The Moors I knew, and for their fraud prepared,
I left my fixt command my navy's [f] guard:
Whate'er from ſhore my name or ſeal convey'd
Of other weight, that fixt command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth deſtroy'd, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.

This

[f] *I left my fixt command my navy's guard—*
Unmindful of my fate.—

This moſt magnanimous reſolution, to ſacrifice his own ſafety or his life for the ſafe return of the fleet, is ſtrictly true. See the Preface.

This morn the ſacrifice of fraud I ſtood,
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,
And lives the friend, whoſe cares conjoin'd controul
Theſe floating towers, both brothers of my ſoul.
If thrice, I ſaid, ariſe the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark fraud with all her Mooriſh arts withſtands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and ſwift unfurl the homeward ſail,
Catch the firſt breathing of the eaſtern gale,
Unmindful of my fate on India's ſhore:
Let but my monarch know, I wiſh no more——
Each, panting while I ſpoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop burſting in their manly eyes,
In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous ſway:
Without thee never ſhall our ſails return;
India ſhall bleed, and Calicut ſhall burn——
Thrice ſhall the morn ariſe; a flight of bombs
Shall then ſpeak vengeace to their guilty domes:
Till noon we pauſe; then ſhall our thunders roar,
And deſolation ſweep the treacherous ſhore——
Behold, proud king, their ſignal in the ſky,
Near his meridian tower the ſun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening ſhade
Shall ſpread her peaceful wings, my wrath unſtaid;
Dire through the night her ſmoaking duſt ſhall gleam,
Dire through the night ſhall ſhriek the female ſcream.

Thy

Thy worth, great chief, the pale-lipt regent cries,
Thy worth we own; Oh, may theſe woes ſuffice!
To thee each proof of India's wealth we ſend;
Ambaſſadors, of nobleſt race, attend———
Slow as he faulter'd, GAMA catch'd the word,
On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough ſhall reach the Luſian ſhore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
Even now my faithful ſailors, pale with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the firſt movement of my brother's hand;
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They waive their eager canes betipt with fire;
Methinks my brother's anguiſh'd look I ſee,
The panting noſtril and the trembling knee,
While keen he eyes the ſun: On haſty ſtrides,
Hurried along the deck, Coello chides
His cold ſlow lingering, and impatient cries,
Oh, give the ſign, illume the ſacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood——

He ſpake; and ſtern the dreadful warrior ſtood;
So ſeem'd the terrors of his awful nod,
The monarch trembled as before a god;
The treacherous Moors ſunk down in faint diſmay,
And ſpeechleſs at his feet the council lay:

Abrupt, with out-ſtretch'd arms, the monarch [g] cries,
What yet——but dared not meet the hero's eyes,
What yet may ſave?—Great VASCO ſtern rejoins,
Swift, undiſputing, give th' appointed ſigns:
High o'er thy loftieſt tower my flag diſplay,
Me and my train ſwift to my fleet convey:
Inſtant command—behold the ſun rides high——
He ſpake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;
The Luſian ſtandard o'er the palace flow'd,
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a ſudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blaſt, enraged, withdrew
The vanquiſh'd dæmon—Soon in luſtre mild,
As April ſmiles, the ſun auſpicious ſmiled:
Elate with joy, the ſhouting thouſands trod,
And GAMA to his fleet triumphant rode.

Soft came the eaſtern gale on balmy wings:
Each joyful ſailor to his labour ſprings;
Some o'er the bars their breaſts robuſt recline,
And with firm tugs the [h] rollers from the brine,

Reluctant

[g] *Abrupt—the monarch cries—What yet may ſave*——Gama's declaration, that no meſſage from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any farther treaty, have a neceſſary effect in the conduct of the poem. They haſten the cataſtrophe, and give a veriſimilitude to the abrupt and full ſubmiſſion of the Zamorim.

[h] —— *the rollers*——The capſtones.—The capſtone is a cylindrical windlaſs, worked with bars, which are moved from hole to hole as it turns round.

Reluctant dragg'd, the ſlime-brown'd anchors raiſe;
Each gliding rope ſome nimble hand obeys;
Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high
With nimble hands the canvas wings untie,
The flapping ſails their widening folds diſtend,
And meaſured echoing ſhouts their ſweaty toils attend.
Nor had the captives loſt the leader's care,
Some to the ſhore the Indian barges bear;
The nobleſt few the chief detains to own
His glorious deeds before the Luſian throne,
To own the conqueſt of the Indian ſhore;
Nor wanted every proof of India's ſtore:
What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,
With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd;
Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,
The burning pepper and the ſable clove;
The clove, whoſe odour on the breathing gale
Far to the ſea Maiucco's plains exhale:
All theſe provided by the faithful Moor,
All theſe, and India's gems, the navy bore:

The

round. It is uſed to weigh the anchors, raiſe maſts, &c. The name *roller* deſcribes both the machine and its uſe, and it may be preſumed, is a more poetical word than capſtone. The verſification of this paſſage in the original affords a moſt noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas nuos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabreſtante, & repartidos
Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,
Outros quebrao eo peito duro a barra.

The Moor attends, Mozaide, whoſe zealous care
To GAMA's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous [i] ſnare:
So burn'd his breaſt with heaven-illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Meſſiah's name.
Oh, favour'd African, by heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary ſhades of error's night;
What man may dare his ſeeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of heaven's deſigns explain!
Far didſt thou from thy friends a ſtranger roam,
There waſt thou call'd to thy celeſtial [k] home.

With

[i] ——— *Mozaide, whoſe zealous care*
To Gama's eyes reveal'd each treach'rous ſnare.—
Had this been mentioned ſooner, the intereſt of the cataſtrophe of the poem muſt have languiſhed. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more conſiderable part in the action of the Luſiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the buſineſs of the Æneid.

[k] *There waſt thou call'd to thy celeſtial home.*——This exclamatory addreſs to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digreſſive, has a double propriety. The converſion of the eaſtern world is the great purpoſe of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the firſt fruits of that converſion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an epic poem intereſt us and pleaſe. It might have been ſaid, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villainy with apoſtacy. Camoëns has therefore wiſely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendſhip of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Luſiad might have ſhared the fate of the wiſe Ulyſſes of the Iliad, againſt whom, as Voltaire juſtly obſerves, every reader bears a ſecret ill will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unſupported by hiſtory. He was not an Arab Moor, ſo he did not deſert his countrymen. By force theſe Moors had determined on the deſtruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and eſteemed him, and therefore generouſly revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama he loſt all his effects in India, a circumſtance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs muſt have certainly foreſeen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loſs he thus voluntarily ſuſtained, and by his after conſtancy, his ſincerity is undoubtedly proved.

With ruſtling ſound now ſwell'd the ſteady ſail;
The lofty maſts reclining to the gale
On full ſpread wings the navy ſprings away,
And far behind them foams the ocean grey:
Afar the leſſening hills of Gata fly,
And mix their dim blue ſummits with the ſky:
Beneath the wave low ſinks the ſpicy ſhore,
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore
Points to the Cape, great nature's ſouthmoſt bound,
The Cape of Tempeſts, now of Hope renown'd.
Their glorious tale on Liſboa's ſhore to tell
Inſpires each boſom with a rapt'rous ſwell;
Now through their breaſts the chilly tremors glide,
To dare once more the dangers dearly try'd——
Soon to the winds are theſe cold fears reſign'd,
And all their country ruſhes on the mind;
How ſweet to view their native land, how ſweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!
While liſtening round the hoary parent's board
The wondering kindred glow at every word;
How ſweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various ſhore!
Theſe thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,
And ſwell each boſom with unutter'd [1] joy.

The

1 *The joy of the fleet on the homeward departure from India.*——We are now come to that part of the Luſiad, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great cataſtrophe of the Iliad, when on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addreſſes the Grecian army,

The queen of love, by heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddeſs of the Luſian race;
The queen of love, elate with joy, ſurveys
Her heroes, happy, plow the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
Theſe toils, theſe woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balſam in the ſtreams of joy.
Amid the boſom of the watery waſte,
Near where the bowers of Paradiſe were [m] placed,
An iſle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repaſt and ſweet repoſe;

And

—Ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corſe of Hector, and your *Pæans* ſing:
Be this the ſong, ſlow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."

Our Portugueſe poet, who in his machinery, and many other inſtances, has followed the manner of Virgil, now forſakes him. In a very bold and maſterly ſpirit he now models his poem by the ſteps of Homer. What of the Luſiad yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumſtances, exactly reſembles the latter part of the Iliad. The games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the ſame manner, the reward of the heroes, and the conſequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the Luſiad. I cannot ſay it appears that Milton ever read our poet; (though Fanſhaw's tranſlation was publiſhed in his time;) yet no inſtance can be given of a more ſtriking reſemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoëns, and of the Paradiſe Loſt. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

[m] *Near where the bowers of Paradiſe were placed*——According to the opinion of thoſe who place the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their ſource.

And there before their raptured view to raiſe
The heaven-topt column of their deathleſs praiſe.

The goddeſs now aſcends her ſilver car,
Bright was its hue as love's tranſlucent ſtar;
Beneath the reins the ſtately birds, that ſing
Their ſweet-ton'd death-ſong, ſpread the ſnowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot ſigh,
And virgin bluſhes purple o'er the ſky:
On milk-white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as ſhe moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kiſſes join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddeſs rode,
And by her altars ſought Idalia's god:
The youthful bowyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earneſt [n] care.

His

[n] *His falling kingdom claim'd his earneſt care.*—This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the digreſſive hiſtories, with which Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful deſcription of the feaſt of the gods with the blameleſs Ethiopians. It alſo contains a maſterly commentary on the machinery of the Luſiad. The divine love conducts Gama to India. The ſame divine love is repreſented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to beſtow a foretaſte of immortality on the heroes of the expedition which diſcovered the Eaſtern world. Nor do the wild phantaſtic loves, mentioned in this little epiſode, afford any objection againſt this explanation, an explanation which is expreſsly given in the epiſode itſelf. Theſe wild phantaſtic amours ſignify, in the allegory, the wild ſects of different enthuſiaſts, which ſpring up under the wings of the beſt and moſt rational inſtitutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the ſame ſource.

His bands he muſters, through the myrtle groves
On buxom wings he trains the little loves.
Againſt the world, rebellious and aſtray,
He means to lead them, and reſume his ſway:
For baſe-born paſſions, at his ſhrine 'twas told,
Each nobler tranſport of the breaſt controul'd.
A young Actæon, ſcornful of his ° lore,
Morn after morn purſues the foamy boar,

In

° *A young Actæon.*—The French tranſlator has the following characteriſtical note: "This paſſage is an eternal monument of the freedoms "taken by Camoëns, and at the ſame time a proof of the imprudence of "poets; an authentic proof of that prejudice which ſometimes blinds them, "notwithſtanding all the light of their genius. The modern Actæon, of "whom he ſpeaks, was king Sebaſtian. He loved the chace; but that "pleaſure, which is one of the moſt innocent, and one of the moſt noble "we can poſſibly taſte, did not at all interrupt his attention to the affairs "of ſtate, and did not render him ſavage as our author pretends. On this "point the hiſtorians are rather to be believed. And what would the lot of "princes be, were they allowed no relaxation from their toils, while they "allow that privilege to their people? Subjects as we are, let us venerate "the amuſements of our ſovereigns; let us believe that the auguſt cares for "our good, which employ them, follow them often even to the very boſom "of their pleaſures."

Many are the ſtrokes in the Luſiad which muſt endear the character of Camoëns to every reader of ſenſibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the foible of his prince, and the flatterers of his court, would do honour to the greateſt names of Greece or Rome. While the ſhadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greateſt men of that nation, in the days of Luſian heroiſm, thought and conducted themſelves in the ſpirit of Camoëns. A noble anecdote of this brave ſpirit offers itſelf. Alonzo IV. ſurnamed *the Brave*, aſcended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleaſures of the chace engroſſed all his attention. His confidents and favourites encouraged, and allured him to it. His time was ſpent in the foreſts of *Cintra*, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by thoſe whoſe intereſt it was to keep their ſovereign in ignorance. His preſence, at laſt, being neceſſary at Liſbon, he entered

In deſart wilds devoted to the chace:
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he ſees,
And ſweet, and dread his puniſhment decrees.
Before his raviſh'd ſight, in ſweet ſurpriſe,
Naked in all her charms ſhall Dian riſe;
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart ſhall [p] burn,
Coldly his ſuit, the nymph, unmoved, ſhall ſpurn.

Of

entered the council with all the briſk impetuoſity of a young ſportſman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the hiſtory of a whole month ſpent in hunting, in fiſhing, and ſhooting. When he had finiſhed his narrative, a nobleman of the firſt rank roſe up: courts and camps, ſaid he, were allotted for kings, not woods and deſerts. Even the affairs of private men ſuffer when recreation is preferred to buſineſs. But when the whims of pleaſure engroſs the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is conſigned to ruin. We came here for other purpoſes than to hear the exploits of the chace, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majeſty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient ſubjects; if not——The king, ſtarting with rage, interrupted him, If not, what——If not, reſumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, they will look for another and a better king. Alonzo, in the higheſt tranſport of paſſion, expreſſed his reſentment, and haſted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled. I perceive, ſaid he, the truth of what you ſay. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good ſubjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the ſportſman, but with Alonzo the king of Portugal. His majeſty was as good as his promiſe, and became, as a warrior and politician, one of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs.

[p] *With love's fierce flames his frozen heart ſhall burn.*—"It is ſaid, that "upon the faith of a portrait, Don Sebaſtian fell in love with Margaret of "France, daughter of Henry II. and demanded her in marriage, but was "refuſed. The Spaniards treated him no leſs unfavourably, for they alſo "rejected his propoſals for one of the daughters of Philip II. Our author "conſiders theſe refuſals as the puniſhment of Don Sebaſtian's exceſſive "attachment

Of theſe loved dogs that now his paſſions ſway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapleſs prey!

Enraged

" attachment to the chace; but this is only a conſequence of the prejudice " with which he viewed the amuſements of his ſovereign. The truth is, " theſe princeſſes were refuſed for political reaſons, and not with any regard " to the manner in which he filled up his moments of leiſure."

Thus Caſtera, who, with the ſame ſpirit of ſagacity, ſtarts and anſwers the following objections: " But here is a difficulty: Camoëns wrote during " the life of Don Sebaſtian, but the circumſtance he relates *(the return of " Guma)* happened ſeveral years before, under the reign of Emmanuel. " How therefore could he ſay that Cupid then ſaw Don Sebaſtian at the " chace, when that prince was not then born? The anſwer is eaſy: Cupid, " in the allegory of this work, repreſents the love of God, the Holy Spirit; " who is God himſelf. Now the divinity admits of no diſtinction of time; " one glance of his eye beholds the paſt, the preſent, and the future; every " thing is preſent before him."

This defence of the fiction of Actæon is not more abſurd than uſeleſs. The free and bold ſpirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory, defend it. The poet might eaſily have ſaid, that Cupid *foreſaw*; but had he ſaid ſo his ſatire had been much leſs genteel. As the ſentiments of Caſtera on the paſſage are extremely characteriſtical of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. " Several Portugueſe writers " have remarked, ſays he, that the wiſh

Of theſe loved dogs that now his paſſions ſway,
Ah! may he never fall the hapleſs prey!

" Had in it an air of prophecy; and Fate, in effect, ſeemed careful to ac- " compliſh it, in making the preſaged woes to fall upon Don Sebaſtian. " If he did not fall a prey to his pack of hounds, we may however ſay that " he was devoured by his favourites, who miſled his youth and his great " ſoul. But at any rate our poet has carried his ſimilitude too far. It " was certainly injurious to Don Sebaſtian, who nevertheleſs had the bounty " not only not to puniſh this audacity, but to reward the juſt elogies which " the author had beſtowed on him in other places. As much as the indiſ- " cretion of Camoëns ought to ſurpriſe us, as much ought we to admire the " generoſity of his maſter."

This foppery, this ſlavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouſe the indignation of every manly breaſt, when the facts are fairly ſtated. Don Sebaſtian, who

Enraged he ſees a venal herd, the [q] ſhame
Of human race, aſſume the titled name;
And each, for ſome baſe intereſt of his own,
With flattery's manna'd lips aſſail the throne.
He ſees the men, whom holieſt ſanctions bind
To poverty, and love of human kind;
While ſoft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms diſplay,
He ſees their eyes with luſt of gold on fire,
And every wiſh to lordly ſtate aſpire;
He ſees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;

Sleepleſs

who aſcended the throne when a child, was a prince of great abilities and great ſpirit, but his youth was poiſoned with the moſt romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of ſtate were left to his miniſters, *(for whoſe character ſee the next note,)* his other ſtudies were neglected, and military exerciſes, of which he not unjuſtly eſteemed the chace a principal, were almoſt his ſole employ. Camoëns beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical ſatire foreboded its conſequences. The wiſh, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite paſſion, was in vain. In a raſh, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, Don Sebaſtian loſt his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which ſoon after produced the fall of the Portugueſe empire. Had the nobility poſſeſſed the ſpirit of Camoëns, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have eſcaped the Spaniſh yoke, which ſoon followed the defeat of Alcazar; a yoke which ſunk Portugal into an abyſs of miſery, from which, in all probability, ſhe will never emerge in her former ſplendor.

[q] *Enraged he ſees a venal herd, the ſhame*
Of human race, aſſume the titled name.——

"After having ridiculed all the pleaſures of Don Sebaſtian, the author now "proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done *no injuſtice*. Thoſe who "are acquainted with the Portugueſe hiſtory, will readily acknowledge "this." *Caſtera.*

Sleepleſs at night's mid hour to raiſe the laws,
The ſacred bulwarks of the people's cauſe,
Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm hackt ſwords was dry.

Nor theſe alone, each rank, debaſed and rude,
Mean objects, worthleſs of their love, purſued:
Their paſſions thus rebellious to his lore,
The god decrees to puniſh and reſtore.
The little loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their ſilk bow-ſtrings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power reſiſtleſs to enflame the heart:
Their arrow heads they tip with ſoft deſires,
And all the warmth of love's celeſtial fires;
Some ſprinkle o'er the ſhafts the tears of woe,
Some ſtore the quiver, ſome ſteel-ſpring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful ſtrain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the ſong divine.

Already now began the vengeful war,
The witneſs of the god's benignant care;
On the hard boſoms of the ſtubborn [r] crowd
An arrowy ſhower the bowyer train beſtow'd;

Pierced

[r] *On the hard boſoms of the ſtubborn crowd.*—There is an elegance in

Pierced by the whizzing ſhafts deep ſighs the air,
And anſwering ſighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph ſeems loveliеſt in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts, by novice archers ſped,
Ten thouſand wild fantaſtic loves are bred:
In wildeſt dreams the ruſtic hind aſpires,
And haughtieſt lords confeſs the humbleſt fires.

The ſnowy ſwans of love's celeſtial queen
Now land her chariot on the ſhore of green;
One knee diſplay'd ſhe treads the flowery ſtrand,
The gather'd robe falls looſely from her hand;
Half-ſeen her boſom heaves the living ſnow,
And on her ſmiles the living roſes glow.
The bowyer god whoſe ſubtle ſhafts ne'er fly
Miſaim'd, in vain, in vain on earth or ſky,
With roſy ſmiles the mother power receives;
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,
The vaſſal loves in fond contention join
Who firſt and moſt ſhall kiſs her hand divine.
Swift in her arms ſhe caught her wanton boy,
And, Oh, my ſon, ſhe cries, my pride, my joy,

Againſt

in the original of this line, which the Engliſh language will not admit;

Nos duros coraçoens de plebe dura.——

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

Againſt thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,
Againſt thy ſhaft nor heaven, nor Jove prevail'd;
Unleſs thine arrow wake the young deſires,
My ſtrength, my power, in vain each charm expires:
My ſon, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,
Nor be the boon, thy mother ſues, delay'd:
Where-e'er, ſo will th' eternal fates, where-e'er
The Luſian race the victor ſtandards rear,
There ſhall my hymns reſound, my altars flame,
And heavenly love her joyful lore proclaim.
My Luſian heroes, as my Romans, brave,
Long toſt, long hopeleſs on the ſtorm-torn wave,
Wearied and weak, at laſt on India's ſhore
Arrived, new toils, repoſe denied, they bore;
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage purſued
My dauntleſs ſons; but now his might ſubdued,
Amid theſe raging ſeas, the ſcene of woes,
Theirs ſhall be now the balm of ſweet repoſe;
Theirs every joy the nobleſt heroes claim,
The raptured foretaſte of immortal fame.
Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,
The lovely daughters of the azure main;
And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
Right to the iſle which all my ſmiles inſpire:
Soon ſhall my care that beauteous iſle ſupply,
Where zephyr breathing love, on Flora's lap ſhall ſigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And ſtrew the pink and roſe beneath their feet:

In cryſtal halls the feaſt divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal ſong:
Let every nymph the ſnow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, reſign her boſom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Reſign each hidden charm with deareſt grace.
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall riſe, and o'er the eaſt illuſtrious [s] ſhine;
Thus ſhall the rebel world thy proweſs know,
And what the boundleſs joys our friendly powers beſtow.

She ſaid; and ſmiling view'd her mighty boy;
Swift to the chariot ſprings the god of joy;
His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,
Blaz'd to the ſun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their ſilver harneſs ſhining to the day
The ſwans on milk-white pinions ſpring away,
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue;
And Fame, [t] ſo will'd the god, before them flew:

A giant

[s] *Thus from my native waves a hero line*
Shall riſe, and o'er the Eaſt illuſtrious ſhine—

"By the line of heroes to be produced by the union of the Portugueſe with "the Nereids, is to be underſtood the other Portugueſe, who, following the "ſteps of Gama, eſtabliſhed illuſtrious colonies in India."—*Caſtera.*

[t] *And Fame——a giant goddeſs.*——This paſſage affords a ſtriking inſtance of the judgment of Camoëns. Virgil's celebrated deſcription of Fame, (ſee p. 63. vol. ii.) is in his eye, but he copies it, as Virgil, in his beſt imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts ſome circumſtances, but by adding others, he makes a new picture, which juſtly may be called his own.

A giant goddeſs, whoſe ungovern'd tongue
With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong;
Oft had her lips the god of love blaſphem'd,
And oft with tenfold praiſe his conqueſts nam'd:
An hundred eyes ſhe rolls with ceaſeleſs care,
And thouſand tongues what theſe behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing ſhe rides,
And though ſhe ſhifts her colours ſwift as glides
The April rainbow, ſtill the crowd ſhe guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice ſhe rais'd,
And with a thouſand glowing tongues ſhe prais'd
The bold diſcoverers of the eaſtern world——
In gentle ſwells the liſtening ſurges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the ſounds of plaintive love
Along the grottoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowſy power on whoſe ſmooth eaſy mien
The ſmiles of wonder and delight are ſeen,
Whoſe gloſſy ſimpering eye beſpeaks her name,
Credulity attends the goddeſs Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praiſe, the watery [u] gods,
With ardent ſpeed forſake their deep abodes;

Their

[u] ——*The watery gods*——To mention the gods in the maſculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O peito feminil, que levemente
Muda quayſquer propoſitos tomados.—

The eaſe with which the female breaſt changes its reſolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehenſible. The expreſſion however is claſſical, and therefore

Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,
Now ſtung remorſe, and love ſucceeds to hate.
Ah, where remorſe in female boſom bleeds,
The tendereſt love in all its glow ſucceeds.
When fancy glows, how ſtrong, O love, thy power!
Nor ſlipt the eager god the happy hour;
Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,
Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a ſhaft in vain:
Thus, ere the face the lover's breaſt inſpires,
The voice of fame awakes the ſoft deſires.
While from the bow-ſtring ſtart the ſhafts divine,
His ivory moon's wide horns inceſſant join,
Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours
Omnipotent in love his arrowy ſhowers.
E'en Thetis' ſelf confeſt the tender ſmart,
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart;
Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous ſigh;
With wiſhful languor melting on each eye
The love-ſick nymphs explore the tardy ſails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.

Give way, ye lofty billows, low ſubſide,
Smooth as the level plain, your ſwelling pride,

Lo,

therefore retained. Virgil uſes it, where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Deſcendo, ac ducente *Deo*, flammam inter et hoſtes
Expedior———

This is in the manner of the Greek poets, who uſe the word Θεὸς for God or Goddeſs.

Lo, Venus comes! Oh, ſoft, ye ſurges, ſleep,
Smooth be the boſom of the azure deep,
Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train
She brings the healing balm of love-ſick pain.
White as her ſwans [x], and ſtately as they rear
Their ſnowy creſts when o'er the lake they ſteer,
Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,
And o'er the diſtant billow onward ſteers.
The beauteous Nereids flush'd in all their charms
Surround the goddeſs of the ſoft alarms:
Right to the iſle ſhe leads the ſmiling train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain;
The fearful languor of the aſking eye,
The lovely bluſh of yielding modeſty,
The grieving look, the ſigh, the favouring ſmile,
And all th' endearments of the open wile,
She taught the nymphs——in willing breaſts that heaved
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.

As now triumphant to their native ſhore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earneſt the pilot's eyes ſought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;

Sought

[x] *White as her ſwans*——A diſtant fleet compared to ſwans on a lake is certainly an happy thought. The alluſion to the pomp of Venus, whoſe agency is immediately concerned, gives it beſides a peculiar propriety. This ſimile however is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon happineſs of Fanſhaw;

> The pregnant *ſayles* on Neptune's ſurface creep,
> Like her own *ſwans*, in *gate, cut-cheſt*, and *feather*.

Sought cape or iſle from whence their boats might bring
The healthful bounty of the cryſtal ſpring:
When ſudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Iſle of Love its glowing breaſt diſplay'd.
O'er the green boſom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the ſilver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing luſtre ſhare,
Arabia's balm was ſprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating iſle fair Acidalia drew;
Soon as the floating verdure caught their [y] ſight,
She fixt, unmov'd, the iſland of delight.
So when in child-birth of her Jove-ſprung load,
The ſylvan goddeſs and the bowyer god,
In friendly pity of Latona's woes [z],
Amid the waves the Delian iſle aroſe.

And

[y] *Soon as the floating verdure caught their ſight.*——As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (ſee the Preface) he put into one of the beautiful iſlands of Anchediva for freſh water. While he was here careening his ſhips, ſays Faria, a pirate named Timoja attacked him with eight ſmall veſſels, ſo linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating iſland. This, ſays Caſtera, afforded the fiction of the floating iſland of Venus. "The fictions of Camoëns, ſays he, *ſont* "*d'autant plus merveilleuſes, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'hiſtoire*, are "the more marvellous, becauſe they are all founded in hiſtory. It is not dif-"ficult to find why he makes his iſland of Achediva to wander on the "waves; it is in alluſion to a ſingular event related by Barros." He then proceeds to the ſtory of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoëns ſtood in need of ſo weak an aſſiſtance.

[z] *In friendly pity of Latona's woes.*——Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was perſecuted by Juno, who ſent the ſerpent Python in purſuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her diſtreſs, raiſed the iſland of Delos for her refuge, where ſhe was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—Ovid. Met.

And now led ſmoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the iſle of joy the veſſels glide:
The bay they enter, where on every hand,
Around them claſps the flower-enamelled land;
A ſafe retreat, where not a blaſt may ſhake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the ſtilly lake.
With purple ſhells, transfus'd as marble veins,
The yellow ſands celeſtial Venus ſtains.
With graceful pride three hills of ſofteſt green
Rear their fair boſoms o'er the ſylvan ſcene;
Their ſides embroider'd boaſt the rich array
Of flowery ſhrubs in all the pride of May;
The purple lotos and the ſnowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every ſlope adorn.
From the green ſummits of the leafy hills
Deſcend with murmuring ſapſe three limpid rills;
Beneath the roſe-trees loitering ſlow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er ſome rock their cryſtal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the ſecret ſhade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted ſilver ſtream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freſhneſs on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow ſands the waters ſleep,
The primroſed banks, inverted, dew drops weep;

Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the ſtream
The ſilver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every riv'let ſtrays,
Till cloſing now their long meandering maze,
Where in a ſmiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a cryſtal lake the waters [a] blend:
Fring'd was the border with a woodland ſhade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow-ting'd, each mingling tint between
The dark aſh-verdure and the ſilvery green.
The trees now bending forward ſlowly ſhake
Their lofty honours o'er the cryſtal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reſerve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the ſummer dreſt,
Smooth-gloſs'd and ſoftened in the mirror's breaſt.
So by her glaſs the wiſhful virgin ſtays,
And oft retiring ſteals the lingering gaze.
A thouſand boughs aloft to heaven diſplay
Their fragrant apples ſhining to the day;

The

[a] *Form'd in a cryſtal lake the waters blend.*——Caſtera alſo attributes this to hiſtory; "The Portugueſe actually found in this iſland, ſays he, a fine "piece of water ornamented with hewn ſtones and magnificent aqueducts; "an ancient and ſuperb work, of which nobody knew the author."

In 1505 Don Franciſco Almeyda built a fort in this iſland. In digging among ſome ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portugueſe conjectured, ſays Oſorius, that the Ahchedivian iſlands had in former ages been inhabited by Chriſtians. Vid. Oſor. L. iv.

The orange here perfumes the buxom [b] air,
And boaſts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.
Near to the ground each ſpreading bough deſcends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon ſcents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breaſts the gentle ſwell avow,
So the twin fruitage ſwell on every bough.

Wild

[b] *The orange here perfumes the buxom air,*
And boaſts the golden hue of Daphne's hair.——

Frequent alluſions to the fables of the ancients form a characteriſtical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profuſion of it is pedantry; a moderate uſe of it, however, in a poem of theſe times pleaſes, becauſe it diſcovers the ſtages of compoſition, and has in itſelf a fine effect, as it illuſtrates its ſubject by preſenting the claſſical reader with ſome little landſcapes of that country through which he has travelled. The deſcription of foreſts is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Taſſo, and Spenſer, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired paſſage in Statius;

——— Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
Ornique, iliceæque trabes, metuendaque ſulco
Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonſa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus.

In rural deſcriptions three things are neceſſary to render them poetical; the happineſs of epithet, of picturesque arrangement, and of little landſcape views. Without theſe, all the names of trees and flowers, though ſtrung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurſeryman or a floriſt's catalogue. In Statius, in Taſſo and Spenſer's admired foreſts, (Gier. Liber. C. 3. St. 75, 76, and F. Queen, B. 1. C. 1. St. 8, 9.) the poetry conſiſts entirely in the happineſs of the epithets. In Camoëns, all the three requiſites are admirably attained, and blended together.

Wild foreſt trees the mountain ſides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic ſhade:
Here ſpreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,
The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle bowers belov'd of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-ſpread branches rears;
And high to heaven the fragrant cedar bears;
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd rocks,
The lofty pine-tree waves her ſable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whiſpering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs ſhine;
Here towers the cypreſs, preacher to the wiſe,
Leſs'ning from earth her ſpiral honours riſe,
Till, as a ſpear-point rear'd, the topmoſt ſpray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.
Here round her foſtering elm the ſmiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous cluſters pendant from the boughs,
The green here gliſtens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial ſeaſons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for Winter here;
His griſly viſage from the ſhore expell'd,
United ſway the ſmiling ſeaſons held.
Around the ſwelling fruits of deepening red,
Their ſnowy hues the fragrant bloſſoms ſpread;
Between the burſting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermillion bluſh is ſeen;

For

For here each gift Pomona's hand beſtows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour ſweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foſter'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in ſhining crimſon glows;
And ſtain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,
The bending boughs the mulberries [c] o'erload;
The bending boughs careſs'd by zephyr nod.
The generous peach, that ſtrengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Perſian ſoil,
The velvet peach of ſofteſt gloſſy blue,
Hangs by the pomgranate of orange hue,
Whoſe open heart a brighter red diſplays
Than that which ſparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches bear,
Delicious as profuſe, the tapering pear.
For thee, fair fruit, the ſongſters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feaſt of heroes and the fair,

Soft

[c] *And ſtain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,*
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload;
——Pyramus and Thiſbe:

Arborei fœtus aſpergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque ſanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .
At tu quo ramis arbor miſerabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pulloſque et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fœtus gemini monumenta cruoris. OVID. Met.

Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-ting'd orange of thy mellow ſide.
A thouſand flowers of gold, of white and red
Far o'er the ſhadowy [d] vale their carpets ſpread,
Of fairer tapeſtry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Perſia's boaſted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery ſhone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narciſſus, ſelf-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celeſtial tears,
The woe-markt flower of ſlain Adonis [e] rears
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign
When loſt Adonis ſhall revive again.

At

[d] ——*The ſhadowy vale*——Literal from the original,——*O ſombrio valle*,——which Fanſhaw however has tranſlated, "the gloomy valley," and thus has given us a funereal, where the author intended a feſtive landſcape. It muſt be confeſſed however, that the deſcription of the iſland of Venus is infinitely the beſt part of all Fanſhaw's tranſlation. And indeed the dulleſt proſe tranſlation might obſcure, but could not poſſibly throw a total eclipſe over ſo admirable an original.

[e] *The woe-markt flower of ſlain Adonis—water'd by the tears of love*—The Aenemone. "This, ſays Caſtera, is applicable to the celeſtial Venus, for "according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it im-"pure, but was only the love which nature bears to the ſun." The fables of antiquity have generally a threefold interpretation, an hiſtorical alluſion, a phyſical and a metaphyſical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celeſtial Venus. A divine youth is outrageouſly ſlain, but ſhall revive again at the reſtoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the myſteries, or the death and reſurrection of Adonis; among whom were the Britiſh druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the ſame manner Cupid, in the fable of Pſyche, is interpreted by mythologiſts, to ſignify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

At ſtrife appear the lawns and purpled ſkies,
Which from each other ſtole the beauteous [f] dyes:
The lawn in all Aurora's luſtre glows,
Aurora ſteals the bluſhes of the roſe,
The roſe diſplays the bluſhes that adorn
The ſpotleſs virgin on the nuptial morn.
Zephyr and Flora emulous conſpire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freſhneſs, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the love-ſick hopeleſs maid they dye
The modeſt violet; from the curious eye
The modeſt violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed,
Bending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The ſnow white lily glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo, from the bough reclines the damaſk roſe,
And o'er the lily's milk-white boſom glows.

Freſh

[f] *At ſtrife appear the lawns and purpled ſkies, who from each other ſtole the beauteous dyes.*—On this paſſage Caſtera has the following ſenſible though turgid note: "This thought, ſays he, is taken from the idyllium of Auſonius "on the roſe;

"Ambigeres rapueritne roſis Aurora ruborem,
"An daret, & flores tingeret orta dies.

"Camoëns, who had a genius rich of itſelf, ſtill farther enriched it at the "expence of the ancients. Behold what makes great authors! thoſe who "pretend to give us nothing but the fruits of their own growth, ſoon fail, "like the little rivulets which dry up in the ſummer; very different rom "the floods, who receive in their courſe the tribute of an hundred and an "hundred rivers, and which even in the dog-days carry their waves triumphant to the ocean."

Freſh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her ſweeteſt ſcent exhales.
Thy hyacinth bewrays the doleful [g] *Ai*,
And calls the tribute of Apollo's ſigh;
Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the ſtripling's veins.
Pomona fired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's darling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris ſpread,
She hangs the wilding's bloſſom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daiſy ſhows
The curving ſlopes, the melon's pride ſhe throws;
Where by the ſtream the lily of the vale,
Primroſe, and cowſlip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowſlip's bell
The ſcarlet ſtrawberries luxurious ſwell.
Nor theſe alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmleſs beſtial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves reſponſive through the branches ſing;

In

[g] *The hyacinth bewrays the doleful* Ai—Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by whom he was accidentally ſlain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

——— Tyrioque nitentior oſtro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: ſi non,
Purpureus color huic, argenteus eſſet in illis.
Non ſatis hoc Phœbo eſt: is enim fuit auctor honoris.
Ipſe ſuos gemitus foliis inſcribit; & Ai, Ai,
Flos habet inſcriptum: funeſtaque littera ducta eſt. OVID. Met.

In ſweet vibrations thrilling o'er the ſkies,
High pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The ſwan ſlow ſailing o'er the cryſtal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing ſtrain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleaſed to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearleſs deer;
The hare ſtarts trembling from the buſhy ſhade,
And ſwiftly circling, croſſes oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the bubbling founts diſtil,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer ſeeks the vales below,
And from the thicket ſprings the bounding doe.
To his lov'd neſt, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little ſongſter brings
The food untaſted; tranſport thrills his breaſt;
'Tis nature's touch; 'tis inſtinct's heaven-like feaſt.
Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's flowers,
And ſong and joy imparadiſed the bowers.

And ſoon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the ſtrand
The ſecond Argonauts [h] elance to land.

Wide

[h] *The ſecond Argonauts.*——The expedition of the Golden Fleece was eſteemed in ancient poetry, one of the moſt daring adventures, the ſucceſs of which was accounted miraculous. The alluſions of Camoëns to this voyage, though in the ſpirit of his age, are by no means improper.

Wide o'er the beauteous iſle [1] the lovely fair
Stray through the diſtant glades, devoid of care.

From

[1] *Wide o'er the beauteous iſle the lovely fair.*——We now come to the paſſage condemned by Voltaire as ſo laſcivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portugueſe and Italians, could bear it. But the author of the deteſtable poem *La Pucelle d'Orleans* talks of the iſland of Venus with that ſame knowledge of his ſubject with which he made Camoëns, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which diſcovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I truſt, are in general fully anſwered in the Preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unneceſſary ere the reader enter upon the paſſage itſelf. No painter then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the graces unveiled or naked. In ſculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedneſs, it is the expreſſion or manner only that offends decency. It is this which conſtitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the laſcivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoëns has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Chriſtian mythology in his machinery has been anathematiſed, and his iſland of Love repreſented as a brothel. Yet both accuſations are the arrogant aſſertions of the moſt ſuperficial acquaintance with his works, a *Hearſay*, echoed from critic to critic. His poem itſelf, and a compariſon of its parts with the ſimilar conduct of the greateſt modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both inſtances no modern epic writer of note has given leſs offence to true criticiſm.

Not to mention Arioſto, whoſe deſcriptions will often admit of no palliation, Taſſo, Spenſer, and Milton, have always been eſteemed as the chaſteſt of poets, yet in the delicacy of warm deſcription, the inartificial modeſty of nature, none of them can boaſt the continued uniformity of the Portugueſe poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoëns, which even the genius of Taſſo has not reached; and though the iſland of Armida is evidently copied from the Luſiad; yet thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the finer feelings, will eaſily diſcover an eſſential difference between the love-ſcenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoëns are detected naked in the woods and in the ſtream, and though deſirous to captivate, ſtill their behaviour is that of the virgin, who hopes to be the ſpouſe. They act the part of offended modeſty; even when they yield they are ſilent, and behave in every reſpect like Milton's Eve in the ſtate of innocence, who

——— What was honour knew ———

And who diſplayed

Her

From lowly valley and from mountain grove
The lovely nymphs renew the ſtrains of love.

Here

Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unſought be won.

To ſum up all, the nuptial ſanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a maſterly allegory ſhuts up the love-ſcenes of Camoëns.

How different from all this is the iſland of *Armida* in Taſſo, and its tranſlation, the bower of *Acraſia*, in Spenſer! In theſe virtue is ſeduced; the ſcene therefore is leſs delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modeſty of the bride as in Camoëns, employ all the arts of the laſcivious wanton. They ſtay not to be wooed; but, as Spenſer gives it,

The amorous ſweet ſpoils to greedy eyes reveal.

One ſtanza from our Engliſh poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, ſhall here ſuffice:

Withal ſhe laughed and ſhe bluſh'd withal,
That bluſhing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall.
Now when they ſpy'd the knight to ſlack his pace,
Them to behold, and *in his ſparkling face*
The ſecret ſigns of kindling luſt appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encreaſe,
And to him beckon'd to approach more near,
And ſhew'd him many ſights, that courage cold could rear.

This and other deſcriptions,

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was laid
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin.—

preſent every idea of laſcivious voluptuouſneſs. The allurements of ſpeech are alſo added. Songs, which breathe every perſuaſive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto
Fiavi, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.— TASSO.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the ſmiling mead.— HOOLE.

Theſe,

Here from the bowers that crown the plaintive rill
The ſolemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;

Here

Theſe, and the whole ſcenes in the domains of Armida and Acraſia, are in a turn of manner the reverſe of the iſland of Venus. They are the ſcenes of guilt and remorſe. In Camoëns, the ſuppoſition of the pureſt honour and innocence gives a nameleſs delicacy; and though the colouring be warm, yet the modeſty of the Venus de Medicis is ſtill preſerved. In every thing he deſcribes there is ſtill ſomething ſtrongly ſimilar to the modeſt attitude of the arms of that celebrated ſtatue. Though prudery, that uſual maſk of the impureſt minds, may condemn him, yet thoſe of the moſt chaſte, though leſs gloomy turn, will allow, that in compariſon with others, he might ſay,—*Virginibus puerisque canto.*

Spenſer alſo, where he does not follow Taſſo, is often groſs; and even in ſome inſtances, where the expreſſion is more delicate, the picture is nevertheleſs indecently laſcivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding ſtanzas, which in his ſecond edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a ſtriking example. The virgin *Britomart*, the pattern of chaſtity, ſtands by, while Sir *Scudamore* and *Amoret*,

——————With ſweet countervaile
Each other of love's bitter fruit deſpoile—

But this ſhall not here be cited; only,

That *Britomart*, half envying their bleſs,
Was much empaſſion'd in her gentle ſprite,
And to herſelf oft wiſh'd like happineſs;
In vain ſhe wiſh'd, that fate n'ould let her yet poſſeſs.

Nor is even Spenſer's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than ſome lines of the Paradiſe Loſt. The reply of the angel to Adam's deſcription of his nuptials, contains ſome ſtrokes intolerably diſguſtful. And the firſt effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contraſt to that delicacy of expreſſion which adorns the firſt loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety however in thus repreſenting the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, ſome of the terms of expreſſion are ſtill indefenſibly indelicate. In a word, ſo unjuſt is the cenſure of Voltaire, a cenſure which never aroſe from a compariſon of Camoëns with other poets, and ſo ill-grounded is the charge againſt him, that we cannot but admire his ſuperior delicacy; a delicacy not even underſtood in his age, when the groſſeſt

Here from the ſhadows of the upland grott
The mellow lute renews the ſwelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train
Some gayly ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feign'd purſuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to ſhew;
Now ſeeming careleſs, fearful now and coy,
(So taught the goddeſs of unutter'd joy,)
And gliding through the diſtant glades diſplay
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.
Some light with glee in careleſs freedom take
Their playful revels in the cryſtal lake;
One trembling ſtands no deeper than the knee
To plunge reluctant, while in ſportful glee
Another o'er her ſudden laves the tide;
In pearly drops the wiſhful waters glide,
Reluctant dropping from her breaſts of ſnow;
Beneath the wave another ſeems to glow;
The amorous waves her boſom fondly kiſs'd,
And roſe and fell, as panting on her breaſt.

Another

imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the moſt pious divines; when in the old liturgy itſelf it was eſteemed no indelicacy of expreſſion to enjoin the wife *to be buxom in bed and at board*. We know what liberties were taken by the politeſt writers of the Auguſtan age; and ſuch is the change of manners, that Shakeſpeare and Spenſer might with juſtice appeal from the judgment of the preſent, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoëns, however, may appeal to the moſt poliſhed age; let him be heard for himſelf, let him be compared with others of the firſt name, and his warmeſt deſcriptions need not dread the deciſion.

Another ſwims along with graceful pride,
Her ſilver arms the gliſtening waves divide,
Her ſhining ſides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brightened by the wave,
Her hair, of mildeſt yellow, flows from ſide
To ſide, as o'er it plays the wanton tide;
And careleſs as ſhe turns, her thighs of ſnow
Their tapering rounds in deeper luſtre ſhew.

Some gallant Luſians fought the woodland prey,
And through the thickets forced the pathleſs way;
And ſome in ſhades impervious to the beam,
Supinely liſten'd to the murmuring ſtream:
When ſudden through the boughs the various dyes
Of pink, of ſcarlet, and of azure riſe.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers ſpring,
Down drops the arrow from the half drawn ſtring:
Soon they behold 'twas not the roſe's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the panſie's blue:
Dazzling the ſhades the nymphs appear—the zone
And flowing ſcarf in gold and azure ſhone.
Naked as Venus ſtood in Ida's bower,
Some truſt the dazzling charms of native power;
Through the green boughs and darkling ſhades they ſhew
The ſhining luſtre of their native ſnow,
And every tapering, every rounded ſwell
Of thigh, of boſom, as they glide, reveal.

As viſions cloath'd in dazzling white they riſe,
Then ſteal unnoted from the flurried eyes:
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,
They ſhine and wanton o'er the ſmiling lawn.
Amazed and loſt in rapture of ſurprize,
All joy, my friends, the brave VELOSO cries,
Whate'er of goddeſſes old fable told,
Or poet ſung of ſacred groves, behold.
Sacred to goddeſſes divinely bright
Theſe beauteous foreſts own their guardian might.
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd,
To us, behold all Paradiſe reveal'd!
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,
Or living charms appear divinely fair!
Swift at the word the gallant Luſians bound,
Their rapid footſteps ſcarcely touch the ground;
Through copſe, through brake, impatient of their prey,
Swift as the wounded deer they ſpring away:
Fleet through the winding ſhades in rapid flight
The nymphs as wing'd with terror fly their ſight.
Fleet though they fled the mild reverted eye,
And dimpling ſmile their ſeeming fear deny.
Fleet through the ſhades in parted rout they glide:
If winding path the choſen pairs divide,
Another path by ſweet miſtake betrays,
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze:
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,
The laugh, the ſhriek, confeſs the charmer there.

Luxurious

Luxurious here the wanton zephyrs toy,
And every fondling favouring art employ.
Fleet as the fair ones ſpeed, the buſy gale
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;
White through the veil, in fairer brighter glow
The lifted robe diſplays the living ſnow:
Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then inſtant to the glance each charm reveals,
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the ſhade inflames deſire.
One, as her breathleſs lover haſtens on,
With wily ſtumble ſudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd, ſhe riſes with a bluſhing ſmile;
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Tript by the fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager ſpeed.

Afar, where ſport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the ſhriek, the revel and the toy,
Beſpeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh the ſhriek, the gallant Luſians hear,
As through the foreſt glades they chaſe the deer;
For arm'd to chaſe the bounding roe they came,
Unhop'd the tranſport of a nobler game.
The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods reſound the ſhriek of fear.

Some feign ſuch terror of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modeſty to this gives place,
Naked they ſpring to land and ſpeed away
To deepeſt ſhades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
What to the amorous arms their fear denies.
Some well aſſume Diana's virgin ſhame,
When on her naked ſports the hunter [k] came
Unwelcome——plunging in the cryſtal tide,
In vain they ſtrive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 'twas all they could, beſtow
A milder luſtre and a ſofter glow.
As loſt in earneſt care of future need,
Some to the banks to ſnatch their mantles ſpeed,
Of preſent view regardleſs; every wile
Was yet, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terror of the feign'd alarm,
Diſplay'd, in various force, was every charm.
Nor idle ſtood the gallant youth; the wing
Of rapture lifts them, to the fair they ſpring;
Some to the copſe purſue their lovely prey;
Some cloath'd and ſhod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the ſtings of fierce deſire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench the fire.
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow ſteel, and on the mallard bears,

His

[k] *The hunter*——Actæon.

His eager dog, ere burſts the flaſhing roar,
Fierce for the prey ſprings headlong from the ſhore—
And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow ſprings each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph whoſe eyes from all the reſt
By ſingling him her ſecret wiſh confeſt.

A ſon of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye ſpoke ſimpleſt truth;
Yet love, capricious to th' accompliſh'd boy,
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever ſpurn'd his vows; yet ſtill his heart
Would hope, and nouriſh ſtill the tender ſmart:
The pureſt delicacy fann'd his fires,
And proudeſt honour nurs'd his fond deſires.
Not on the firſt that fair before him glow'd,
Not on the firſt the youth his love beſtow'd.
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
Affection's melting tranſport o'er him ſtole,
And love's all generous glow intranced his ſoul;
Of ſelfiſh joy unconſcious, every thought
On ſweet delirium's ocean ſtreamed afloat.
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre ſhine,
Nor leſs ſhe wiſh'd theſe beauties to reſign:

More than her ſiſters long'd her heart to yield,
Yet ſwifter fled ſhe o'er the ſmiling field.
The youth now panting with the hopeleſs chaſe,
Oh turn, he cries, Oh turn thy angel face:
Falſe to themſelves can charms like theſe conceal
The hateful rigour of relentleſs ſteel;
And did the ſtream deceive me when I ſtood
Amid my peers reflected in the flood?
The eaſieſt port and faireſt bloom I bore——
Falſe was the ſtream——while I in vain deplore,
My peers are happy; lo, in every ſhade,
In every bower, their love with love repaid!
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns purſue
A cruel fair——Ah, ſtill my fate proves true,
True to its rigour——who, fair nymph, to thee
Reveal'd, 'twas I that ſued! unhappy me!
Born to be ſpurn'd though honeſty inſpire——
Alas, I faint, my languid ſinews tire;
Oh ſtay thee——powerleſs to ſuſtain their weight
My knees ſink down, I ſink beneath my fate!
He ſpoke; a ruſtling urges through the trees,
Inſtant new vigour ſtrings his active knees,
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
And muſt another ſnatch my lovely prize?
In ſavage graſp thy beauteous limbs conſtrain!
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!
Oh loſt, thou flieſt the ſafety of my arms,
My hand ſhall guard thee, ſoftly ſeize thy charms,

No

No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!
Die ſhall thy raviſher——Oh goddeſs, turn,
And ſmiling view the error of my fear;
No brutal force, no raviſher is near;
A harmleſs roebuck gave the ruſtling ſounds;
Lo, from the thicket ſwift as thee he bounds!
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chace!
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.
Vain are thy fears; were even thy will to yield
The harveſt of my hope, that harveſt field
My fate would guard, and walls of braſs would rear
Between my ſickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; ſo may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the grey wing of time.
Yet hear, the laſt my panting breath can ſay,
Nor proudeſt kings, nor mightieſt hoſts can ſway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,
Yet thou canſt more, yet thou canſt conquer mine.
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I ſee;
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!
But thee——Oh, every tranſport of deſire,
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,
For thee reſpires——alone I feel for thee
The dear wild rage of longing ecſtaſy:
By all the flames of ſympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.
From thee, from thee the hallowed tranſport flows
That ſevered rages, and for union glows;

Heaven

Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lighting glare:
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; even now I heard him ſoftly tread;
Oh rage, he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I ſee, I ſee thee ruſhing to his arms,
And ſinking on his boſom, all thy charms
To him reſigning in an eager kiſs,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliſs!
And ſhall I ſee him riot on thy charms,
Diſſolved in joy exulting in thine arms———
Oh burſt, ye lightnings, round my deſtin'd head,
Oh pour your flaſhes——Madning as he ſaid,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling footſteps ſtill the nymph [1] purſued.

Wooed

[1] *His trembling footſteps ſtill the nymph purſued.*——At the end of his Homer Mr. Pope has given an index of the inſtances of imitative and ſentimental harmony contained in his tranſlations. He has alſo often in his notes pointed out the adaption of ſound to ſenſe. The tranſlator of the Luſiad hopes he may for once ſay, that he has not been inattentive to this great eſſential of good verſification; how he has ſucceeded the judicious only muſt determine. The ſpeech of Leonard to the curſory reader may perhaps ſometimes appear careleſs, and ſometimes turgid and ſtiff. That ſpeech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and ſentimental harmony, and with the judicious he reſts its fate. As the tranſlation in this inſtance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old purſy abbé, (and critics are apt to judge by themſelves) may indeed be ſurpriſed that a man out of breath with running ſhould be able to talk ſo long. But had he conſulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a ſtout and young cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chace of a couple of miles, provided the ſuppoſition is allowed, that he treads on the laſt ſteps of his flying miſtreſs.

Wooed to the flight ſhe wing'd her ſpeed to hear
His amorous accents melting on her ear.
And now ſhe turns the wild walk's ſerpent maze;
A roſeate bower its velvet couch diſplays;
The thickeſt moſs its ſofteſt verdure ſpread,
Crocus and mingling panſie fring'd the bed,
The woodbine dropt its honey from above,
And various roſes crown'd the ſweet alcove.
Here as ſhe haſtens, on the hopeleſs boy
She turns her face all bathed in ſmiles of joy;
Then, ſinking down, her eyes, ſufficed with love
Glowing on his, one moment loſt reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wiſh'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms ſoft ſinks the ſtripling down——
Ah, what ſoft murmurs panting through the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours;
The wiſhful ſigh and melting ſmile conſpire,
Devouring kiſſes fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with deareſt grace aſſails,
Soft o'er the purpoſed frown the ſmile prevails;
The purpoſed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the riſing threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And tranſport murmurs through the ſacred grove.
The joy of pleaſing adds its ſacred zeſt,
And all is love, embracing and embraced.

The golden morn beheld the ſcenes of joy;
Nor, ſultry noon, mayſt though the bowers annoy;
The ſultry noon-beam ſhines the lover's aid,
And ſends him glowing to the ſecret ſhade.
O'er every ſhade and every nuptial bower
The love-ſick ſtrain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combin'd,
The Luſian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreaths, and laurel chaplets bound
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd:
By every ſpouſal holy ritual tied,
No chance they vow ſhall e'er their hands divide,
In life, in death, attendant as their fame;
Such was the oath of ocean's ſovereign dame:
The dame (from heaven and holy Veſta ſprung,
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)
Enraptured views the chief whoſe deathleſs name
The wondering world and conquer'd ſeas proclaim.
With ſtately pomp ſhe holds the hero's hand,
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By ſpouſal ties confirm'd; nor paſt untold
What fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's vaſt globe in radiant ſphere ſhe ſhew'd,
The ſhores immenſe, and ſeas unknown, unplow'd;
The ſeas, the ſhores, due to the Luſian keel
And Luſian ſword, ſhe haſtens to reveal.
The glorious leader by the hand ſhe takes,
And, dim, below, the flowery bowers forſakes.

High on a mountain's ſtarry top divine
Her palace walls of living cryſtal ſhine;
Of gold and cryſtal blaze the lofty towers:
Here bathed in joy they paſs the bliſsful hours:
Ingulph'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the ſovereigns in the palace reign,
Like tranſport riots o'er the humbler plain,
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.

Hence, ye [m] profane——the ſong melodious roſe,
By mildeſt zephyrs wafted through the boughs,
Unſeen the warblers of the holy ſtrain——
Far from theſe ſacred bowers, ye lewd profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear;
Chaſte and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's queen,
The iſle angelic, every raptured ſcene,
The charms of honour and its meed confeſs,
Theſe are the raptures, theſe the wedded bliſs;
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever bloſſom'd palms of fair renown,

By

m *Hence, ye profane.*——We have already obſerved, that in every other poet the love ſcenes are generally deſcribed as thoſe of guilt and remorſe. The contrary character of thoſe of Camoëns, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns; but by the fiction of the ſpouſal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are moſt happily conducted. See the Introduction.

By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
Theſe are the tranſports of the Iſle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the gods.
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever juſt,
To arts and valour rear'd the worſhipp'd buſt.
High, ſteep and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immenſe is virtue's road;
But ſmooth at laſt the walks umbrageous ſmile,
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our iſle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, ſtrove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove:
Like you to bleſs mankind Minerva toil'd;
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waſte deſert Bacchus ſpread the vine;
And Ceres taught the harveſt field to ſhine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the bleſt abodes
She raiſed, and hail'd them gods and ſprung of gods.

The love of fame, by heaven's own hand impreſt,
The firſt and nobleſt paſſion of the breaſt,
May yet miſlead—Oh guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours falſe and vain,
No tinſel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each reſpect you hold:
To your lov'd king return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of fierce oppreſſion guard the peaſant's cauſe.

If

If youthful fury pant for ſhining arms,
Spread o'er the Eaſtern World the dread alarms;
There bends the Saracen the hoſtile bow,
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe;
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,
And break his tyrant ſceptre o'er his chains.
On adamantine pillars thus ſhall ſtand
The throne, the glory of your native land,
And Luſian heroes, an immortal line,
Shall ever with us ſhare our iſle divine.

DISSER-

DISSERTATION

ON THE FICTION OF THE

ISLAND OF VENUS.

FROM the earlieſt ages, and in the moſt diſtant nations, palaces, foreſts and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's iſland of Radamanthus, the deſcription is ſometimes only curſory; at other times they have laviſhed all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landſcapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyſſey, and the Elyſium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many inſtances of theſe occur in the later writers. Theſe ſubjects, however, it muſt be owned, are ſo natural to the genius of poetry, that it is ſcarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the claſſics, the innumerable deſcriptions of this kind, which abound in the old romances. In theſe, under different allegorical names, every paſſion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its inchanted bower, or its dreary cave.

The

The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Trobardours and firſt Gothic Romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Trobardours; Arioſto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenſer has copied Arioſto and Taſſo. In the ſixth and ſeventh books of the Orlando Furioſo, there is a fine deſcription of the iſland and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logiſtilla or Virtue. The paſſage, of this kind, however, where Arioſto has diſplayed the richeſt poetical painting, is in the xxxiv book, in the deſcription of Paradiſe, whither he ſends Aſtolpho the Engliſh Duke, to aſk the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is moſt admirably fanciful. Aſtolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horſe, ſees Paradiſe, and, accompanied by the Evangeliſt, viſits the moon; the deſcription of which orb is almoſt literally tranſlated in Milton's Limbo. But the paſſage which may be ſaid to bear the neareſt reſemblance to the deſcriptive part of the iſland of Venus, is the landſcape of Paradiſe, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whoſe many acts of friendſhip I am proud to acknowledge myſelf indebted, has obliged me with his tranſlation, though only ten books of his Arioſto are yet publiſhed.

O'er the glad earth the bliſsful ſeaſon pours
The vernal beauties of a thouſand flowers
In vary'd tints: there ſhew'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the ſapphire blue.
The mead appears one intermingled blaze
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays.
Not emerald here ſo bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of thoſe celeſtial fields.

On every tree the leaves unfading grow,
The fruitage ripens and the flowrets blow.
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amid the boughs their notes melodious ſing:
Still lakes, and murmuring ſtreams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the liſtening ear.
A ſoftening genial air, that ever ſeems
In even tenor, cools the ſolar beams
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the bloſſoms yield
Of grateful ſcent, the ſtealing gales diſpenſe
The blended ſweets to feed th' immortal ſenſe.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame emits a ſtreamy light,
And wrapt in ſplendor of refulgent day
Outſhines the ſtrength of every mortal ray.

Aſtolpho gently now directs his ſpeed
To where the ſpacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameleſs charm that happy ſoil ſupplies.
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary deſart and a ſeat of woe,
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath beſtow'd,
In evil hour for man's unbleſt abode.

Near and more near the ſtately walls he drew,
In ſtedfaſt gaze tranſported at the view:
They ſeem'd one gem entire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams tranſparent rubies ſhed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Tranſcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boaſting tongues proclaim
Thoſe wonders of the world, ſo chronicled by fame!

Camoëns read and admired Arioſto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his iſland of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery deſcription is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Arioſto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

Before

Before the threſhold wanton damſels wait,
Or ſport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modeſty attemper'd every grace;
In veſtures green each damſel ſwept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
Theſe, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this ſweet paradiſe of ſoft delight....
Enamour'd youths and tender damſels ſeem
To chant their loves beſide a purling ſtream.
Some by a branching tree or mountain's ſhade
In ſports and dances preſs the downy glade,
While one diſcloſes to his friend, apart,
The ſecret tranſports of his amorous heart. B. VI.

But theſe deſcriptions alſo, which bring the heroes of knight errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the uſe of the alphabet; and indeed the greateſt part of theſe love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Aſtolpho, who was transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero;

Her former lovers ſhe eſteem'd no more,
For many lovers ſhe poſſeſs'd before;
I was her joy——
Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind
In love inconſtant as the changing wind!
Scarce had I held two months the fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place:
Rejected then I join'd the baniſh'd herd
That loſt her love, as others were preferr'd...
Some here, ſome there, her potent charms retain,
In diverſe forms impriſon'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd,
Or ſuch as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains ſome, and ſome in beaſts confin'd,
As ſuits the wayward fairy's cruel mind. HOOLE, Ar. B. VI.

When incidents, character and conduct confeſs the reſemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a ſimilar ſtroke of paſſion or deſcription occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulneſs, to tell us on what paſſage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been perſecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet like the creed of the atheiſt, their ſyſtem is involved in the deepeſt abſurdity. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe, that men of poetical feelings, in deſcribing the ſame thing, ſhould give us the ſame picture. But that the Paradiſe Loſt, which forms one animated whole of the nobleſt poetry, is a mere cento, compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a ſuppoſition which gives Milton a caſt of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable, than the greateſt poetical genius. When *Gaſper Pouſſin* painted clouds and trees in his landſcapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue, of the leaf and the ſky, from *Claud Lorrain*. Neither did Camoëns, when he painted his iſland of Venus, ſpend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predeceſſors, who had deſcribed the beauties of the vernal year or the ſtages of paſſion. Camoëns knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; theſe formed his taſte and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landſcapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he deſcribes the agitations of that paſſion.

Nor is the deſcription of fairy bowers and palaces, though moſt favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The

poetry of the Orientals alſo abounds with them, yet with ſome characteriſtical differences. Like the conſtitutions and dreſs of the Aſiatics, the landſcapes of the eaſtern Muſe are warm and feeble, brilliant and ſlight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal ſameneſs. The weſtern Muſe, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, ſometimes flowery as her Italian or Engliſh fields, ſometimes majeſtically great as her runic foreſts of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all theſe differences of feature, ſeveral oriental fictions greatly reſemble the iſland of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of Prince *Agib*, or the third Calender, in the *Arabian Tales*, afford a ſtriking likeneſs of painting and cataſtrophe.

If Arioſto however ſeem to reſemble any eaſtern fiction, the iſland of Venus in Camoëns bears a more ſtriking reſemblance to a paſſage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the Aſſembly of the Fowles:

The bildir oak, and eke the hardie aſhe,
The pillir elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis laſſhe,
The [illegible]ng firre, the cypres deth to plaine,
The ſhortir ewe, the aſpe for ſhaftis plaine,
The olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,
The victor palme, the laurir to divine.
A gardein ſawe I full of bloſomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grené mede
There as ſweteneſs evirmore inough is,
With flouris white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,
And colde and clere welleſtremis, nothing dede,
That ſwommin full of ſmale fiſhes light,
With finnis rede, and ſcalis ſilver bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I ſyng
With voice of angell, in their harmonie
That buſied 'hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan eſpie
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,
Squirils, and beſtis ſmal of gentle kind.

Of inſtrumentes of ſtringis, in accorde
Herd I ſo plaie a raviſhyng ſweetneſſe,
That God, that makir is of all the lorde,
Ne herd nevir a better, as I geſſe,
There with a winde, unneth it might be leſſe,
Made in the levis grene a noiſé ſoft
Accordant to the ſoulis ſong on loft.

The aire of the place ſo attempre was,
That ner was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Under a tre beſide a well I ſeye
Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei ſhould ſerve,
Some for to flea, and ſome to wound and carve.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

And upon pillirs grete of jaſpir long
I ſaw a temple of braſſe iſoundid ſtrong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which ſome there ywere
Faire of 'heſelf, and ſome of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all deſheveled went thei there,
That was ther office er from yere to yere,
And on the temple ſawe I white and faire
Of dovis ſittyng many a thouſand paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the ſtreams, the muſic of inſtruments and birds, the frolicks of deer and

and other animals; and *women inow*. In a word, the iſland of Venus is here ſketched out, yet Chaucer was never tranſlated into Latin or any language of the Continent, nor did Camoëns underſtand a line of Engliſh. The ſubject was common, and the ſame poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camoëns, pointed out to each what were the beauties of landſcapes and of bowers devoted to pleaſure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of iſlands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoëns. The iſland of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completeſt gradation, and fulleſt aſſemblage of that ſpecies of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullneſs. Nor can the iſland of Armida in Taſſo be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or paſſionate expreſſion; though Taſſo as undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoëns, as Spenſer appropriated the imagery of Taſſo, when he deſcribed the bower of Acraſia, part of which he has literally tranſlated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acraſia however are much too long to be here inſerted, and they are well known to every reader of taſte.

But the chief praiſe of our Poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of ſo beautiful a fiction, as an eſſential part of the conduct and machinery of an Epic poem, does the greateſt honour to the invention of Camoëns. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is completed by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil, has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a maſterly contraſt.

In the fineſt allegory the heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our poet gives a noble imitation of the nobleſt part of the Æneid. In the tenth Luſiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis ſing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conqueſt of India: after this the Goddeſs gives Gama a view of the Eaſtern World, from the Cape of Good Hope to the fartheſt iſlands of Japan. She poetically deſcribes every region and the principal iſlands, and concludes, *All theſe are given to the Weſtern World by You.* It is impoſſible any poem can be ſummed up with greater ſublimity. The fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchiſes, which forms the moſt maſterly fiction, fineſt compliment, and ultimate purpoſe of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already obſerved, is paralleled, without one circumſtance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot poſſibly bear a ſtronger reſemblance; than the reward of the heroes of the Luſiad, the prophetic ſong, and the viſion ſhewn to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the ſubject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to reſemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be reſembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never ſaw the Luſiad in the original tongue, he certainly *heard* of Fanſhaw's tranſlation, which was publiſhed fourteen years before he gave his Paradiſe Loſt to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the laſt book of the Luſiad been two thouſand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two laſt books of the Paradiſe Loſt were evidently formed upon it. But whether

Milton

Milton borrowed any hint from Camoëns, is of little conſequence. That the genius of the great Milton ſuggeſted the concluſion of his immortal poem in the manner and machinery of the Luſiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two laſt books of the Paradiſe Loſt, are in point of conduct exactly the ſame with the part of Thetis and Gama in the concluſion of the Luſiad. Yet this difference muſt be obſerved; in the narrative of his laſt book, Milton has *flagged*, as Addiſon calls it, and fallen infinitely ſhort of the untired ſpirit of the Portugueſe Poet.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

LUSIAD.

BOOK X.

FAR o'er the weſtern ocean's diſtant bed
Apollo now his fiery courſers ſped,
Far o'er the ſilver lake of Mexic [a] roll'd
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:

The

[a] *Far o'er the ſilver lake of Mexic.*——The city of Mexico is environed with an extenſive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his ſecond narration to Charles V. with two lakes, one of freſh, the other of ſalt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This ſituation, ſaid the Mexicans, was appointed by their god *Vitziliputzli*, who, according to the explanation of their picture-hiſtories, led their forefathers a journey of fourſcore years, in ſearch of the promiſed land; the apiſh devil, ſay ſome Spaniſh writers, in this imitating the journies of the Iſraelites. Four of the principal prieſts carried the idol in a coffer of reeds. Whenever they halted they built a tabernacle for their god in the midſt of their camp, where they placed the coffer and the altar.

They

The eaſtern ſky was left to duſky grey,
And o'er the laſt hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the ſultry noon's remaining flame,
On gentle gales the grateful twilight came.
Dimpling the lucid pools the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns and whiſpers through the trees;
Refreſh'd the lily rears the ſilver head,
And opening jaſmines o'er the arbours ſpread.
Fair o'er the wave that gleam'd like diſtant ſnow,
Graceful aroſe the moon, ſerenely ſlow;
Not yet full orb'd, in clouded ſplendour dreſt,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breaſt.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his ſpouſal anthem ſung;
From every bower the holy chorus roſe,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.
Tranſlucent twinkling through the upland grove
In all her luſtre ſhines the ſtar of love;
Led by the ſacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:

Each

They then ſowed the land, and their ſtay or departure, without regard to the harveſt, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at laſt by his command they fixed their abode on the ſite of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is repreſented by men coming out of caves, and their different journies and encampments are pourtrayed in their picture-hiſtories; one of which was ſent to Charles V, and is ſaid to be ſtill extant in the Eſcurial. According to the reigns of their kings, their firſt emigration was about A. D. 720. Vide Boterus, Gomara, Acoſta, and other Spaniſh writers.

Each with the youth above the reſt approved,
Each with the nymph above the reſt beloved,
They ſeek the palace of the ſovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars ſhone,
The walls were cryſtal ſtarr'd with precious ſtone.
Amid the hall aroſe the feſtive board
With nature's choiceſt gifts promiſcuous ſtor'd:
So will'd the goddeſs to renew the ſmile
Of vital ſtrength, long worn by days of toil.
On cryſtal chairs that ſhined as lambent flame
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
Beneath a purple canopy of ſtate
The beauteous goddeſs and the leader fate:
The banquet glows—Not ſuch the feaſt when all
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
Before the love-ſick [b] Roman ſpread the boaſt
Of every teeming ſea and fertile coaſt.
Sacred to nobleſt worth and virtue's ear,
Divine as genial was the banquet here;
The wine, the ſong, by ſweet returns inſpire,
Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.
On gold and ſilver from th' Atlantic main,
The ſumptuous tribute of the ſea's wide reign,
Of various ſavour was the banquet piled;
Amid the fruitage mingling roſes ſmiled.

[b] *Before the love-ſick Roman*——Mark Anthony.

In cups of gold that ſhed a yellow light,
In ſilver ſhining as the moon of night,
Amid the banquet flow'd the ſparkling wine,
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:
Falernia's vintage nor the fabled power
Of Jove's ambroſia in th' Olympian bower
To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divineſt tranſport this alone inſpires.
The beverage foaming o'er the goblet's breaſt
The cryſtal fountain's cooling aid [c] confeſt;
The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,
Sapient diſcourſe, the banquet of the ſoul,
Of richeſt argument and brighteſt glow,
Array'd in dimpling ſmiles, in eaſieſt flow
Pour'd all its graces: nor in ſilence ſtood
The powers of muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued
The horrid frown of hell's profound [d] domains,
And ſooth'd the tortur'd ghoſts to ſlumber on their chains.

To

[c] *The beverage——the fountain's cooling aid confeſt.*——It was a cuſtom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldeſt ſpring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may ſuppoſe, to render it leſs intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us, that the wine which Ulyſſes gave to Polypheme would bear twenty meaſures of water. Modern luxury, by placing the bottle in preſerved ice, has found a method to give the wine the moſt agreeable coolneſs, without reducing its quality.

[d] *Muſic, ſuch as erſt ſubdued the horrid frown of hell,* &c.—Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanſhaw's tranſlation, as already obſerved, was publiſhed fourteen years before the Paradiſe Loſt. Theſe lines of Milton,

What

To muſic's ſweeteſt chords in loftieſt vein,
An angel Syren joins the vocal ſtrain;
The ſilver roofs reſound the living ſong,
The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong
The hallowed warblings; liſtening ſilence rides
The ſky, and o'er the bridled winds preſides;
In ſofteſt murmurs flows the glaſſy deep,
And each, lull'd in his ſhade, the beſtials ſleep.
The lofty ſong aſcends the thrilling ſkies,
The ſong of godlike heroes yet to riſe;
Jove gave the dream, whoſe glow the Syren fired,
And preſent Jove the prophecy inſpired.
Not he, the bard of love-ſick Dido's board,
Nor he the minſtrel of Phæacia's lord,
Though fam'd in ſong, could touch the warbling ſtring,
Or with a voice ſo ſweet, melodious ſing.
And thou, my muſe, O faireſt of the train,
Calliope, inſpire my cloſing ſtrain.

No

What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſung?
Their ſong was partial, but the harmony
Suſpended hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience———

bear a reſemblance to theſe of Fanſhaw,

Muſical inſtruments not wanting, ſuch
As to the damned ſpirits once gave eaſe
In the dark vaults of the infernal hall.—

To *ſlumber* amid their puniſhment, though omitted by Fanſhaw, is literal

Fizerao deſcançar da eterna pena——

No more the ſummer of my life [e] remains,
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
Down the bleak ſtream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I haſten to the tomb's repoſe,
The port whoſe deep dark bottom ſhall detain
My anchor never to be weigh'd again,
Never on other ſea of life to ſteer
The human courſe——Yet thou, O goddeſs, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my ſilver'd head
Misfortune's bittereſt rage unpitying ſhed
Her coldeſt ſtorms; yet let me live to crown
The ſong that boaſts my nation's proud renown.

Of godlike heroes ſung the nymph divine,
Heroes whoſe deeds on Gama's creſt ſhall ſhine;
Who through the ſeas by Gama firſt explor'd
Shall bear the Luſian ſtandard and the ſword,
Till every coaſt where roars the orient main,
Bleſt in its ſway ſhall own the Luſian reign;
Till every pagan king his neck ſhall yield,
Or vanquiſh'd gnaw the duſt on battle field.

High

[e] *No more the ſummer of my life remains.*——It is not certain when Camoëns wrote this. It ſeems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apoſtrophe to his muſe may perhaps by ſome be blamed as another digreſſion; but ſo little does it require defence, that one need not heſitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his muſe, introduced, on theſe favourable opportunities, any little picture or hiſtory of himſelf, theſe digreſſions would have been the moſt intereſting parts of his works. Had any ſuch little hiſtory of Homer complained like this of Camoëns, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

High Prieſt of Malabar, the goddeſs ſung,
Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy [f] wrong;
Though for thy faith to Luſus' generous race
The raging Zamoreem thy fields deface:
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco ſails,
To India wafted on auſpicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide ſhall preſs,
A new Achilles ſhall the tide confeſs;
His ſhip's ſtrong ſides ſhall groan beneath his [g] weight,
And deeper waves receive the ſacred freight.

Soon

[f] *Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong.*——P. Alvarez Cabral, the ſecond Portugueſe commander who ſailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high prieſt of Malabar. The Zamorim raiſed powerful armies to dethrone him, but his fidelity to the Portugueſe was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the loweſt ebb. For an account of this war, and the almoſt incredible atchievements of Pacheco, ſee the hiſtory in the Preface.

[g] *His ſhip's ſtrong ſides ſhall groan beneath their weight, and deeper waves receive the ſacred freight.*—Thus Virgil;

——————ſimul accipit alveo
Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit ſub pondere cymba
Sutilis, & multam accepit rimoſa paludem.

That the viſionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical ſtroke; but that the crazy rents let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought however, as managed in Camoëns, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy inſtance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical alluſions to, or abridgements of hiſtorical events, are either extremely inſipid and obſcure, or particularly pleaſing to the reader. To be pleaſing, a previous acquaintance with the hiſtory is neceſſary, and for this reaſon the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly reliſhed by their countrymen. When a known circumſtance is placed in an animated poetical view, and cloathed with the graces of poetical language, a ſenſible mind

Soon as on India's ſtrand he ſhakes his ſpear,
The burning Eaſt ſhall tremble, chill'd with fear:
Reeking with noble blood Cambalao's ſtream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.
Urged on by raging ſhame the monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vaſſal kings:
Narſinga's rocks their cruel thouſands pour,
Bipur's ſtern king attends, and thine, Tanore:
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride
All the wide north ſweeps down its peopled tide;
Join'd are the ſects that never [h] touch'd before,
By land the pagan, and by ſea the Moor.

O'er

mind muſt feel the effect. But when the circumſtance is unknown, nothing but the moſt lively imagery and fineſt colouring can prevent it from being tireſome. The Luſiad affords many inſtances which muſt be highly pleaſing to the Portugueſe, but dry to thoſe who are unacquainted with their hiſtory. Nor need one heſitate to aſſert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman hiſtory from our childhood, a great part of the Æneid would appear to us intolerably unintereſting. Senſible of this diſadvantage which every verſion of hiſtorical poetry muſt ſuffer, the tranſlator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the ſubject, but has alſo, all along, in the epiſode in the third and fourth books, in the deſcription of the painted enſigns in the eighth, and in the alluſions in the preſent book, endeavoured to throw every hiſtorical incident into that univerſal language, the picturesque of poetry. The circumſtances improper for imagery are haſtened over, and thoſe which can beſt receive it, preſented to the view. When Hector ſtorms the Grecian camp, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader underſtands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Neſtor talks of his exploits at the funereal games of *Amarynces*, (Iliad. xxiii.) the critics themſelves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

h ——*that never touch'd before.*——To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior *caſt*, is eſteemed among the Gentoos as the greateſt pollution.

O'er land, o'er ſea the great Pacheco ſtrews
The proſtrate ſpearmen, and the founder'd [i] proas.
Submiſs and ſilent, palſied with amaze
Proud Malabar th' unnumbered ſlain ſurveys:
Yet burns the monarch; to his ſhrine he ſpeeds;
Dire howl the prieſts, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they ſtamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enraged with dog-like madneſs to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promiſed victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with ſlain.
With ſtern reproach he brands his routed Nayres,
And for the dreadful field himſelf prepares;
His harneſs'd thouſands to the fight he leads,
And rides exulting where the combat bleeds:
Amid his pomp his robes are ſprinkled o'er,
And his proud face daſh'd with his [k] menials' gore:
From his high couch he leaps, and ſpeeds to flight
On foot inglorious, in his army's ſight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of hell,
The ſecret poiſon, and the chanted ſpell;
Vain as the ſpell the poiſon'd rage is ſhed,
For heaven defends the hero's ſacred head.

Still

[i] *Proas*—or paraos, Indian veſſels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

[k] ——— *his robes are ſprinkled o'er,*
And his proud face daſh'd with his menials' gore.——
See the hiſtory in the Preface.

Still fiercer from each wound the tyrant burns,
Still to the field with heavier force returns.
The ſeventh dread war he kindles: high in air
The hills diſhonour'd lift their ſhoulders bare;
Their woods roll'd down now ſtrew the river's ſide,
Now riſe in mountain turrets o'er the tide;
Mountains of fire and ſpires of bickering flame,
While either bank reſounds the proud acclaim,
Come floating down, round Luſus' fleet to pour
Their ſulph'rous entrails in a burning ſhower.
Oh, vain the hope——Let Rome her boaſt reſign;
Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine:
Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's [1] red field,
Nor thine, Thermopylæ, ſuch deeds beheld;
Nor Fabius' arts ſuch ruſhing ſtorms repell'd.
Swift as repulſed the famiſhed wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;
So ſwift, ſo fierce, ſeven times all India's might
Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;
One hundred ſpears, ſeven times in dreadful ſtower,
Strews in the duſt all India's raging power.

The

[1] *Nor Tyber's bridge.*——When Porſenna beſieged Rome, Horatius Cocles defended the paſs of a bridge till the Romans deſtroyed it behind him. Having thus ſaved the paſs, heavy armed as he was, he ſwimmed acroſs the river to his companions. The Roman hiſtory, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The ſtand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the fords by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withſtood by land and ſea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly aſtoniſhing. See the Preface.

The lofty ſong, for paleneſs o'er her ſpread,
The nymph ſuſpends, and bows the languid head;
Her faultering words are breath'd on plaintive ſighs,
Ah, Beliſarius, injured chief, ſhe cries,
Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival ſee,
Injured Pacheco falls deſpoil'd like thee;
In him, in thee diſhonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her faireſt deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where, forlorn he lies
Low on an alms-houſe [m] bed, and friendleſs dies.
Yet ſhall the muſes plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by the king, alone to thee unjuſt,
Thy head, great chief, was humbled in the duſt,
Loud ſhall the muſe indignant ſound thy praiſe,
"Thou gav'ſt thy monarch's throne its proudeſt blaze."
While round the world the ſun's bright car ſhall ride,
So bright ſhall ſhine thy name's illuſtrious pride;
Thy monarch's glory, as the moon's pale beam,
Eclipſed by thine, ſhall ſhed a ſickly gleam.
Such meed attends when ſoothing flattery ſways,
And blinded ſtate its ſacred truſt betrays!

Again the nymph exalts her brow, again
Her ſwelling voice reſounds the lofty ſtrain:
Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,
Deputed royalty his ſtandard rears:

In

[m] *Low on an alms-houſe bed.*——See the hiſtory in the Preface.

In all the generous rage of youthful fire,
The warlike ſon attends the warlike ſire.
Quiloa's blood ſtain'd tyrant now ſhall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Luſian ſteel.
Another prince, by Liſboa's throne beloved,
Shall bleſs the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze ſhall now her treaſon's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudeſt domes enfold:
Involved in ſmoak, loud craſhing, low ſhall fall
The mounded temple and the caſtled wall.
O'er India's ſeas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron ſhowers;
Torn maſts and rudders, hulks and canvas riven,
Month after month before his prows are driven.
But heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkneſs reſt,
That awful will, which knows alone the beſt,
Now blunts his ſpear: Cambaya's ſquadrons joined
With Egypt's fleets, in pagan rage combined,
Engraſp him round; red boils the ſtaggering flood,
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood:
Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in ſhivers torn
His thigh, far ſcatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.
Bound to the maſt the godlike hero [n] ſtands,
Waives his proud ſword and cheers his woeful bands.
Though

[n] *Bound to the maſt the godlike hero ſtands.*——The Engliſh hiſtory affords an inſtance of ſimilar reſolution in Admiral Bembo, who was ſupported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were ſhivered in ſplinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers the young

Though winds and ſeas their wonted aid deny,
To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:
Another thunder tears his manly breaſt:
Oh fly, bleſt ſpirit, to thy heavenly reſt———
Hark, rolling on the groaning ſtorm I hear,
Reſiſtleſs vengeance thundering on the rear!
I ſee the tranſports of the furious ſire,
As o'er the mangled corſe his eyes flaſh fire.
Swift to the fight, with ſtern, though weeping eyes,
Fixt rage fierce burning in his breaſt, he flies;
Fierce as the bull that ſees his rival rove
Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,
On oak or beech his madning fury pours;
So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.
His vanes wide waiving o'er the Indian ſky,
Before his prows the fleets of India [o] fly;

On

Almeyda refuſed to bear off, though almoſt certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were critically againſt him. His father had ſharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impoſſible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the Preface.

o ——— *the fleets of India fly.*—After having cleared the Indian ſeas, the viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the Zamorim, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the Zamorim almoſt immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, Lord of Diu, ſuffered much; but the greateſt ſlaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, ſays *Oſorius*, ſurvived this engagement. Melique Yaz, ſays *Faria y Souſa*, was born in ſlavery, and deſcended of the Chriſtians of Roxia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one; but Melique's was much leſs ſo than

On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire
Shall vomit all the rage of priſon'd fire:
Heads, limbs, and trunks ſhall choak the ſtruggling tide,
Till every ſurge with reeking crimſon dyed,
Around the young Almeyda's hapleſs urn
His conqueror's naked ghoſts ſhall howl and mourn.
As meteors flaſhing through the darken'd air
I ſee the victors' whirling faulchions glare;
Dark rolls the ſulph'rous ſmoke o'er Dio's ſkies,
And ſhrieks of death and ſhouts of conqueſt riſe,
In one wide tumult blended: The rough roar
Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling ſhore;
The waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
And matrons howling on the ſtrand of Nile,
By the pale moon their abſent ſons deplore——
Long ſhall they wail; their ſons return no more.

Ah, ſtrike the notes of woe, the Syren cries,
A dreary viſion ſwims before my eyes.
To Tago's ſhore triumphant as he bends,
Low in the duſt the hero's glory ends;

Though

than that of many other favourites of fortune. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in ſtate, an unlucky kite dunged upon his royal head. His majeſty in great wrath ſwore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an experienced archer, immediately diſpatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent ſervice he was made Lord of Diu, or Dio, a conſiderable city, the ſtrongeſt and moſt important fortreſs at that time in all India. See *Faria*, L. 2. c. 2.

Though bended bough, nor thundering engines hail,
Nor Egypt's ſword, nor India's ſpear prevail,
Fall ſhall the [p] chief before a naked foe,
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd ſtones ſhall ſtrike the blow;
The Cape of Tempeſts ſhall his tomb ſupply,
And in the deſert ſands his bones ſhall lie,
No boaſtful trophy o'er his aſhes rear'd:
Such heaven's dread will, and be that will rever'd!

But lo, reſplendant ſhines another ſtar,
Loud ſhe reſounds, in all the blaze of war!
Great [q] Cunia guards Melinda's friendly ſhore,
And dyes her ſeas with Oja's hoſtile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Green Madagaſcar's flowery dales ſhall ſwell
His echoed fame, till ocean's ſouthmoſt bound
On iſles and ſhores unknown his name reſound.

Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,
While heaven, the hero's guide, indignant [r] ſhowers
Their

[p] *Fall ſhall the chief.*——See the note on page 66. vol. ii.

[q] *Great Cunia.*——Triſtan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the hiſtory in the Preface.

[r] *Heaven indignant ſhowers their arrows backward.*——See the note on page 63. vol. i. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque beſieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their

Their arrows backward on the Perſian foe,
Tearing the breaſts and arms that twang'd the bow.
Mountains of ſalt and fragrant gums in vain
Were ſpent untainted to embalm the ſlain.
Such heaps ſhall ſtrew the ſeas and faithleſs ſtrand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithleſs Ormuz own the Luſian ſway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly ſafety pay.

"What glorious palms on Goa's [s] iſle I ſee,
Their bloſſoms ſpread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through caſtled walls the hero breaks his way,
And opens with his ſword the dread array
Of Moors and pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through ſpears and ſhowering fire the battle guides.
As bulls enraged, or lions ſmear'd with gore,
His bands ſweep wide o'er Goa's purpled ſhore.
Nor eaſtward far though fair Malacca [t] lie,
Her groves emboſom'd in the morning ſky;

Though

own ranks. Oſorius ſays, that many of the dead Perſians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not uſed by the Portugueſe, he conjectures, that in their deſpair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themſelves, rather than ſurvive the defeat.

[s] *What glorious palms on Goa's iſle I ſee.*——This important place was made an archbiſhoprick, the capital of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, and the ſeat of their viceroys. It is advantageouſly ſituated for theſe purpoſes on the coaſt of Decan. It ſtill remains in the poſſeſſion of the Portugueſe.

[t] *Malacca.*——The conqueſt of this place was one of the greateſt actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eaſtern part of Portugueſe India,

Though with her amorous ſons the valiant line
Of Java's iſle in battle rank combine,
Though poiſon'd ſhafts their ponderous quivers ſtore;
Malacca's ſpicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerk, thy dauntleſs toils ſhall crown!
Yet art thou [u] ſtain'd——Here with a ſighful frown
The

India, and ſecond only to Goa. Beſides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who eſcaped 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victors.

[u] *Yet art thou ſtain'd.*——A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camoëns has choſen the moſt brilliant, and has happily ſuppreſſed the reſt by a diſplay of indignation. The French tranſlator has the following note on this paſſage. "Behold "another inſtance of our author's prejudice! The action which he con-"demns had nothing in it blameable: but as he was of a moſt amorous "conſtitution, he thought every fault which could plead an amour in its "excuſe ought to be pardoned; but true heroes, ſuch as Albuquerque, "follow other maxims. This great man had in his palace a beautiful "Indian ſlave. He viewed her with the eyes of a father, and the care of "her education was his pleaſure. A Portugueſe ſoldier, named Ruy Diaz, "had the boldneſs to enter the general's apartment, where he ſucceeded ſo "well with the girl, that he obtained his deſire. When Albuquerque heard "of it, he immediately ordered him to the gallows."

Camoëns, however, was no ſuch undiſtinguiſhing libertine as this would repreſent him. In a few pages we find him praiſing the continence of Don Henry de Menezes, whoſe victory over his paſſions he calls the higheſt excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchman aſſures us of the chaſte paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to eſtabliſh colonies in India, and for that purpoſe he encouraged his ſoldiers to marry with the natives. The moſt ſightly girls were ſelected, and educated in the religion and houſehold arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expence of the general. Theſe he called his daughters, and with great pleaſure he uſed to attend their weddings, ſeveral couples being uſually joined together at one time. At one of theſe nuptials, ſays *Faria*, the feſtivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, ſeveral of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The miſtakes of the night however, as they were all equal in

point

The goddeſs pauſed, for much remain'd unſung,
But blotted with an humble ſoldier's wrong.
Alas, ſhe cries, when war's dread horrors reign,
And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,
When ghaſtly famine on a hoſtile ſoil,
When pale diſeaſe attends on weary toil,

When

point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's ſons and daughters, is as bad a commentary on the note of Caſtera, as it is on the ſeverity which the commander ſhewed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camoëns ſtand alone in the condemnation of the general. The hiſtorian agrees with the poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, "This gentleman," ſays *Faria*, "uſed to moderate the "violent temper of his uncle Albuquerque, which ſoon after ſhewed itſelf "in rigid ſeverity. He ordered a ſoldier to be hanged for an amour with "one of the ſlaves whom he called daughters, and whom he uſed to give in "marriage. When ſome of his officers aſked him what authority he had "to take the poor man's life, he drew his ſword, told them that was his "commiſſion, and inſtantly broke them." To marry his ſoldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque, his ſeverity therefore ſeems unaccountable, unleſs we admit the perhaps of Camoëns, *ou de cioſo*, perhaps it was jealouſy.—But whatever incenſed the general, the execution of the ſoldier was contrary to the laws of every nation *; and the honeſt indignation of Camoëns againſt one of the greateſt of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt, affords a noble inſtance of that manly freedom of ſentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injuſtice to the meaneſt ſubject. Nor can we omit the obſervation, that the above note of Caſtera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already ſeen him pay to the name of king; a devotion which breathes the true ſpirit of the bleſſed advice given by Father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an offence againſt a ſubject," ſays that Jeſuit, "let every means be tried to juſtify him. But if a ſubject "has offended a nobleman, let him be puniſhed with the utmoſt ſe-"verity."

* Oſorius repreſents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been againſt the ſtrict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone conſtitutes the crime of mutiny.

When patient under all the ſoldier ſtands,
Deteſted be the rage which then demands
The humble ſoldier's blood, his only crime
The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!
Inceſt's cold horror here no glow reſtrained,
Nor ſacred nuptial bed was here prophaned,
Nor here unwelcome force the virgin ſeized;
A ſlave laſcivious, in his fondling pleaſed,
Reſigns her breaſt———Ah, ſtain to Luſian fame!
('Twas luſt of blood, perhaps 'twas jealous flame;)
The leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Conſigns the youthful ſoldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love [x] repaid,
Great Ammon's bed reſign'd the lovely maid:
Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araſpas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus aſſumed the ſire,
Though iron Baldwin to his daughter's bower,
An ill-match'd lover, ſtole in ſecret hour:
With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,
And Flandria's [y] earldom on the knight beſtow'd.

Again

[x] *Not Ammon.*——Campaſpe, the moſt beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araſpas had ſtrict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

[y] *And Flandria's earldom on the knight beſtow'd.*——"Baldwin, ſurnamed "Ironarm, grand foreſter of Flanders, being in love with Judith, the "daughter of Charles the Bald, and widow of Ethelwolfe, king of England, "obtained his deſire by force. Charles, though at firſt he highly reſented, "afterwards pardoned his crime, and conſented to his marriage with the "princeſs." *Caſtera.*

This

Again the nymph the ſong of fame reſounds;
Lo, ſweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple ſhore on high
The Luſian enſigns blaze along the ſky!
Mecca, aghaſt, beholds the ſtandards ſhine,
And midnight horror ſhakes Medina's [z] ſhrine,
Th' unhallowed altar bodes th' approaching foe,
Fore-doom'd in duſt its prophet's tomb to ſtrew.

Nor

This digreſſion in the ſong of the nymph bears, in manner, a ſtriking reſemblance to the hiſtories which the heroes of Homer often relate to each other. That theſe little epiſodes have their beauty and propriety in an epic poem, will ſtrongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's tranſlation of the Iliad into French verſe. The four and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and theſe contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thouſand embelliſhments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer ſuggeſted to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the conſequence of this improvement? The work of la Motte is unread, even by his own countrymen, and deſpiſed by every foreigner who has the leaſt reliſh for poetry and Homer.

[z] *And midnight horror ſhakes Medina's ſhrine*——Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About ſix years after Gama's diſcovery of India, the ſultan of Egypt ſent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jeruſalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embaſſy to pope Julius II. The ſultan, with ſevere threats to the Chriſtians of the Eaſt in caſe of refuſal, intreated the pope to deſire Emmanuel king of Portugal to ſend no more fleets to the Indian ſeas. The pope ſent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very ſpirited anſwer to his holineſs, aſſuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his reſolutions, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his promiſe of demoliſhing the ſepulchre and erazing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he ſays, was the firſt purpoſe of ſending his fleets to India, *Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam claſſibus noſtris aperire, & regiones majoribus noſtris incognitas explorare decreviimus, hoc propoſitum fuit, ut ipſum Mahumetanæ ſectæ caput . . . . . extingueremus*——It is with great art that Camoëns ſo often reminds us of the grand deſign of the expedition of his heroes, to ſubvert Mohammediſm and found a Chriſtian empire in the Eaſt. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already obſerved in the Preface.

Nor Ceylon's iſle, brave Soarez, ſhall with-hold
Its incenſe, precious as the burniſh'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftieſt ſpire
Thy flag ſhall blaze: Nor ſhall th' immortal lyre
Forget thy praiſe, Sequeyra! To the ſhore
Where Sheba's ſapient queen the [a] ſceptre bore,
Braving the Red Sea's dangers ſhalt thou force
To Abyſſinia's realm thy novel courſe;
And iſles, by jealous nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Luſian ſword ſhall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high ſhall rear
His victor lance, till deep ſhall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.

Now ſhines thy glory in meridian heigh
And loud her voice ſhe raiſed; O matchleſs knight,
Thou, thou, illuſtrious Gama, thou ſhalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!
The lands by thee diſcover'd ſhall obey
Thy ſcepter'd power, and bleſs thy regal ſway.
But India's crimes, outrageous to the ſkies,
A length of theſe Saturnian days denies:

Snatch'd

[a] *Where Sheba's ſapient queen the ſceptre bore.*——The Abyſſinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the Scripture, and that the queen who viſited Solomon bore a ſon to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the preſent time, is deſcended.

Snatch'd from thy golden throne the heavens ſhall claim
Thy deathleſs ſoul, the world thy deathleſs [b] name.

Now o'er the coaſt of faithleſs Malabar
Victorious Henry [c] pours the rage of war;
Nor leſs the youth a nobler ſtrife ſhall wage,
Great victor of himſelf though green in age;
No reſtleſs ſlave of wanton amorous fire,
No luſt of gold ſhall taint his generous ire.
While youth's bold pulſe beats high, how brave the boy
Whom harlot ſmiles nor pride of power decoy!
Immortal be his name! Nor leſs thy praiſe,
Great [d] Maſcarene, ſhall future ages raiſe:
Though power, unjuſt, withhold the ſplendid ray
That dignifies the creſt of ſovereign ſway,

Thy

[b] *Snatch'd from the golden throne.*—Gama only reigned three months viceroy of India. During his ſecond voyage, the third which the Portugueſe made to India, he gave the Zamorim ſome conſiderable defeats by ſea, beſides his victories over the Moors. Theſe, however, are judiciouſly omitted by Camoëns, as the leſs ſtriking part of his character.

The French tranſlater is highly pleaſed with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himſelf at the feaſt. "The ſyren," ſays he, "perſuaded "that Gama is a hero exempt from weakneſs, does not heſitate to mention "the end of his life. Gama liſtens without any mark of emotion; the "feaſt and the ſong continue. If I am not deceived, this is truly great."

[c] *Victorious Henry*——Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the moſt diſintereſted heroiſm. See the Preface.

[d] *Great Maſcarene*——Pedro de Maſcarenhas. The injuſtice done to this brave officer, and the uſurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the moſt intereſting periods of the hiſtory of the Portugueſe in India. See the Preface.

Thy deeds, great chief, on Bintam's humbled ſhore,
Deeds ſuch as Aſia never view'd before,
Shall give thy honeſt fame a brighter blaze
Than tyrant pomp in golden robes diſplays.
Though bold in war the fierce uſurper ſhine,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquiſh'd; though the Luſian Hector's ſword
For him reap conqueſt, and confirm him lord;
Thy deeds, great peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjuſt, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's faireſt fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured chief,
Not thy own ſorrows give the ſharpeſt grief.
Thou ſeeſt the Luſian name her honours ſtain,
And luſt of gold her heroes' breaſts profane;
Thou ſeeſt ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering juſtice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou ſeeſt theſe vultures prowl,
Full gorged with blood, and dreadleſs of controul;
Thou ſeeſt and weep'ſt thy country's blotted name,
The generous ſorrow thine, but not the ſhame.
Nor long the Luſian enſigns ſtain'd remain;
Great Nunio[e] comes, and razes every ſtain.
Though loſty Calè's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his ſpear;

All

[e] *Great Nunio*——Nunio de Cunha, one of the moſt worthy of the Portugueſe governors. See the Preface.

All theſe, and Dio yielded to his name,
Are but th' embroidery of his nobler fame.
Far haughtier foes of Luſian race he braves;
The awful ſword of juſtice high he waves:
Before his bar the injured Indian ſtands,
And juſtice boldly on his foe demands,
The Luſian foe; in wonder loſt the Moor
Beholds proud rapine's vulture gripe reſtore;
Beholds the Luſian hands in fetters bound
By Luſian hands, and wound repay'd for wound.
Oh, more ſhall thus by Nunio's worth be won,
Than conqueſt reaps from high-plumed hoſts o'erthrown.
Long ſhall the generous Nunio's bliſsful ſway
Command ſupreme. In Dio's hopeleſs day
The ſovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;
Awed by his [f] fame the fierce-ſoul'd Rumien ſhakes,
And Dio's open'd walls in ſudden flight forſakes.
A ſon of thine, O Gama, now ſhall [g] hold
The helm of empire, prudent, wiſe, and bold:
Malacca ſaved and ſtrengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor ſhall echo his alarms;

His

[f] *Awed by his fame.*——That brave generous ſpirit, which prompted Camoëns to condemn the great Albuquerque for injuſtice to a common ſoldier, has here deſerted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrors of his name, Noronha deſerved infamy. The ſiege of Dio, it is true, was raiſed on the report of his approach, but that report was the ſtratagem of *Coje Zofar*, one of the general officers of the aſſailants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predeceſſor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the Preface.

[g] *A ſon of thine, O Gama*——Stephen de Gama. See the Preface.

His worth ſhall bleſs the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues ſhall his ſoul adorn.
When fate reſigns thy hero to the ſkies,
A veteran, famed on Brazil's ſhore, ſhall [h] riſe:
The wide Atlantic and the Indian main,
By turns ſhall own the terrors of his reign.
His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,
His potent aid Cambaya's king reſtores.
The dread Mogul with all his thouſands flies,
And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.
Nor leſs the Zamorim o'er blood-ſtain'd [i] ground
Shall ſpeed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor ſhall the boaſtful pride
Of India's navy, though the ſhaded tide
Around the ſquadron'd maſts appear the down
Of ſome wide foreſt, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempeſt of the battle roar!
Clung to the ſplinter'd maſts I ſee the dead
Badala's ſhores with horrid wreck beſpread;

Baticala

h *A veteran fam'd on Brazil's ſhore*——Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coaſt of Brazil of ſeveral pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

i ——— *o'er blood-ſtain'd ground.*——This is as near the original as elegance will allow——*de ſangue cheyo*——upon which Fanſhaw has thus punned,

——————with no little loſs,
Sending him home again by *Weeping-Croſs.*——

Baticala inflamed by treacherous hate,
Provokes the horrors of Badala's fate:
Her ſeas in blood, her ſkies enwrapt in fire
Confeſs the ſweeping ſtorm of Souza's ire.
No hoſtile ſpear now rear'd on ſea or ſtrand,
The awful ſceptre graces Souza's hand;
Peaceful he reigns, in counſel juſt and wiſe;
And glorious Caſtro now his throne ſupplies:
Caſtro, the boaſt of generous fame, afar
From Dio's ſtrand ſhall ſway the glorious war.
Madning with rage to view the Luſian band,
A troop ſo few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to heaven complains,
And the proud Perſian's languid zeal arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boaſts the name of [k] Rome,
With theſe conſpires. and vows the Luſians' doom.

A thou-

[k] *The Rumien fierce, who boaſts the name of Rome.*——When the victories of the Portugueſe began to overſpread the Eaſt, ſeveral Indian princes, by the counſels of the Moors, applied for aſſiſtance to the ſultan of Egypt and the grand ſignior. The troops of theſe Mohammedan princes were in the higheſt reputation for bravery, and though compoſed of many different nations, were known among the Orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The hiſtory of ancient Rome made the ſame figure among the Eaſterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the deſcendants of the Roman conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been ſaid that the *gypſies* who are now ſcattered over Europe, were, about four or five centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themſelves, *Rumetch*, or *Rumetchin*, favours this opinion.

A thouſand barbarous nations join their powers
To bathe with Luſian blood the Dion towers.
Dark rolling ſheets, forth belch'd from brazen wombs,
And bored, like ſhowering clouds, with hailing bombs,
O'er Dio's ſky ſpread the black ſhades of death;
The mine's dread earthquakes ſhake the ground beneath.
No hope, bold [1] Maſcarene, mayſt thou reſpire,
A glorious fall alone, thy juſt deſire.
When lo, his gallant ſon brave Caſtro ſends———
Ah heaven, what fate the hapleſs youth attends!
In vain the terrors of his faulchion glare;
The cavern'd mine burſts, high in pitchy air
Rampire and ſquadron whirl'd convulſive, borne
To heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.
His loftieſt bough though fall'n, the generous ſire
His living hope devotes with Roman ire.
On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar
Through oceans howling with the wintery war,
Through ſkies of ſnow his brother's vengeance bears:
And ſoon in arms the valiant ſire appears:
Before him victory ſpreads her eagle-wing
Wide ſweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering courſers ſhake the ground,
Cambaya bleeding of his might's laſt wound

Sinks

[1] *No hope, bold Maſcarene*——The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this ſiege, one of the moſt memorable in the Portugueſe hiſtory.

Sinks pale in duſt: Fierce Hydal-Kan [m] in vain
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.
O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' ſmiling vales
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O peace, thy bloſſoms glow,
The golden bloſſoms of thy olive bough;
Firm baſed on wiſdom's laws great Caſtro crowns,
And the wide Eaſt the Luſian empire owns.

Theſe warlike chiefs, the ſons of thy renown,
And thouſands more, O VASCO, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, ſhall through theſe ſeas unfold
Their victor-ſtandards blazed with Indian gold;

And

[m] *Fierce Hydal-Kan*——The title of the Lords or Princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portugueſe have ſometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at laſt finally ſubdued by Don John de Caſtro, the fourth viceroy of India, with whoſe reign our poet judiciouſly ends the prophetic ſong. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Caſtro completed the ſyſtem of the Portugueſe empire in the Eaſt. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here ſummed up. Nor is the diſcretion of Camoëns in this inſtance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himſelf was upon the ſcene in India. But whatever he had ſaid of his cotemporaries would have been liable to miſconſtruction, and every ſentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little poet would have been happy in ſuch an opportunity to reſent his wrongs. But the ſilent contempt of Camoëns does him true honour.

In this hiſtorical ſong, as already hinted, the tranſlator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into thoſe univerſal languages, the picturesque and characteriſtic. To convey the ſublimeſt inſtruction to princes, is, according to Ariſtotle, the peculiar province of the epic muſe. The ſtriking points of view, in which the different characters of the governors of India are here placed, are in the moſt happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stagyrite.

And in the boſom of our flowery iſle,
Embathed in joy ſhall o'er their labours ſmile.
Their nymphs like your's, their feaſt divine the ſame,
The raptured foretaſte of immortal fame.

So ſung the goddeſs, while the ſiſter train
With joyful anthem cloſe the ſacred ſtrain;
Though fortune from her whirling ſphere beſtow
Her gifts capricious in unconſtant flow,
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever conſtant grace the Luſian name.
So ſung the joyful chorus, while around
The ſilver roofs the lofty notes reſound.
The ſong prophetic, and the ſacred feaſt,
Now ſhed the glow of ſtrength through every breaſt.
When with the grace and majeſty divine,
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, ſhine,
To crown the banquet of their deathleſs fame,
To happy GAMA thus the ſovereign dame:
O loved of heaven, what never man before,
What wandering ſcience never might explore,
By heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to ſee
Great nature's face unveil'd, is given to thee.
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead:
Firm be your ſteps, for arduous to the tread
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, beſtrew'd
With ſplinter'd flint, winds the ſteep ſlippery road.

She ſpake, and ſmiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's ſummit ſoon they ſtand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had ſported here. Here in the fragrant a
A wondrous globe appeared, divinely fair!
Through every part the light tranſparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the ſurface glow'd.
The frame etherial various orbs compoſe,
In whirling circles now they fell, now roſe;
Yet never roſe [n] nor fell, for ſtill the ſame
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement ſtill beginning, ſtill complete,
Its author's type, ſelf-poiſed, perfection's ſeat.

Great

[n] *In whirling circles now they fell, now roſe,—Yet never roſe nor fell.*——The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every ſyſtem, bear, at all times, the ſame uniform relation to each other; theſe expreſſions, therefore, are ſtrictly juſt. The firſt relates to the appearance, the ſecond to the reality. Thus while to us the ſun appears to go down, to the more weſtern inhabitants of the globe he appears to riſe, and while he riſes to us, he is going down to the more eaſtern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the earth. And in this the expreſſions of our poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican ſyſtems. The ancient hypotheſis which made our earth the centre of the univerſe, is the ſyſtem adopted by Camoëns, a happineſs, in the opinion of the tranſlator, to the Engliſh Luſiad. The new ſyſtem is ſo well known, that a poetical deſcription of it would have been no novelty to the Engliſh reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this deſcription is perhaps the fineſt and fulleſt that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore leſs picturesque.

Our author ſtudied at the univerſity of Coimbra, where the ancient ſyſtem and other doctrines of the Ariſtotelians then, and long afterwards, prevailed.

Great Vasco thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen deſire, the wonder ſaw.
The goddeſs markt the language of his eyes,
And here, ſhe cried, thy largeſt wiſh ſuffice.
Great nature's fabric thou doſt here behold,
Th' etherial pure, and elemental mould,
In pattern ſhewn complete, as nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode;
For every part the Power Divine pervades,
The ſun's bright radiance and the central ſhades.
Yet let not haughty reaſon's bounded line
Explore the boundleſs God, or where define,
Where in Himſelf in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around ſeem wrapt in night,)
He holds his loftieſt [o] ſtate. By primal laws
Impoſed on nature's birth, Himſelf the cauſe,
By her own miniſtry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unſeen he ſways.
Theſe ſpheres [p] behold; the firſt in wide embrace
Surrounds the leſſer orbs of various face;

The

[o] *He holds his loftieſt ſtate*——Called by the old philoſophers and ſchool divines the *Senſorium* of the Deity.

[p] *Theſe ſpheres behold.*——According to the Peripatetics the univerſe conſiſted of eleven ſpheres incloſed within each other, as Fanſhaw has familiarly expreſſed it by a ſimile which he has lent our author. The firſt of theſe ſpheres, he ſays,

——— doth *(as in a neſt*
Of boxes) all the other orbs comprize ———

In

The Empyrean this, the holieſt heaven
To the pure ſpirits of the bleſt is given:
No mortal eye its ſplendid rays may bear,
No mortal boſom feel the raptures there.
The earth in all her ſummer pride array'd
To this might ſeem a drear ſepulchral ſhade.
Unmoved it ſtands: within its ſhining frame,
In motion ſwifter than the lightning's flame,
Swifter than ſight the moving parts may ſpy,
Another ſphere whirls round its rapid ſky.
Hence motion [9] darts its force, impulſive draws,
And on the other orbs impreſſes laws:

The

In their accounts of this firſt mentioned, but eleventh ſphere, which they called the Empyrean, or Heaven of the Bleſt, the diſciples of Ariſtotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a looſe to all the warmth of imagination. And ſeveral of the Chriſtian fathers applied to it the deſcriptions of heaven which are found in the Holy Scripture.

[9] *Hence motion darts its force.*—This is the tenth ſphere, the *primum mobile* of the ancient ſyſtem. To account for the appearances of the heavens, the Peripatetics aſcribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from eaſt to weſt, they ſuppoſed it had a motion of its own from weſt to eaſt. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interpoſition of the ninth ſphere, or cryſtalline heaven, was neceſſary. The ancient aſtronomers obſerved that the ſtars ſhifted their places. This they called the motion of the cryſtalline heaven, expreſſed by our poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred ſolar years. The famous Arab aſtronomer Abulhaſan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this ſphere to conſiſt of 49,000 of our years. But modern diſcoveries have not only corrected this calculation *, but have alſo aſcertained the reaſon of the apparent motion

* However deficient the aſtronomy of Abulhaſan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his prophet Mohammed, who tells his diſciples, that the ſtars were each about the bigneſs of an houſe, and hung from the ſky on chains of gold.

The ſun's bright car attentive to its force
Gives night and day, and ſhapes his yearly courſe;
Its force ſtupendous aſks a pond'rous ſphere
To poiſe its fury and its weight to bear:
Slow moves that pond'rous orb; the ſtiff, ſlow pace
One ſtep ſcarce gains, while wide his annual race
Two hundred times the ſun triumphant rides;
The cryſtal heaven is this, whoſe rigour guides
And binds the ſtarry [r] ſphere: That ſphere behold,
With diamonds ſpangled, and emblazed with gold;
What radiant orbs that azure ſky adorn,
Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne!

Swift

motion of the fixt ſtars. The earth is not a perfect ſphere; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator; hence the earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the proceſſion of the equinoxes, and makes the ſtars ſeem to ſhift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years; according to which all the ſtars ſeem to perform one revolution in the ſpace of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the ſame ſituation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic aſtronomers perceived that the motions of the heavens compoſed one great revolution. This they called the *Annus Magnus*, which thoſe who did not underſtand them miſtook for a reſtoration of all things to their firſt originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every reſpect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thouſand years to reſume every circumſtance of his preſent life, to be exactly the ſame in every contingency. And hence alſo the legends of the Bramins and Mandarins, their periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already paſt, and eternally to ſucceed each other.

[r] *And binds the ſtarry ſphere.*——This was called the firmament or eighth heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and whoſe orbits compoſed the other ſpheres or heavens.

Swift as they trace the heaven's deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they ſhine.
Wide o'er this heaven a golden belt diſplays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through theſe the ſun in annual journey towers,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.
In gold and ſilver of celeſtial mine
How rich far round the conſtellations ſhine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In ſhining froſt the northern [3] chariot rides:
Mid treaſur'd ſnows here gleams the griſly bear,
And icy flakes incruſt his ſhaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda of heaven beloved:
Her vengeful ſire, and by the gods reproved

Beau-

[3] *In ſhining froſt the northern chariot rides*——Commonly called Charleſwain. Of Caliſto, or the Bear, ſee the note on page 50. vol. ii. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Caſſiope. Caſſiope boaſted that ſhe and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appeaſe the goddeſs, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a ſea monſter, but was ſaved by Perſeus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family ſhould be placed among the ſtars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was ſtung to death by a ſerpent. The ſtar of his name portends tempeſts. The dogs; fable gives this honour to thoſe of different hunters. The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his miſtreſs, has the beſt title to preſide over the dog-days. The ſwan; that whoſe form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The hare, when purſued by Orion, was ſaved by Mercury, and placed in heaven, to ſignify that Mercury preſides over melancholy diſpoſitions. The lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The dragon, which guarded the golden apples of the Heſperides, and the ſhip Argo, complete the number of the conſtellations mentioned by Camoëns. If our author has blended the appearances of heaven with thoſe of the painted artificial ſphere, it is in the manner of the claſſics. Ovid, in particular, thus deſcribes the heavens, in the ſecond book of his Metamorphoſes.

Beauteous Caſſiope. Here fierce and red
Portending ſtorms Orion lifts his head;
And here the dogs their raging fury ſhed.
The ſwan—ſweet melodiſt! in death he ſings—
The milder ſwan here ſpreads his ſilver wings.
Here Orpheus' lyre, the melancholy hare,
And here the watchful dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theſeus' ſhip, Oh, leſs renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er theſe ſkies illuſtrious ſhine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold
The various planets in their orbits roll'd:
Here in cold twilight hoary Saturn rides,
Here Jove ſhines mild, here fiery Mars preſides,
Apollo here enthroned in light appears
The eye of heaven, emblazer of the ſpheres;
Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love,
The proudeſt hearts her ſacred influence prove;
Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,
And here Diana's various faces ſhine;
Loweſt ſhe rides, and through the ſhadowy night
Pours on the gliſtening earth her ſilver light.
Theſe various orbs, behold, in various ſpeed
Purſue the journeys at their birth decreed.
Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,
Now nearer earth they ſail a lower ſky,
A ſhorten'd courſe: Such are their laws impreſt
By God's dread will, that will † for ever beſt.

The

† ——*impreſt by God's dread will.*——Though a modern narrative of bawdy-houſe adventures in the South Seas by no means requires the ſuppoſition

The yellow earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly reſts ſuſtain'd on either pole.
The limpid air enfolds in ſoft embrace
The pond'rous orb, and brightens o'er her face.

Here

ſition of a particular providence, that ſuppoſition, however, is abſolutely neceſſary to the grandeur of an epic poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it; and Camoëns underſtood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrors of unplowed oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers; the care of heaven gives their voyage the greateſt importance. When Gama falls on his knees and ſpreads his hands to heaven on the diſcovery of India, we are preſented with a figure infinitely more noble than that of the moſt ſucceſsful conqueror, who is ſuppoſed to act under the influence of fataliſm or chance. The human mind is conſcious of its own weakneſs. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance ſuperior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is ſubject to ſuch blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject unintereſting littleneſs. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatneſs demand a Gama, a hero whoſe enterpriſes and whoſe perſon intereſt the care of heaven and the happineſs of his people. Nor muſt this ſuppoſition be confined merely to the machinery. The reaſon why it pleaſes alſo requires that the ſuppoſition ſhould be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by diſmiſſing Æneas through the ivory gate of Elyſium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future ſtate were merely dreams, and has thus deſtroyed the higheſt merit of the compliment to his patron Auguſtus. But Camoëns has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itſelf to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the academic grove; but Camoëns, in aſcribing the government of the univerſe to the will of God, has not only preſerved the philoſophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has alſo ſhewn that the Peripatetic ſyſtem is, in this inſtance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our author to another. We have ſeen that the ſuppoſition of a Providence is certainly allowable in a poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed, even in a philoſopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what ſome perhaps may eſteem, a demonſtration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to Sir Iſaac as poſſeſſed of no property but one, the *vis inertiæ*, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of ſomething diſtinct from matter,

by

Here ſoftly floating o'er th' aerial blue,
Fring'd with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their ſwelling ſides diſplay;
From whence fermented by the ſulph'rous ray

The

by a Being of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the univerſe united in one great deſign, he inferred the omnipotence and omniſcience of that primary Being.

If we admit, and who can poſſibly deny it? that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or in other words, a reaſonable agent; a being placed in circumſtances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happineſs or miſery infinitely more real and durable than any animal ſenſation. Now to ſuppoſe that the Being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meaneſt inſect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpoſe of its agency or exiſtence complete, to ſuppoſe that he has placed the infinitely ſuperior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater conſequence, but an agency of which he takes no ſuperintendance——to ſuppoſe this, is only to ſuppoſe that the Author of Nature is a very imperfect Being. For no propoſition can be more ſelf-evident, than that an attention to the mereſt comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet ſome philoſophers, who tell us there never was an atheiſt, ſome who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the univerſe, but are loſt in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyſter ſhell to the wants of the animal; ſome of theſe philoſophers, with the utmoſt contempt of the contrary opinion, make no ſcruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the caſe of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphyſics, the caſe of many an ingenious philoſopher; they erect a ſtandard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this ſtandard muſt be founded on partial views, with the utmoſt aſſurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved teſt. There is another caſt of philoſophers no leſs ingenious, whoſe minds, abſorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural enquiry, can perceive nothing but a god of cockle-ſhells, and of grubs turned into butterflies. With all the arrogance of ſuperior knowledge theſe virtuoſi ſmile at the opinion which intereſts the Deity in the moral happineſs or miſery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that ſuch miſery or happineſs does

not

The lightnings blaze, and heat ſpreads wide and rare;
And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs compreſt ſoon feel parturient throws,
And white wing'd gales bear wide the teeming ſnows.
Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
Averſe yet mingling, each by each controul'd;

The

not exiſt. At eaſe themſelves in their elbow-chairs, they cannot conceive there is ſuch a thing in the world as oppreſſed innocence feeling its only conſolation in an appeal to heaven, and its only hope, a truſt in its care. Though the Author of Nature has placed man in a ſtate of moral agency, and made his happineſs or miſery to depend upon it, and though every page of human hiſtory is ſtained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miſeries which muſt affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told, that "God perceiveth it not, and that what "mortals call moral evil vaniſhes from before his more perfect ſight." Thus the appeal of injured innocence, and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity *. Yet with what raptures do theſe enlarged virtuoſi behold the infinite wiſdom and care of their *Beelzebub*, their god of flies, in the admirable and various proviſion he had made for the preſervation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots!

Much more might be ſaid in proof that our poet's philoſophy does not altogether deſerve ridicule. And thoſe who allow a general, but deny a particular providence, will, it is hoped, excuſe Camoëns, on the conſideration, that if we eſtimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which preſides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot poſſibly be wanted. If this life is a ſtate of probation, there muſt be a particular providence to decide on the individual. If a particular providence, however, is ſtill denied, another conſideration obtrudes itſelf; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if *ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus*, the conſequence is, that the human conception can form an idea of a much better god: and it may modeſtly be preſumed we may hazard the laugh of the wiſeſt philoſopher, and without ſcruple aſſert, that it is impoſſible that a created mind ſhould conceive an idea of perfection, ſuperior to that which is abſolutely poſſeſſed by the Creator and Author of exiſtence.

* Perhaps, like Lucretius, ſome philoſophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the Divine Nature, is much the ſame as another argument of the ſame philoſopher, who having aſſerted, that before the creation the gods could not know what different ſeeds would produce, from thence wiſely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

The higheſt air and ocean's bed they pierce,
And earth's dark centre feels their ſtruggles fierce.

The ſeat of man, the earth's fair breaſt, behold;
Here wood-crown'd iſlands wave their locks of gold.
Here ſpread wide continents their boſoms green,
And hoary Ocean heaves his breaſt between.
Yet not th' inconſtant ocean's furious tide
May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.
What madning ſeas between theſe nations roar!
Yet Luſus' hero-race ſhall viſit every ſhore.
What thouſand tribes whom various cuſtoms ſway,
And various rites, theſe countleſs ſhores diſplay!
Queen of the world ſupreme in ſhining arms,
Her's every art, and her's all wiſdom's charms,
Each nation's tribute round her foot-ſtool ſpread,
Here Chriſtian Europe [u] lifts the regal head.
Afric [x] behold, alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultured, and her ſons untrue;
Ungraced with all that ſweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal ſtriſe;
Eager they graſp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.

Lo,

[u] *Here Chriſtian Europe——Vès Europa Chriſtan.*—As Europe is already deſcribed in the Third Luſiad, this ſhort account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

[x] *Afric behold.*—This juſt and ſtrongly picturesque deſcription of Africa is finely contraſted with the character of Europe. It contains alſo a maſterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along repreſented as the harbinger and diffuſer of the bleſſings of civilization.

Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire hems the ſhore.
There round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound
Array'd in ſtorms, by you firſt compaſs'd round;
Unnumber'd tribes as beſtial grazers ſtray,
By laws unform'd, unform'd by reaſon's ſway:
Far inward ſtretch the mournful ſteril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill ſide pale famine wails.
On gold in vain the naked ſavage treads;
Low clay-built huts, behold, and reedy ſheds,
Their dreary towns. Gonſalo's [y] zeal ſhall glow
To theſe dark minds the path of light to ſhew:
His toils to humanize the barbarous mind
Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
Great Naya [z] too ſhall glorious here diſplay
His God's dread might: Behold, in black array
Numerous and thick as when in evil hour
The feather'd race whole harveſt fields devour;
So thick, ſo numerous round Sofala's towers
Her barbarous hords remoteſt Afric pours,

In

[y] *Gonſalo's zeal ſhall glow.*——Gonſalo de Sylveyra, a Portugueſe jeſuit, in 1555, ſailed from Liſbon on a miſſion to Monomotapa. His labours were at firſt ſucceſsful; but ere he effected any regular eſtabliſhment he was murdered by the Barbarians. *Caſtera abridged.*

[z] *Great Naya too*——Don Pedro de Naya . . . . . In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is ſubject to Monomotapa. Six thouſand Moors and Cafres laid ſiege to this garriſon, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having ſeveral times ſuffered by unexpected ſallies, the Barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to fight againſt God. See *Faria.*

In vain; Heaven's vengeance on their ſouls impreſt,
They fly, wide ſcatter'd as the driving miſt.
Lo, Quama, there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curſt with that gorging fiend the crocodile,
Wind their long way: The parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount, unſeen, unknown of old,
From whence diffuſing plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyſſinia's realm the ſtream divides.
In Abyſſinia [a] heaven's own altars blaze,
And hallowed anthems chant Meſſiah's praiſe.
In Nile's wide breaſt the iſle of Meroe ſee!
Near theſe rude ſhores an hero ſprung from thee,

Thy

[a] *In Abyſſinia heaven's own altars blaze.*——Chriſtianity was planted here in the firſt century, but mixed with many Jewiſh rites unuſed by other Chriſtians of the Eaſt. This appears to give ſome countenance to the pretenſions of their emperors, who claim their deſcent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at leaſt reminds us of Acts, viii. 27. where we are told, that the treaſurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worſhip at Jeruſalem. Innumerable monaſteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very ignorant, and the laity groſs barbarians. Much has been ſaid of the hill Amara,

> Where Abyſſin kings their iſſue guard ——
> —— —— —— —— by ſome ſuppoſed
> True Paradiſe, under the Ethiop line
> By Nilus head, incloſed with ſhining rock,
> A whole day's journey high.—— MILTON.

and where, according to Urreta, a Spaniſh jeſuit, is the library founded by the queen of Sheba, and encreaſed with all thoſe writings, of which we have either poſſeſſion or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And ſo many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needleſs to add, that father Urreta is a ſecond Sir John Mandevylle.

Thy ſon, [b] brave GAMA, ſhall his lineage ſhew
In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe.
There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breaſt
Melinda ſpreads, thy place of grateful reſt.
Cape Aromata there the gulph defends,
Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
Illuſtrious Suez, ſeat of heroes old,
Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
Here Egypt's ſhelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
And hence in ſquadrons ſweep the eaſtern tide.
And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moſes' rod,
While the dry bottom Iſrael's armies trod,
On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And ſtood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
Here Aſia, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immenſe, begins her weſtern line.
Sinai behold, whoſe trembling cliffs of yore
In fire and darkneſs, deep pavilion'd, bore

The

[b] *Thy ſon, brave Gama.*—When Don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Chriſtian emperor and empreſs-mother of Ethiopia, ſolicited the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe againſt the uſurpations of the pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen ſent his brother Don Chriſtoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour aſtoniſhed the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the tyrant, and reduced his great army to the laſt extremity, Don Chriſtoval, urged too far by the impetuoſity of his youthful valour, was taken priſoner. He was brought before the Uſurper, and put to death in the moſt cruel manner. Waxed threads were twiſted with his beard and afterwards ſet on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at laſt beheaded by the hand of the tyrant. The Portugueſe eſteem him a martyr, and ſay that his torments and death were inflicted becauſe he would not renounce the faith. See *Faria y Souſa.*

The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Iſrael's wandering tents below.
The pilgrim now the lonely hill aſcends,
And when the evening raven homeward bends,
Before the virgin-martyr's [c] tomb he pays
His mournful veſpers and his vows of praiſe.
Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from heaven; where never from the dale
The cryſtal rivulet murmured to the vale.
The three Arabias here their breaſts unfold,
Here breathing incenſe, here a rocky wold;
O'er Dofar's plain the richeſt incenſe breathes,
That round the ſacred ſhrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war ſteed glories in his force,
As fleeter than the gale he holds the courſe.
Here, with his ſpouſe and houſhold lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp ſhifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eaſtern ſoil
His burden'd camels ſeek the land of Nile.

Here

[c] *Before the virgin-martyr's tomb.*—He muſt be a dull reader indeed who cannot perceive and reliſh the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the hiſtorical narrative of wars, where it is moſt neceſſary, yet from the fameneſs of the ſubject, moſt difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the moſt graceful eaſe. In the deſcription of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only diſtinguiſhes each region by its moſt ſtriking characteriſtic, but he alſo diverſifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catherine, virgin and martyr, according to Romiſh hiſtories, was buried on Sinai, where a chapel which bears her name ſtill remains.

Here Roſalgate and Farthac ſtretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms;
Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread
Beneath the Luſian heroes' hoſtile tread,
Shall ſee the Turkiſh moons with ſlaughter gor'd
Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's [d] ſword.
There on the gulph that laves the Perſian ſhore,
Far through the ſurges bends Cape Aſabore.
There Barem's [e] iſle; her rocks with diamonds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays.
From Barem's ſhore Euphrates' flood is ſeen,
And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averſe they blend.
Lo, Perſia there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his ſtate the monarch holds:
Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of [f] fire,
And with the pointed ſteel to fame aſpire;

Their

[d] —— *De Branco's ſword*—Don Pedro de Caſtel Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Perſians.

[e] *There Barem's iſle.*——The iſland of Barem is ſituated in the Perſian gulph, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineneſs of its diamonds.

[f] *Her warrior ſons diſdain the arms of fire.*——This was the character of the Perſians when Gama arrived in the Eaſt. Yet though they thought it diſhonourable to uſe the muſket, they eſteemed it no diſgrace to ruſh from a thicket on an unarmed foe. This reminds one of the ſpirit of the old romance. Orlando having taken the firſt invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the ſea with the moſt heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no diſgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides, and inchanted armour.

Their ſpringy ſhoulders ſtretching to the blow,
Their ſweepy ſabres hew the ſhrieking foe.
There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin[8] wears
Where Time has trod: there ſhall the dreadful ſpears
Of Souſa and Menezes ſtrew the ſhore
With Perſian ſabres, and embathe with gore
Carpella's cape, and ſad Carmania's ſtrand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary waſtes expand.
A fairer landſcape here delights the view:
From theſe green hills beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a ſmiling field propitious lave.
Luxurious here Ulcinda's harveſts ſmile,
And here, diſdainful of the ſeaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when ſwelling to the ſhore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulphy courſe:
Againſt their headlong rage nor oars nor ſails,
The ſtemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;
A thouſand cities here ſhall own the reign

Of

[8] *There Gerum's iſle the hoary ruin wears,*
Where Time has trod. ——

Preſuming on the ruins which are found on this iſland, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here ſituated. But this is a miſtake, for that city ſtood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this iſle, which they call by the ancient name.

Of Liſboa's monarchs: He who firſt ſhall crown
Thy [h] labours, GAMA, here ſhall boaſt his own.
The lengthening ſea that waſhes India's ſtrand
And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,
(The Taprobanian iſle, renown'd of yore,)
Shall ſee his enſigns blaze from ſhore to ſhore.
Behold how many a realm array'd in green
The Ganges' ſhore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore
With woeful penance fiend-like ſhapes adore;
Some Macon's [i] orgies, all confeſs the ſway
Of rites that ſhun, like trembling ghoſts, the day.
Narſinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here ſhone the gilded towers of Meliapore,
Here India's angels weeping o'er [k] the tomb
Where Thomas ſleeps, implore the day to come,

The

[h] *He who firſt ſhall crown thy labours, Gama*——Pedro de Cabral, of whom ſee the Preface.

[i] *Some Macon's orgies*——Macon, a name of Mecca, the birth place of Mohammed.

[k] ——— *the tomb where Thomas ſleeps.*——There are, to talk in the Indian ſtyle, *a caſt* of gentlemen, whoſe hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion except one, the moſt moral one which ever the world knew. A tale of a Bramin or a prieſt of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an apoſtle——common ſenſe, however, will prevail; and the epiſode of St. Thomas will appear to the true critic equal in dignity and propriety. In propriety, for

To renew and complete the labours of the apoſtle, the meſſenger of heaven, is the great deſign of the hero of the poem, and of the future miſſions in conſequence of the diſcoveries which are the ſubject of it.

The day foretold when India's utmoſt ſhore
Again ſhall hear Meſſiah's bliſsful lore.

By

The Chriſtians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned in the Preface: but ſome farther account of that ſubject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The jeſuit miſſionaries have given moſt pompous accounts of the Chriſtian antiquities of India and China. When the Portugueſe arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Chriſtians, named Jacob, ſtiled himſelf Metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary * of the India Chriſtians offers praiſe to God for ſending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near *Siganfu*, metropolis of the province of *Xenſi*, was found a ſtone with a croſs on it, full of Chineſe, and ſome Syriac characters, containing the names of biſhops, and an account of the Chriſtian religion, "that it was "brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it was renewed under "the reign of the great *Tam*," (cir. A. D. 630.) But the Chriſtians, ſay the Jeſuits, ſiding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chineſe. In 1543, *Fernand Pinto*, obſerving ſome ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worſhipped Jeſus Chriſt, born of a virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not ſink; and ſoon after the city was deſtroyed by an earthquake. The ſame Jeſuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Chriſtianity, which they ſaid were preached to their fathers by John the diſciple of Thomas. In 1635, ſome heathens by night paſſing through a village in the province of Fokien, ſaw ſome ſtones which emitted light, under which were found the figure of croſſes. From China St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the ſea near the coaſt. The king endeavoured to bring it aſhore, but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas deſired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to ſhore with a ſingle thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Bramins, the chief of whom killed his own ſon, and accuſed Thomas of the murder. But the ſaint, by reſtoring the youth to life, diſcovered the wickedneſs of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3300 ſtately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 800, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cananeus. In 1523, the body of the apoſtle, with the head of the lance beſide him, was found in his church by D. Duarte de

* The exiſtence of this breviary is a certain fact. Theſe Chriſtians had the Scripture alſo in the Chaldaic language.

By Indus' banks the holy prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God;
Where pale diſeaſe erewhile the cheek conſumed,
Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd;
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day reſtored the dead:

By

de Meneſes; and in 1558 was by D. Conſtantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To theſe accounts, ſelected from *Faria y Souſa*, let two from Oſorius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Souza was viceroy, ſome brazen tables were brought to him, inſcribed with unuſual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account ſent to Cardinal Henrico, by the biſhop of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portugueſe repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas *, there was found a ſtone croſs with ſeveral characters on it, which the beſt antiquarians could not interpret, till at laſt a Bramin tranſlated it, "That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was ſent by the Son of God, whoſe diſciple he was, to teach the law of heaven in India; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portugueſe Aſia, which muſt include the labours of the Jeſuits, forms a neceſſary part in the comment on the Luſiad: this note, therefore, and ſome obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as eaſy to bury an inſcription and find it again, as it is to invent a ſilly tale; but though ſuſpicion of fraud on the one hand, and ſilly abſurdity on the other, lead us to deſpiſe the authority of the Jeſuits, yet one fact remains indiſputable. Chriſtianity has been much better known in the Eaſt, ſeveral centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jeſuits were unconcerned, croſſes were found. The long exiſtence of the Chriſtians of St. Thomas in the midſt of a vaſt pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire muſt have ſome knowledge of their doctrines. And theſe facts give countenance to ſome material conjectures concerning the religion of the Bramins. For theſe we ſhall give ſcope immediately.

* This was a very ancient building, in the very firſt ſtyle of Chriſtian churches. The Portugueſe have now diſfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

By heavenly power he rear'd the ſacred ſhrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.
The prieſts of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,
And envy's bittereſt gall their boſoms ſwell'd.
A thouſand deathful ſnares in vain they ſpread;
When now the chief that wore the triple [1] thread,

Fired

1 *When now the chief who wore the triple thread.*——Of this, thus Oſorius; "*Terna fila ab humero dextero in latus ſiniſtrum gerunt, ut deſignent trinam in natura divina rationem.*" They *(the Bramins)* wear three threads, which reach from the right ſhoulder to the left ſide, as ſignificant of the trinal diſtinction in the divine nature." That ſome ſects of the Bramins wear a ſymbolical teſſera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands; but from whatever the cuſtom aroſe, it is not to be ſuppoſed that the Bramins, who have thouſands of ridiculous contradictory legends, ſhould agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria ſays, that according to the ſacred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Bramins proceeded from fiſhermen, who left the charge of the temples to their ſucceſſors, on condition they ſhould wear ſome threads of their nets, in remembrance of their original. 'Their accounts of a divine perſon having aſſumed human nature are innumerable.' And the god Brahma, as obſerved by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the univerſe with two others, ſometimes of different names. They have alſo images with three heads riſing out of one body, which they ſay repreſent the divine nature. The Platonic idea of a trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, before the various imitations of chriſtian mythology exiſted; and every nation has a trinity of ſuperior deities. Even the wild Americans had their *Otcon*, *Meſſou*, and *Atabauta*; yet perhaps the Athanaſian controverſy offers a fairer field to the conjecturiſt. That controverſy for ſeveral ages engroſſed the converſation of the Eaſt. All the ſubtilty of the Greeks was called forth, and no ſpeculative conteſt was ever more univerſally or warmly diſputed; ſo warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mohammed, by inſerting into his Koran ſome declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proſelytes to his new religion. Abyſſinia, Egypt, Syria, Perſia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy diſpute, and from the earlieſt times theſe countries have had a commercial intercourſe with India. And certain it is, the Brahmin theology has underwent conſiderable alterations, of much later date than the Chriſtian æra. See the Enquiry, &c. end of Luſiad VII.

Fired by the rage that gnaws the conſcious breaſt
Of holy fraud, when worth ſhines forth-confeſt,
Hell he invokes, nor hell in vain he ſues;
His ſon's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrews;
Then bold aſſuming the vindictive ire,
And all the paſſions of the woeful ſire,
Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his ſon:
A band of hoary prieſts atteſt the deed,
And India's king condemns the ſeer to bleed.
Inſpired by heaven the holy victim ſtands,
And o'er the murder'd corſe extends his hands,
In God's dread power, thou ſlaughter'd youth, ariſe,
And name thy murderer; aloud he cries.
When, dread to view, the deep wounds inſtant cloſe,
And freſh in life the ſlaughter'd youth aroſe,
And named his treacherous ſire: The conſcious air
Quiver'd, and awful horror raiſed the hair
On every head. From Thomas India's king
The holy ſprinkling of the living ſpring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue reſounds.
Long taught the holy ſeer the words of life:
The prieſts of Brahma ſtill to deeds of ſtrife,
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,
And high to deathful rage their rancour ſwell'd.
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng

Riſing

Riſing in madning tempeſt round him ſhower'd
The ſplinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But Heaven had now his finiſh'd labours ſeal'd;
His angel guards withdraw th' etherial ſhield;
A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breaſt——
Ah heaven, what woes the widowed land expreſt!
Thee, Thomas, [m] thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footſteps ſtray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding ſighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore,
Theſe woes in living pangs his people bore.
His ſons, to whoſe illumined minds he gave
To view the rays that ſhine beyond the grave,
His paſtoral ſons bedew'd his corſe with tears:
While high triumphant through the heavenly ſpheres,
With ſongs of joy the ſmiling angels wing
His raptured ſpirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy ſeer,
Foredoom'd the ſhrines of heaven's own lore to rear,

You

[m] *Thee, Thomas, thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd.*—The verſification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even thoſe who are unacquainted with the Portugueſe may perceive it.

Choraraóte Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,
Choroute toda a terra, que piſaſte;
Mas mais te choráo as almas, que veſtindo
Se hiáo da Santa Fé, que lhe enſmaſte:
Mas os anjos de ceo cantando, & rindo
Te recebem na gloria——

You ſent by Heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Luſians, ſimpleſt truth [n] purſue.

Vain

[n] *Like him, ye Luſians, ſimpleſt truth purſue.* — It is now the time to ſum up what has been ſaid of the labours of the Jeſuits. Diametrically oppoſite to this advice was their conduct in every Aſiatic country where they pretended to propagate the goſpel. Sometimes we find an individual ſincere and pious, but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the luſt of power and ſecular emolument, the poſſeſſion of which they thought could not be better ſecured, than by rendering themſelves of the utmoſt importance to the ſee of Rome. Before the inſtitution of the ſociety of Jeſus, the Portugueſe prieſts gave evident proofs of their ſincerity, and Cubilonez, who came to India as father confeſſor to Gama, was indefatigable in his labours to convert the Indians. But when the Jeſuits arrived about fifty years after, a new method was purſued. Wherever they came, their firſt care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the ſun was eſteemed the giver of life, Jeſus Chriſt was the ſon of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, ſent to inſtruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in dread of evil ſpirits, Jeſus Chriſt came on purpoſe to baniſh them from the world, had driven them from Europe *, and the Jeſuits were ſent to the Eaſt to complete his unfiniſhed miſſion. If the Indian converts ſtill retained a veneration for the powder of burnt cow-dung, the Jeſuits made the ſign of the croſs over it, and the Indian beſmeared himſelf with it as uſual. Heaven, or univerſal matter, they told the Chineſe, was the god of the Chriſtians, and the ſacrifices of Confucius were ſolemniſed in the churches of the Jeſuits. This worſhip of Confucius, Voltaire (Gen. Hiſt.) with his *wonted accuracy* denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worſhip of *Tien* or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (ſee Dupin,) and that after the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI. in 1703, ſent Cardinal Tournon to the ſmall remains of the Jeſuits in the Eaſt with a papal decree to reform theſe abuſes. But the Cardinal, ſoon after his arrival, was poiſoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jeſuits who ſucceeded him, by the dextrous uſe of the

* This trick, it is ſaid, has been played in America within theſe twenty years, where the notion of evil ſpirits gives the poor Indians their greateſt miſery. The French Jeſuits told the Six Nations, that Jeſus Chriſt was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil dæmons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended alſo to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;

Behind

the great maxims of their maſter Loyala, *Omnibus omnia, et omnia mundis mundis*, gained innumerable proſelytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts, they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worſhip, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the ſee of Rome the Chriſtians found in the Eaſt deſcended to the minuteſt particulars. And the native Chriſtians of Malabar were ſo violently perſecuted as ſchiſmatics, that the heathen princes, during the government of Ataide, (ſee Geddes, Hiſt. of Malab.) profeſſed their defence, as a cauſe of hoſtility. Abyſſinia, by the ſame arts, was ſteeped in blood, and two or three emperors loſt their lives in endeavouring to eſtabliſh the pope's ſupremacy. An order at laſt was given from the throne, to hang every miſſionary without trial, wherever apprehended; the emperor himſelf complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet for the intrigues of the Roman friars. In China alſo they ſoon rendered themſelves inſufferable. Their ſkill in mathematics and the dependant arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villainy. Their unwillingneſs to ordain the natives raiſed ſuſpicions againſt a profeſſion thus monopolized by ſtrangers; their earneſt zeal in amaſſing riches, and their interference with, and deep deſigns on ſecular power, the fatal rock on which they have ſo often been ſhipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90,000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were maſſacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China; and in alluſion to their chief object of adoration, the croſs, ſeveral of the Jeſuit fathers were crucified by the Japaneſe, and the revival of the Chriſtian name was interdicted by the ſevereſt laws. Thus, in a great meaſure, ended in the Eaſt the labours of the ſociety of Ignatius Loyala, a ſociety which might have diffuſed the greateſt bleſſings to mankind, could honeſty have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the intereſts of their own brotherhood and the Roman ſee, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real intereſts of humanity and civilization, the great deſign of diffuſing the law of heaven, challenged by its author as the purpoſe of the Luſiad, would have been amply completed, and the remoteſt hords of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jeſuits have failed, they have afforded a noble leſſon to mankind,

Though

Behind the veil's broad glare ſhe glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeleſs painted clay.

Much have you view'd of future Luſian reign;
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,

Scenes

Though fortified with all the brazen mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,
Still will ſome rotten part betray the ſtructure
That is not baſed on ſimple honeſty.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the manners of the Gentoos form a moſt formidable barrier againſt the introduction of a new religion. While the four great tribes of India continue in their preſent principles, intercommunity of worſhip cannot take place among them. The Hallachores are the mere rabble, into which the delinquents of the four tribes are degraded by excommunication. It is among theſe only, ſays Scraſton, that the popiſh miſſionaries have had any ſucceſs. Urbano Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jeſuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He alſo propoſed to erect a ſeminary of Chriſtian Brahmins. But the holy ſee diſapproved of this deſign, and defeated his labours. Jealouſy of the ſecular arts of the Portugueſe, was alſo a powerful preventive of the labours of their prieſts. A Spaniard being aſked by an Indian king, how his Spaniſh majeſty was able to ſubdue ſuch immenſe countries as they boaſted to belong to him? The Don honeſtly anſwered, "that he "firſt ſent prieſts to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of "the natives, he ſent fleets and ſoldiers, who with the aſſiſtance of the "new proſelytes ſubdued the reſt." The truth of this confeſſion, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the Eaſt. But if the bigotted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other cauſes, have been a bar to the propagation of Chriſtianity among them, the ſame reaſons have alſo prevented the ſucceſs of Mohammediſm, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almoſt all the princes of India, have theſe many centuries profeſſed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme, as already cited, computes that all the Mohammedans of Hindoſtan do not exceed ten millions; whereas the Gentoos amount to about ten times that number.

Scenes of your future toils and glorious ſway——
And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay.
Narſinga here in numerous legions bold,
And here Oryxa boaſts her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a ſtream divides,
Diffuſing plenty from his fattening tides,
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides;
Nor may the fleeteſt hawk, untired, explore
Where end the ricy groves that crown the ſhore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the [o] wave.
Thus heaven they deem, though vileſt guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.
There, eaſtward, Arracan her line extends;
And Pegu's mighty empire ſouthward bends:
Pegu, whoſe ſons, ſo held [p] old faith, confeſt
A dog their ſire; their deeds the tale atteſt.

A pious

[o] *The dying*——See the Enquiry into the tenets of the Brahmins, at the end of the VIIth Luſiad.

[p] *Pegu, whoſe ſons, ſo held old faith, confeſt*
A dog their ſire——

The tradition of this country boaſted this infamous and impoſſible original. While other nations pretend to be deſcended of demi-gods, the Peguſians were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chineſe woman and a dog, the only living creatures which ſurvived a ſhipwreck on their coaſt. See *Faria*. This infamy, however, they could not deſerve. Animals of a different ſpecies may generate together, but nature immediately diſplays her abhorrence, in unvariably depriving the unnatural offſpring of the power of procreation.

A pious queen their horrid [q] rage reſtrain'd;
Yet ſtill their fury Nature's God arraign'd.
Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the ſky!
Yes, bathed in gore ſhall rank pollution lie.

Where to the morn the towers of Tava ſhine,
Begins great Siam's empire's far ſtretch'd line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inſpire
The richeſt guſt of ſpicery's fragrant fire.

Malaca's

[q] *A pious queen their horrid rage reſtrain'd.*——Thus in the original:

Aqui ſôante arame no inſtrumento
Da géraçáo coſtumáo, o que uſaráo
Por manha da Raynha, que inventando
Tal uſo, deitou fóra o error nefando.

Relatum eſt de Regina quadam terræ Peguenſis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpiſſimum ſubditorum ſuorum, legem tulit, ut univerſi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quoſdam æratos in penem illatos gererent. Ita fit: cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hoſce ſuperinducunt: ſtatim a prima ſeptimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inſeruntur plerumque tres orbiculi: magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus ferme ad teneroris gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum parens ad libitum onus excutiat. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æſtimatur. To this let the teſtimony of G. Arthus, (Hiſt. Ind. Orient. p. 313.) be added, Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet: puellæ enim omnes ſtatim a pueritia ſua medicamentum quoddam uſurpant, quo muliebria diſtenduntur & aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri geſtant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo ſufficerent.

According to Balby, and Cæſar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before ſent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the moſt miſerable ſtate of deſolation, the few natives who ſurvived having left their country an habitation for wild beaſts.

Malaca's caſtled harbour here ſurvey,
The wealthful ſeat foredoom'd of Luſian ſway.
Here to their port the Luſian fleet ſhall ſteer,
From every ſhore far round aſſembling here
The fragrant treaſures of the Eaſtern World:
Here from the ſhore by roaring earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam Sumatra's iſle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the [r] ocean driven.
To this fair iſle, the golden Cherſoneſe,
Some deem the ſapient monarch plow'd the ſeas,
Ophir [s] its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down theſe claſping ſhores!
High from the ſtrait the lengthening coaſt afar,
Its moon-light curve points to the northern ſtar,
Opening its boſom to the ſilver ray
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.
Patane and Pam, and nameleſs nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding ſhore,
Their vaſſal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thouſands [t] more, of laws, of names unknown,
That

[r] *And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven.*——See the ſame account of Sicily. Virg. Æn. III.

[s] *Ophir its Tyrian name.*——Sumatra has been by ſome eſteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the ſuperior fineneſs of the gold of Sofala, and its ſituation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochart. Geogr. Sacr.

[t] *And thouſands more.*——The extenſive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandevylle found men without heads, who ſaw and ſpoke through holes in their breaſts, continues ſtill very imperfectly known. The Jeſuits have told many extravagant

That vaſt of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far ſpread lawns; the ſkirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' ſway.
Lo, diſtant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Guios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is ſeen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mien:
With frothing jaws they ſuck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking [u] limbs, their ſweeteſt food;

Horrid

vagant lies of the wealth of theſe provinces. By the moſt authentic accounts they ſeem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siameſe, in particular, conſeſs the reſemblance. In ſome diſtricts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

[u] *And gnaw the reeking limbs.* —Much has been ſaid on this ſubject, ſome denying and others aſſerting the exiſtence of Anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry, (de Abſtin. l. 4. § 21. *) ſays that the Maſſagetæ and Derbices (people of north-eaſtern Aſia) eſteeming thoſe moſt miſerable who died of ſickneſs, killed and eat their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to conſume them, than that they ſhould be deſtroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own. Quid loquar, ſays he, (Adv. Jov. l. 2. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipſe adoleſcentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis veſci carnibus, et cum per ſylvas porcorum greges & armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, paſtorum nates, et fæminarum papillas ſolere abſcindere, & has ſolas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited. "Aftirwarde men gon be many yles be ſee unto a yle that men clepen Milhe: there is a full curſed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to ſle men, and to

* Ιςορῶσι γὰρ Μασσαγέται καὶ Δέρβικες ἀθλιωτάτους ἡγεῖσθαι τῶν οἰκείων τοὺς ἀνόσοις τελευτήσαντας· διὸ καὶ φθάσαντες καταθύουσιν καὶ ἐσθίουσι τῶν φιλτάτων τοὺς γεγηρακότας.

Horrid with figured ſeams of burning ſteel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthleſs luſt reveal.

Camboya

to drynken gladlyeſt mannes blood, which they clepen Dieu," p. 225. Yet whatever abſurdity may appear on the face of theſe tales; and what can be more abſurd, than to ſuppoſe that a few wild Scots or Iriſh (for the name was then proper to Ireland) ſhould ſo lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breaſts of the women and the hips of the ſhepherds? Yet whatever abſurdities our Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly deſtroyed. Though Dampier and other viſitors of barbarous nations have aſſured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the aſſertion of their exiſtence, without partaking of a credulity ſimilar to that of thoſe foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like ſheep, (ſee Lambert's Peramb.) the puniſhment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas a Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations uſed to eat their priſoners of war. According to the authentic teſtimony of the beſt writers, many of the ſavage tribes of America, on their high feſtivals, brought forth their captives, and after many barbarous ceremonies, at laſt roaſted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage diſcovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practiſed it. When Magalhaens propoſed Chriſtianity to the king of Subo, a north-eaſtern Aſiatic iſland, and when Francis de Caſtro diſcovered Santigana and other iſlands, an hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the converſion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenſer tells us, in his View of the State of Ireland, that he has ſeen the Iriſh drink human blood, particularly he adds, "at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrogh O'Brien, I ſaw an old woman, who was his foſter-mother, take up his head whilſt he was quartering, and ſuck up all the blood that run thereout, ſaying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and therewith alſo ſteeped her face and breaſt and tore her hair, crying out and ſhrieking moſt terribly." It is worthy of regard that the cuſtom of marking themſelves with hot irons, and *tattooing*, is the characteriſtic both of the Guios of Camoëns and of the preſent inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the iſland of Otaheite was firſt peopled by a ſhipwreck, the

friend-

Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eaſtern Nile, whoſe ſwelling waves,
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening ſlime.
The ſimple natives of theſe lawns believe
That other worlds the ſouls of beaſts [x] receive;
Where

friendſhip exiſting in a ſmall ſociety might eaſily obliterate the memory of one cuſtom, while the leſs unfriendly one of *tattooing* was handed down, a memorial that they owned their origin to the north-eaſtern parts of Aſia, where that cuſtom particularly prevails.

x —— *other worlds the ſouls of beaſts receive.*——That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the moſt ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a ſtate after death. The ſame faculty which is conſcious of exiſtence, whiſpers the wiſh for it; and ſo little acquainted with the deductions of reaſoning have ſome tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghoſts of their domeſtic utenſils have been believed to accompany them in the iſlands of the bleſſed. Long ere the voice of philoſophy was heard, the opinion of an after-ſtate was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear inconteſtible evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the hiſtory of the human mind better aſcertained, than that no ſooner did ſpeculation ſeize upon the topic, than belief declined, and as the great Bacon obſerves, the moſt learned became the moſt atheiſtical ages. The reaſon of this is obvious. While the human mind is all ſimplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reaſoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonſtration being perceived, doubt and diſbelief naturally follow. Yet, ſtrange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, theſe certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly miſtaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a moſt unpoetical tranſlation of Homer, has ſo groſsly miſunderſtood his author, as to aſſert that his mention of a future ſtate was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have aſſured us, that the ſacrifices of Homer had never any exiſtence in Greece. But as no abſurdity is too groſs for ſome geniuſes, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewiſe aſſerted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and ſpeculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
Oh gentle Mecon, on thy friendly ſhore
Long ſhall the muſe her ſweeteſt offerings pour!
When tyrant ire chaff'd by the blended luſt
Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjuſt,
Shall on the guiltleſs exile burſt their rage,
And madning tempeſts on their ſide engage,
Preſerv'd by heaven the ſong of Luſian fame,
The ſong, O VASCO, ſacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming ſurge ſhall triumph o'er
The fate of ſhipwreck on the Mecon's [y] ſhore,
Here reſt ſecure as on the muſe's breaſt!
Happy the deathleſs ſong, the bard, alas, unbleſt

Chiampa there her fragrant coaſt extends,
There Cochichina's cultured land aſcends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen ſkies
O'erflow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.

Here

[y] *On the Mecon's ſhore.*—It was on the mouth of this river that Camoëns ſuffered the unhappy ſhipwreck which rendered him the ſport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet mentions himſelf and the ſaving of his Luſiads with the greateſt modeſty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a tranſlator to add a warmth of colouring to a paſſage of this nature. For the literal tranſlation of this place and farther particulars, ſee the Life of Camoëns.

Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe [z] roar'd,
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd:

And

[z] *Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd.*——According to *Le Comte*'s memoirs of China, and thoſe of other travellers, the mariner's compaſs, fire-arms, and printing, were known in that empire, long ere the invention of theſe arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Comte, and the other Jeſuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their intereſt, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the ſplendour of the empire where their miſſion lay, and they have magnified it into romance itſelf. It is pretended that the Chineſe uſed fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is alſo ſaid that the Sogdianians uſed cannon againſt Alexander. The mention of any ſulphurous compoſition in an old writer is with ſome immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chineſe, indeed, on the firſt arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter ſtrangers to the ſmaller fire-arms. Verbieſt, a Jeſuit, was the firſt who taught them to make braſs cannon ſet upon wheels. And even ſo late as the hoſtile menace which Anſon gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deſerve the ſame name, the blocks of wood with which they ſtamp their ſheets being as inferior to the uſe of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chineſe have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here moſt probably the fault exiſts in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting, and of ſymmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have ſo long been experienced, afford a heavy accuſation againſt their genius. In improving every ſpot of their country by agriculture they are unequalled: and their taſte in gardening has been highly praiſed. Nature, as it were *friſeur'd*, however, and the gloomy viſtos, *adorned* with gibbets, are certainly unpleaſing. And even in their boaſted gardening their genius ſtands accuſed. The art of ingrafting, known to ancient Greece, is *ſtill* unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vaſtly inferior in flavour to thoſe of the Weſtern World. The amazing wall of defence againſt the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the ſides with hewn ſtone, which every where enrich and adorn their country; ſome of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry veſſels of burden. Theſe grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chineſe were a much more accompliſhed people than at preſent. Though their princes

And here the trembling needle ſought the north,
Ere time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

No

for theſe many centuries have diſcovered no ſuch efforts of genius as theſe, the induſtry of the people ſtill remains, in which they rival and reſemble the Dutch. In every other reſpect they are the moſt unamiable of mankind: Amazingly uninventive; for, though poſſeſſed of them, the arts have made no progreſs among the Chineſe theſe many centuries: Even what they were taught by the Jeſuits is almoſt loſt: So falſe in their dealings, they boaſt that none but a Chineſe can cheat a Chineſe: The crime which diſgraces human nature, is in this nation of atheiſts and the moſt ſtupid of all idolaters, common as *that charter'd libertine, the air*. Deſtitute even in idea of that elevation of ſoul, which is expreſſed by the beſt ſenſe of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are deſolated by ſelf-murder; and end, as Hume ſays of ſome of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of ſo deteſtable a character: And, as it is always found congenial to baſeneſs of heart, the moſt daſtardly cowardice completes the deſcription of that of the Chineſe.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language conſiſts of few words, it is almoſt impoſſible for a ſtranger to attain the art of ſpeaking it. And what an European learns ere he is ſeven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chineſe. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compoſe their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires ſuch an infinite variety of tone and action, that the ſlighteſt miſtake in modulation renders the ſpeaker unintelligible. And in addreſſing a great man, in place of my lord, you may call him a *beaſt*, the word being the ſame, all the difference conſiſting in the tune of it. A language like this muſt ever be a bar to the progreſs and accompliſhments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginſeng, which they pretended was an univerſal remedy, is found to be a root of no ſingular virtue. Their books conſiſt of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themſelves, but without inveſtigation or reaſoning. For to philoſophical diſcuſſion and the metaphyſics they ſeem utterly ſtrangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jeſuits, their greateſt men were loſt in aſtoniſhment. Whatever their political wiſdom has been, at preſent it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous leſt ſtrangers ſhould ſteal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dreſden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themſelves from the great advantages which ariſe from an intercourſe with civilized nations.

Yet

No more let Egypt boaſt her mountain pyres,
To prouder fame yon bounding wall aſpires,

A prouder

Yet in the laws which they impoſe on every foreign ſhip which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbariſm. In every city and province the military are the conſtables and peace officers. What a picture is this? Nothing but Chineſe or Dutch induſtry could preſerve the traffic and population of a country under the controul of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leiſure to cultivate his gardens, and to write deſpicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their moſt ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legiſlators who formed the preſent ſyſtem of China preſented to their people no other object of worſhip than *Tien Kamti*, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudeſt breaſts is conſcious of its weakneſs, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky obſervances, they permitted their people the uſe of ſacrifices to theſe Lucretian gods of ſuperſtitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion, imprinted by heaven in the human heart, alone perverted; another unextinguiſhable paſſion was alſo miſled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the laſt three of their anceſtors, added to each, *Here reſts his ſoul*; and before theſe tables they burn incenſe and pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their hiſtories, had been in the Weſt about 500 years before the Chriſtian æra, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worſhip, however, boards are ſet up, inſcribed, *This is the ſeat of the ſoul of Confucius*; and to theſe and their anceſtors they celebrate ſolemn ſacrifices, without ſeeming to poſſeſs any idea of the intellectual exiſtence of the departed mind. The Jeſuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chineſe miſſion, *very honeſtly* told their converts, that *Tien* was the god of the Chriſtians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expreſſed his divine majeſty. But after a long and ſevere ſcrutiny at the court of Rome, *Tien* was found to ſignify nothing more than *heavenly* or *univerſal matter*, and the Jeſuits of China were ordered to renounce this hereſy. Among all the ſects who worſhip different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the ſoul; and among theſe, ſays Leland, Chriſtianity at preſent obtains ſome footing. But the moſt intereſting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Conſcious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others triumphed in the great

antiquity

A prouder boaſt of regal power diſplays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

Not

antiquity of the Chineſe, and in the diſtant period they aſcribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If ſome Chineſe accounts fix the æra of creation 40,000 years ago, others are contented with no leſs than 884,953. But who knows not that every nation has its *Geoffry of Monmouth?* And we have already obſerved the legends which took their riſe from the *Annus Magnus* of the Chaldean and Egyptian aſtronomers, an apparent revolution of the ſtars, which in reality has no exiſtence. To the fanciful, who held this Annus Magnus, it ſeemed hard to ſuppoſe that our world was in its firſt revolution of the great year, and to ſuppoſe that many were paſt was eaſy. And that this was the caſe we have abſolute proof in the doctrines of the Bramins, (ſee the Inquiry, &c. end of Luſiad VII.) who, though they talk of hundreds of thouſands of years which are paſt, yet confeſs, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its 60ooth year. And much within this compaſs are all the credible proofs of Chineſe antiquity comprehended. To three heads all theſe proofs are reducible. Their form of government, which, till the conqueſt of the Tartars in 1644, bore the marks of the higheſt antiquity; their aſtronomical obſervations; and their hiſtory.

Simply and purely patriarchal every father was the magiſtrate in his own family, and the emperor, who acted by his ſubſtitutes the Mandarines, was venerated and obeyed as the father of all. The moſt paſſive ſubmiſſion to authority thus branched out, was inculcated by Confucius and the other philoſophers as the greateſt duty of morality. But if there is an age in ſacred or prophane hiſtory, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no ſuperior antiquity is proved by the form of Chineſe government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingrafting fruit-trees, and the ſtate of their language, ſo like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteriſtical of the ages when the ideas of men required few ſyllables to clothe them, prove nothing farther than the early ſeparation of the Chineſe colony * from

the

* The Chineſe colony! Yes, let philoſophy ſmile; let her talk of the different ſpecies of men which are found in every country, let her brand as abſurd the opinion of Monteſquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. But let common ſenſe be contented with the demonſtration (ſee Whiſton, Bentley, &c.) that a creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is ſufficient in every reſpect for the purpoſe. If philoſophy will talk of black and white men as different in ſpecies, let common ſenſe aſk her for a demonſtration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference,

Not built, created ſeems the frowning mound;
O'er loftieſt mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the wondrous length, with warlike caſtles crown'd.

Immenſe

the reſt of mankind. Nothing farther, except that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourſe with the other nations of the world.

A continued ſucceſſion of aſtronomical obſervations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chineſe, when they were firſt viſited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that *ſon of truth*, has often with great triumph mentioned the indubitable proofs of Chineſe antiquity; but at theſe times he muſt have received his information from the ſame dream which told him that Camoëns accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which diſcovered the Eaſt Indies. If Voltaire and his diſciples will talk of Chineſe aſtronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every conſequence which may poſſibly reſult from it. But let them allow the ſame liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw *their* inferences from a few ſtubborn facts; facts which demonſtrate the ignorance of the Chineſe in aſtronomy. The earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the midſt; and ſo ignorant were they of the cauſe of eclipſes, that they believed the ſun and moon were aſſaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The ſtars were conſidered as the directors of human affairs, and thus their boaſted aſtronomy ends in that ſilly impoſition, judicial aſtrology. Though they had made ſome obſervations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an obſervatory, the firſt apparatus of proper inſtruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbieſt. After this it need ſcarcely be added, that their aſtro-

ference, and let her add, that there is the ſtrongeſt preſumptive experimental proof, that the difference thus happens. If philoſophy draw her inferences from the different paſſions of different tribes; let common ſenſe reply, that ſtript of every accident of brutalization and urbanity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and fears, is moſt wonderfully the ſame in every age and country. If philoſophy talk of the impoſſibility of peopling diſtant iſlands and continents from one family, let common ſenſe tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philoſophy aſſert that the Celts, where ever they came, found Aborigines, let common ſenſe reply, there were tyrants enough almoſt 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched ſurvivers of ſlaughtered hoſts to the remoteſt wilds. She may alſo add, that many iſlands have been found which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a ſhipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common ſenſe ſay to philoſophy, "I open my egg with a pen-knife, but you open yours with the blow of a ſledge hammer."

Immenſe the northern waſtes their horrors [c] ſpread;
In froſt and ſnow the ſeas and ſhores are clad.

Theſe

aſtronomical obſervations which pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as falſe as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chineſe themſelves, when inſtructed by the Jeſuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impoſſible. The great credit and admiration which their aſtronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jeſuits, afford an indubitable confirmation of theſe facts.

Ridiculous as their aſtronomical are their hiſtorical antiquities. After all Voltaire has ſaid of it, the oldeſt date to which their hiſtory pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The firſt king reigned 100 years; then we have the names of ſome others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which diſtinguiſhes authentic hiſtory. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2000 years of the Chineſe legends. Little more than the names of kings, and theſe often interrupted with wide chaſms, compoſe all the annals of China, till about the period of the Chriſtian æra. Something like a hiſtory then commences; but that is again interrupted by a wide chaſm, which the Chineſe know not how to fill up otherwiſe, than by aſſerting that a century or two elapſed in the time, and that at ſuch a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the hiſtory of China, full brother in every family feature to thoſe Monkiſh tales, which ſent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which ſent Brutus to England, and a grandſon of Noah to teach ſchool among the mountains of Wales.

[c] *Immenſe the northern waſtes their horrors ſpread*——Tartary, Siberia, Samoyada, Kamchatki, &c. A ſhort account of the Grand Lama of Thibet Tartary ſhall complete our view of the ſuperſtitions of the Eaſt. While the other Pagans of Aſia worſhip the moſt ugly monſtrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living god. He ſits croſs-legged on his throne in the great temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never ſpeaks, but ſometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worſhippers. He is a ruddy well-looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the moſt miſerable wretch on earth, being the mere puppet of his prieſts, who diſpatch him whenever age or ſickneſs make any alteration in his features; and another, inſtructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very diſtant provinces ſend tribute to this deity and implore his bleſſing,

Theſe ſhores forſake, to future ages due:
A world of iſlands claims thy happier view,
Where laviſh Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance ſhowers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward ſhe ſinks, the nether ſeas embrace
Her eaſtern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illuſtrious GAMA, ſhall thy labours bear!
How bright a ſilver mine! when heaven's own [b] lore
From pagan droſs ſhall purify her ore.

Beneath the ſpreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what iſles theſe gliſtening ſeas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnamed, Ternat behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds inroll'd,
By night like rolling waves the ſheets of fire
Blaze o'er the ſeas, and high to heaven aſpire.
For Luſian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Luſian blood ſhall ſprinkle every grove.

The

and as Voltaire has, merrily told us, think themſelves ſecure of benediction, if favoured with ſomething from his godſhip, eſteemed more ſacred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Bramins.

[b] *How bright a ſilver mine.*——By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Caſtera, Camoëns alludes to the great ſucceſs, which in his time attended the Jeſuit miſſionaries in Japan. James I. ſent an embaſſy to the ſovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was ſoon ſuffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japoneſe, which it is ſaid they obtain by trampling on the croſs and by abjuring the Chriſtian name. In religion the Japoneſe are much the ſame as their neighbours of China. And in the frequency of ſelf-murder, ſays Voltaire, they vie with their brother-iſlanders of England.

The golden birds that ever ſail the ſkies
Here to the ſun diſplay their ſhining dyes,
Each want ſupplied on air they ever ſoar;
The ground they touch not till they breathe no [c] more.
Here Banda's iſles their fair embroidery ſpread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
And birds of every beauteous plume diſplay
Their glittering radiance, as from ſpray to ſpray,
From bower to bower, on buſy wings they rove,
To ſeize the tribute of the ſpicy grove.
Borneo here expands her ample breaſt,
By Nature's hand in woods of camphire dreſt;
The precious liquid weeping from the trees
Glows warm with health, the balſam of diſeaſe.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd:
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant ſhade,
And in its cryſtal breaſt diſplays the bowers
Of Sanders, bleſt with health-reſtoring powers.
Where to the ſouth the world's broad ſurface bends,
Lo, Sunda's realm her ſpreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous [d] tale,
A river groaning through a dreary dale,

For

[c] *The ground they touch not.*——Theſe are commonly called the birds of Paradiſe. It was the old erroneous opinion, that they always ſoared in the air, and that the female hatched her young on the back of the male. Their feathers bear a mixture of the moſt beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the ſun.

[d] *From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale.*——Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Caſtera attributes this quality to the exceſſive

For all is ſtone around, converts to ſtone
Whate'er of verdure in its breaſt was thrown.
Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's ſkies
Another mountain's trembling flames ariſe;
Here from the trees the gum all fragrance ſwells,
And ſofteſt [e] oil a wondrous fountain wells.
Nor theſe alone the happy iſle beſtows,
Fine is her gold, her ſilk reſplendent glows.
Wide foreſts there beneath Maldivia's [f] tide
From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.
The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowry dells,
Whoſe wondrous fruitage poiſon's rage expels.
In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows!
The ſailing clouds its middle height encloſe.
Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallowed [g] tread
Of ſainted footſtep marks its rocky head.

Laved

ceſſive cold of the waters, but this is a miſtake. The waters of ſome ſprings are impregnated with ſparry particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into ſtone and incruſt the original retainers.

[e] *Here from the trees the gum* —— Benjamin, a ſpecies of frankincenſe. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fœtid mineral oleum, good for bruiſes and ſprains.

[f] *Wide foreſts there beneath Maldivia's tide.*——A ſea plant, reſembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian iſlands. The boughs riſe to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is eſteemed an antidote againſt poiſon.

[g] —— *the tread of ſainted footſtep.*——The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition ſays, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradiſe, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footſtep. This tale ſeems to be Jewiſh or Mohammedan, for the natives, according to Capt. Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impreſſion

was

Laved by the Red Sea gulph Socotra's bowers
There boaſt the tardy aloes' cluſter'd flowers.
On Afric's ſtrand, foredoom'd to Luſian ſway,
Behold theſe iſles, and rocks of duſky grey;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the ſandy ſhores.
And lo, the Iſland of the Moon [h] diſplays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are ſeen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

Thus from the Cape where ſail was ne'er unfurl'd
Till thine auſpicious ſought the Eaſtern World,
To utmoſt wave where firſt the morning ſtar
Sheds the pale luſtre of her ſilver car,
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the iſles,
The world immenſe that crowns thy glorious toils.
That world where every boon is ſhower'd from heaven,
Now to the weſt, by thee, great chief, is [i] given.

And

was made by the god *Buddow*, when he aſcended to heaven, after having, for the ſalvation of mankind, appeared on the earth. His prieſts beg charity for the ſake of *Buddow*, whoſe worſhip they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on earth, they ſay, he uſually ſat and taught.

[h] *And lo, the Iſland of the Moon*——Madagaſcar is thus named by the natives.

[i] *Now to the weſt, by thee, great chief, is given.*——The ſublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Luſiad has been already obſerved. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digreſſive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly ſimilar (ſee the Preface) to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

And ſtill, Oh bleſt, thy peerleſs honours grow,
New opening views the ſmiling fates beſtow.
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;
There ruddy evening ſheds her beams of gold,
While now on Afric's boſom faintly die
The laſt pale glimpſes of the twilight ſky,
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
And dawning rays another world adorn;
To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends.
Near either [k] pole the barbarous hunter dreſt
In ſkins of bears explores the frozen waſte:
Where ſmiles the genial ſun with kinder rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the heaven's decree,
Is due, Caſteel, O favour'd power, to thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Purſues the evening ſun, his navy's guide.
Yet ſhall the kindred Luſian ſhare the reign,
What time this world ſhall own the yoke of Spain.
The firſt bold [l] hero who to India's ſhores
Through vanquiſh'd waves thy open'd path explores,

Driven

[k] *Near either pole.*——We are now preſented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus diſcovered the Weſt Indies before, but not the Continent till 1498, the year after Gama ſailed from Liſbon.

[l] *The firſt bold hero*——Cabral, the firſt after Gama who ſailed to India, was driven by tempeſt to the Brazils; a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the ſame fate. It is one of the fineſt countries in the New World, and ſtill remains ſubject to the crown of Portugal.

Driven by the winds of heaven from Afric's ſtrand
Shall fix the Holy Croſs on yon fair land:
That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
Shall ſtretch the Luſian empire's weſtern bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens [m] aſpire:

In

[m] *To match thy deeds ſhall Magalhaens aſpire.*——Camoëns, though he boaſts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection from his country, and calls him

O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade
Portuguez, porèm naõ na lealdade.

"In deeds truly a Portugueſe, but not in loyalty." And others have beſtowed upon him the name of traytor, but perhaps undeſervedly. Juſtice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the ſervice of the king of Spain, by a ſolemn act he unnaturalized himſelf. Oſorius is very ſevere againſt this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may poſſibly give, can authorize a ſubject to act the part of a traytor againſt his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not ſtrictly applicable to the caſe of Magalhaens. Many eminent ſervices performed in Africa and India encouraged him to aſpire to the rank of *Fidalgo*, or Gentleman of the King's Houſehold, an honour which, though of little emolument, was eſteemed as the reward of diſtinguiſhed merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this, Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, ſays Faria, that the malicious accuſations of ſome men had more weight with his ſovereign than all his ſervices. After this unworthy repulſe, what patronage at the court of Liſbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his ſword againſt his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has ſome important diſcovery in meditation ſhould ſtifle his deſign, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alledged, that he embroiled his country in diſputes with Spain. But neither is this ſtrictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had ſolemnly ſettled the limits within which they were to make diſcoveries and ſettlements, and within theſe did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propoſe that his diſcoveries ſhould terminate. And allowing that his calculations might miſlead

him

In all but loyalty, of Luſian ſoul,
No fear, no danger ſhall his toils controul.
Along theſe regions from the burning zone
To deepeſt ſouth he dares the courſe unknown.
While to the kingdoms of the riſing day,
To rival thee he holds the weſtern way,

A land

him beyond the bounds preſcribed to the Spaniards, ſtill his apology is clear, for it would have been injurious to each court, had he ſuppoſed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is ſaid that he aggrandiſed the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalſhip with the Portugueſe ſettlements, let the ſentence of Faria on this ſubject be remembered, "let princes beware," ſays he, "how by neglect or injuſtice they force into deſperate actions the "men who have merited rewards." As to rivalſhip, the caſe of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is appoſite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatiſe on the improvement of the trade and fiſheries of his native country, but his propoſals were totally neglected by the commiſſioners, whoſe office and duty it was to have patroniſed him. Was Law, therefore, to ſit down in obſcurity on a barren field, to ſtifle his genius, leſt a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, ſhould be aggrandiſed by his efforts in commercial policy? No, ſurely. Deprived of the power of raiſing himſelf at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Miſſiſſippi and other important ſchemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traytor. The reaſon is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careleſs of what they loſt in Mr. Law, but the Portugueſe perceived their loſs in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the ſpirit of diſcovery broke forth in its greateſt vigour. The eaſt and the weſt had been viſited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of ſailing to the eaſt by the weſt was revived by Magalhaens. Revived, for miſled by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near the weſt of Spain, Columbus expected to find that country in a few weeks of weſtward voyage. Though America and the Molucos were now found to be at a great diſtance from each other, the genius of Magalhaens ſtill ſuggeſted the poſſibility of a weſtern paſſage. And accordingly, poſſeſſed of his great deſign, and neglected with contempt

A land of [n] giants ſhall his eyes behold,
Of camel ſtrength, ſurpaſſing human mould:

And

at home, he offered his ſervice to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ſhips and 250 men he ſailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties, occaſioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by thoſe ſtraits which bear his Spaniſh name Magellan. From theſe ſtraits, in the 52½ degree of ſouthern latitude, he traverſed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of north latitude he landed on the iſland of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his converſion to Chriſtianity, became his * auxiliary. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious; but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martinho, a judicial aſtrologer, whom he uſually conſulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the diſappointment of promiſed victory, the new baptized king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards who were on ſhore, he treacherouſly poiſoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portugueſe ſettlements in the iſles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, ſays Faria, as friends, and not as intruding ſtrangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was eſteemed ſufficiently ſacred. Several of the adventurers were ſent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portugueſe † ſhips, one ſhip only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This veſſel, named the *Vitoria*, however, had the honour to be the firſt ſhip which ever ſurrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, ſays Oſorius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good biſhop was miſtaken, for a few years after he wrote, and ſomewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the *Vitoria*, Philip II. of Spain availed himſelf of the diſcoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas, between Spaniſh America and the Aſian Archipelago, at this day forms the baſis of the power of Spain.

[n] *A land of giants*——The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning theſe people. The few of Magalhaens' crew who returned, affirmed they were about ten feet in height, ſince which voyage they have riſen and fallen in their ſtature, according to the different humours of our ſea wits.

* Vid. Far. ſub ann. 1519. † Vid. Oſor. lib. xi.

And onward ſtill, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeaſed, the dreary tide
Beneath the ſouthern ſtar's cold gleam he braves,
And ſtems the whirls of land-ſurrounded waves.
For ever ſacred to the hero's fame
Theſe foaming ſtraits ſhall bear his deathleſs name.
Through theſe dread jaws of rock he preſſes on;
Another ocean's breaſt, immenſe, unknown,
Beneath the ſouth's cold wings, unmeaſured, wide,
Receives his veſſels; through the dreary tide
In darkling ſhades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the nameleſs ſhore.

Thus far, O favoured Luſians, bounteous heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given.
What enſigns, blazing to the morn, purſue
The path of heroes, open'd firſt by you!
Still be it your's the firſt in fame to ſhine:
Thus ſhall your brides new chaplets ſtill entwine,
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.

How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Luſians, ſpread the ſail!
Old Ocean now appeaſed ſhall rage no more,
Haſte, point the bowſprit to your native ſhore:

Soon ſhall the tranſports of the natal ſoil
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every toil.

The goddeſs [o] ſpake; and VASCO waved his hand,
And ſoon the joyful heroes crowd the ſtrand.

The

[o] *The goddeſs ſpake.*——We are now come to the concluſion of the fiction of the Iſland of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of theſe the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to aſſert that the happineſs of our author, in uniting all theſe parts together in one great epiſode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Luſiad receive their reward in the Iſland of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feaſt, they hear the glorious victories and conqueſts of the heroes who are to ſucceed them in their Indian expedition ſung by a ſyren; and the face of the globe itſelf, deſcribed by the goddeſs, diſcovers the univerſe, and particularly the extent of the Eaſtern World, now given to Europe by the ſucceſs of Gama. Neither in the happineſs or grandeur of completion may the Æneid or Odyſſey be mentioned in compariſon. The Iliad alone, in epic conduct (as already obſerved) bears a ſtrong reſemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, conſidered as the intereſting concluſion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable epiſode which concludes the poem on the Diſcovery of India.

Soon after the appearance of the Luſiad, the language of Spain was alſo enriched with an heroic poem. The author of this has often imitated the Portugueſe poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is ſhewed to Gama. In the *araucana*, a globe, ſurrounded with a radiant ſphere, is alſo miraculouſly ſupported in the air; and on this an enchanter ſhews to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the New World. But Don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical ſpirit of Camoëns. Milton, whoſe poetical conduct in concluding the action of his Paradiſe Loſt, as already pointed out, ſeems formed upon the Luſiad, appears to have had this paſſage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a viſionary ſphere was rather improper for the ſituation of his perſonages, he has nevertheleſs, though at

the

The lofty ſhips with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Iſle of Love.

Nor

the expence of an impoſſible ſuppoſition, given Adam a view of the terreſtrial globe. Michael ſets the father of mankind on a mountain,

——— From whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay . . . .
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtined walls
Of Cambalu ———, &c.
On Europe thence and where Rome was to ſway
The world———

And even the mention of America ſeems copied by Milton,

——— in ſpirit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico, the ſeat of Montezume,
And Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unſpoiled
Guiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
Call El Dorado———

It muſt alſo be owned by the warmeſt admirer of the Paradiſe Loſt, that if the names enumerated by Milton convey grandeur of idea, the deſcription of America in Camoëns,

Vedes a grande terra, que contina
Vai de Caliſto ao ſeu contrario polo.

To fartheſt north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the ſouthern pole-ſtar ends—

is certainly more picturesque; and therefore, at leaſt, not leſs poetical.

Some ſhort account of the writers, whoſe authorities have been adduced in the courſe of theſe notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Caſtagneda went to India on purpoſe to do honour to his countrymen,

by

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded bands, while time glides on, conjoin'd;
Fair as immortal fame in ſmiles array'd,
In bridal ſmiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's ſea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whiſper'd peace, ſoft ſwell'd the ſteady ſails:

Smooth

by enabling himſelf to record their actions and conqueſts in the Eaſt. As he was one of the firſt writers on that ſubject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two moſt eminent, as well as fulleſt writers on the tranſactions of the Portugueſe in the Eaſt, are Manuel de Faria y Souſa, knight of the order of Chriſt, and Hieronimus Oſorius, biſhop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spaniſh, was a laborious enquirer, and is very full and circumſtantial. With honeſt indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errors and unworthy reſentments of kings. But he is often ſo drily particular, that he may rather be called a journaliſt than an hiſtorian. And by this unintereſting minuteneſs, his ſtyle for the greateſt part is rendered inelegant. The biſhop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his manly and ſentimental manner entitles him to the name of hiſtorian, even where a Livy, or a Tacitus, are mentioned. But a ſentence from himſelf, unexpected in a father of the communion of Rome, will characteriſe the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Chriſtianity, under ſevere perſecution; Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum . . . . . tibi aſſumas, (ſays he,) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vincula mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri poteſt, neque Chriſti ſanctiſſimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim ſacrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit: neque vim mentibus inferri, ſed voluntates ad ſtudium veræ religionis allici & invitari jubet.

It is ſaid, in the Preface to Oſorius, that his writings were highly eſteemed by Queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good biſhop againſt the impiety of religious perſecution, made no impreſſion on the mind of that bigotted princeſs!

Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he ſails the ſkies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So ſmooth, ſo ſoft, the prows of GAMA glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild tranſporting charms appear;
And Tago's boſom, while his banks repeat
The ſounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient titles and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide Eaſt is doom'd to Luſian [p] ſway.

Enough, my muſe, thy wearied wing no more
Muſt to the ſeat of Jove triumphant ſoar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebaſtian, thou, my king, attend;
Behold what glories on thy throne deſcend!
Shall haughty Gaul or ſterner Albion boaſt
That all the Luſian fame in thee is loſt!

Oh,

[p] *And the wide Eaſt is doom'd to Luſian ſway.*—Thus in all the force of ancient ſimplicity, and the true ſublime, ends the poem of Camoëns. What follows, is one of thoſe exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our author, nor in the ſtricteſt ſenſe is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the propoſition of the poem is artfully addreſſed to king Sebaſtian, and he is now called upon in an addreſs, which is an artful ſecond part to the former, to behold and preſerve the glories of his throne.

Oh, be it thine theſe glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's courſe [q] purſue:
Snatch from the tyrant noble's hand the ſword,
And be the rights of human-kind reſtored.
The ſtateſman prelate, to his vows confine,
Alone auſpicious at the holy ſhrine;
The prieſt, in whoſe meek heart heaven pours its fires
Alone to heaven, not earth's vain pomp, aſpires.
Nor let the muſe, great king, on Tago's ſhore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the muſe unjuſt
Sinks as the nameleſs ſlave, extinct in duſt.
But ſuch the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy frown ev'n now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampeluza's fields
Expect thy ſounding ſteeds and rattling ſhields.
And ſhall theſe deeds unſung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy ſmiles relume my faihting ire!
I, then inſpired, the wondering world ſhould ſee
Great Ammon's warlike ſon revived in [r] thee;
Revived,

[q] *And John's bold path and Pedro's courſe purſue*——John I. and Pedro the Juſt, two of the greateſt of the Portugueſe monarchs.

[r] *Great Ammon's warlike ſon revived in thee.*——Thus imitated, or rather tranſlated into Italian by Guarini.

Con ſi ſublime ſtil' forſe cantato
Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honori,
Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba
Da invidiar Achille——

Similarity

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